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MINOR WORKS OF ST. TERESA

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CONCEPTIONS OF THE LOVE OF GOD EXCLAMATIONS, MAXIMS AND POEMS

OF

SAINT TERESA OF JESUS

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY THE
BENEDICTINES OF STANBROOK

REVISED WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION
BY THE REVEREND
FATHER BENEDICT ZIMMERMAN
O.C.D. OF WINCANTON PRIORY

ALSO A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE SAINT'S DEATH AND
CANONISATION, ETC., BY THE TRANSLATOR

LONDON
THOMAS BAKER
MCMXIII

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The Benedictines of Stanbrook desire to express their sincere thanks to the Reverend Father Benedict Zimmerman for his having kindly revised the translation of this work and for the notes, index, and introduction which he has added to it.

FROM THE ADDRESS BY HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII. TO THE REV. MARCEL BOUIX, S.J., MARCH 17, 1883.

"SAINT TERESA'S writings contain a power rather heavenly than human, which is marvellously efficacious in reforming men's lives, so that her books can be read with benefit, not only by those engaged in the direction of souls, or by those who aspire to eminent sanctity of life, but also by *everyone* who takes any serious interest in the duties and virtues of a Christian—that is to say, *in the salvation of his own soul.*"

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INTRODUCTION.

THE *Minor Writings of St. Teresa,*—Minor because they occupy but little space in print, although as a revelation of the beauty and grandeur of her soul they equal the *Life* and the *Interior Castle,*—comprise the *Poems,* the *Conceptions of the Love of God,* the *Exclamations* and certain *Maxims.* While the *Exclamations* and the *Maxims* are fairly well known to English readers, the *Poems* and the *Conceptions* will probably come as a surprise to many of them. It is necessary to say a few words by way of Introduction.

"POEMS."

"I know one," says the Saint in her *Life,* evidently speaking of herself, "who, though she was not a poet, yet composed, without any preparation, certain stanzas, full of feeling, most expressive of her pain: they were not the work of her own understanding; but in order to have a greater fruition of that bliss which so sweet a pain occasioned her, she complained of it in that way to God."[1] This was when she had reached what she describes as the "third water" or the third state of prayer, which leads to "spiritual inebriation." It is an overflowing of the heart which can no longer contain the abundance of bliss infused into it. Alluding to the verse of the psalmist, "*Cum dilatasti cor meum,*—When Thou didst dilate my heart," St. Teresa considers that such graces, even of a less high order, cause, or require a widening of the heart, because they do not follow the narrow measure of poor humanity.[1] What, then, must it be when grace comes in a mighty stream, a perfect torrent? Like a river it precipitates itself down the sheer rock into a narrow basin which cannot hold it, but casts it up again with double vehemence, though not in the form of a solid mass, but dissolved into a myriad of atoms which break up and reflect the sunlight in the delicate hues of the rainbow. Thus the vehemence of the spirit seeks an outlet, not by bursting its prison walls with elemental force, but by converting itself into sweet song.

---

[1] *Life,* ch. xvi. 6.

In moments of emotion the sober word is incapable of following the rush of thought. The love-stricken swain sings in verse the praises of the object of his passion. The ardent patriot rouses inert multitudes with mighty song; the prisoner in his dungeon, the sufferer on his pallet, finds solace and revives hope in accents that vibrate in countless hearts. Thus, in a higher order of things, the soul yearning for the Supreme Good bursts into verse; the prophet's words become a war song; the wailing of the downtrodden, of him that is humbled by his fellow men, or all but crushed under the heavy hand of God, is turned into lyrics. More than that! Is there not a song reserved for those who are purchased from the earth, a "new canticle which no man can say but the hundred and forty-four thousand[1]?" "Who could tell the song when the morning stars praised Me together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody?"[2] Above all, is not God himself the first and the greatest of poets? For, what is the universe but one great poem? Are not the Incarnation and the work of Redemption as it were the setting to music of the Word of God?

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[1] *Interior Castle*, M. iv. ch. i. 5.

No wonder, then, that the great contemplatives are also great poets. St. Bernard, St. Francis of Assisi were poets. The German Dominican mystics have left verses of high merit. St. John of the Cross, austerest of all mystics, is the sweetest of all poets. Luis de Leon is a classic in poetry no less than in prose.

It is therefore not surprising that St. Teresa, enamoured of God, should have discharged the superabundance of her heart in accents sweet and mild. "Though she was not a poet,"—she thinks, but in this, surely, she is mistaken. She became a poet the moment she found a worthy object of her verse. And having found it, she poured forth her feelings in an uninterrupted flow of melody.

---

[1] *Apoc.* xiv. 3.

[2] *Job.* xxxviii. 7.

Some of her poems she committed to paper, but not all. Writing from Toledo to her brother, Don Lorenzo de Cepeda (January 2, 1577), she quotes three strophes of her beautiful poem beginning—

Oh hermosura que excedéis,

adding significantly: "I do not remember the rest," and, in fact, nothing more has been preserved of this piece of verse. Some other songs were taken down by the nuns her companions. Much, however, has been lost, for her biographers and the persons who gave information during the various processes of beatification and canonisation were able to quote the beginning of some poems not contained in the autographs or the ancient collections. Some verses, too, have been attributed to her which modern critics are disinclined to consider as her work. This refers particularly to the beautiful sonnet beginning—

No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte,

which has also been ascribed to St. Francis Xavier. There is no evidence that St. Teresa knew the sonnet form, all her genuine poetry being of much simpler structure.

It must, however, be pointed out that internal evidence alone is not a sufficient guide for the discrimination between her own verses and those which may be said to belong to her school. Thus, the Christmas carol beginning—

Oy nos viene a redimir

has been disallowed by Don Vicente de la Fuente and others, but as the Carmelite nuns of Florence claim to possess the autograph (or at least part of it) in St. Teresa's hand, it must be included among her undoubted works. From this it will be seen that the safest way to arrive at a reliable conclusion is to single out those poems for which there is external evidence, and to suspend judgment with regard to the others.

The fathers who about the middle of the eighteenth century were commissioned to collect her writings with a view to preparing a critical edition—which, unfortunately, never appeared in print—were able to throw a great deal of light on this as well as on other portions of her works. Their labours fell into the hands of Don Vicente de la Fuente at a time when, practically, all the convents of Carmelite friars were dissolved, so that he was the first and for a long time the only one to profit by their studies. He divided the poems into four classes—namely, those that are unquestionably genuine, those that are probably so, others which are doubtful, and some which are certainly not her work. The first class comprises seven, the second fifteen, the third twenty-one, and the last three numbers. He did not publish all these, but only thirty, for some were lost or had never been committed to writing, and others could not be traced by him.

The French Carmelite nuns, already repeatedly quoted in these volumes, have taken up the matter anew in the sixth volume of their *Œuvres complètes de Sainte Térèse,* and the result of their investigations has been, in the main, accepted by those responsible for the present edition.

Only four poems are preserved in St. Teresa's own handwriting—namely, the one beginning—

Cuan triste es, Dios mio,

and the second version of the *Glose,* beginning—

Vivo ya fuera de mí.

These were published in facsimile at Madrid in 1884 by Don Antonio Selfa. As has been mentioned above, the Carmelite nuns of Florence possess fragments of the autograph of two carols—

¡Ah! pastores que veláis,

and

Oy nos viene a redimir.

The remaining poems preserved in various convents of nuns were collected by Father Andrés de la Encarnación in 1759. He found sixteen poems at Toledo, fourteen of which remained unedited until 1861, when Don Vicente published his first edition of the works of St. Teresa. At Cuerva there were five, one of which is, however, not by St. Teresa, and another was known previous to Fuente. The Convent of Madrid possessed a collection made in 1606 containing five poems, four of which were already known. The five pieces of verse preserved at Guadalajara are all contained in the preceding collections. From these sources Fuente derived eighteen poems, not previously known, plus three from other manuscripts in the National Library at Madrid. In his second edition (1881) he added two more from the Convent of Soria. The French Carmelite nuns, availing themselves of these sources, as well as of some recent publications and of the labours of Don Manuel Serrano y Sanz, have collected as many as thirty-six poems (one of these a mere fragment) attributed with various degrees of probability to St. Teresa; they have moreover published two which they unhesitatingly declare to be some one else's work.

In the English translation which follows as literally as possible the Spanish text, some poems for which there is but slender evidence have been disregarded. As to the rest, it is probably wisest to point out that the following pieces may with perfect safety be attributed to St. Teresa:

Text.	Authority.
1. *Cuan triste es, Dios mio*	Autograph.
2. *Vivo sin vivir en mi*	Yepes.
3. *Vivo ya fuera de mi*	Autograph.

TEXT.	AUTHORITY.
4. *Oh hermosura que excedéis.*	Letter of St. Teresa.
5. *En las internas entrañas*	Autograph known to have existed.
6. *Alma buscarte has en mí*	Vejamen.
7. *Vuestra soy, para Vos nací.*	Attested to by Julian Davila.
8. *Hermana porqué veléis*	Original [autograph] said to have been in the possession of Fray José de la Madre de Dios.
9. *Quién os trajo acá, doncella*	Referred to in *Reforma*, bk. xiii. ch. xxi.
10. *Cruz, descanso sabroso de mi vida*	Attested to by Guiomar of the Blessed Sacrament, nun at Salamanca, professed in 1576.
11. *¡Ah! pastores que veláis*	Fragment of autograph at Florence.
12. *Hoy nos viene á redimir*	Idem.

With regard to the authenticity of the rest there are some cases, such as that of the two pieces from Soria, *Caminemos para el cielo*, and *En la cruz está la vida*, where probability almost amounts to certainty, whereas in others prudence suggests that we should reserve our judgment. It is well to bear in mind that in Spain, as well as in some other countries, it is customary to celebrate the great feasts of the year, or such events as clothings, professions or jubilees, by poetical effusions appropriate to the occasion which do not always make pretension to literary merit. While it is perfectly possible that St. Teresa may sometimes have indulged in such rapid lines, her correspondence shows, even in hurried letters, such a refinement of diction and depth of thought that it is not easy to reconcile the style of her prose with that of some of the verses attributed to her.

"CONCEPTIONS OF THE LOVE OF GOD."

The adventures of the small work entitled—somewhat infelicitously—*Conceptions of the Love of God* might almost find a place among the romances of literature. Like all her other books, St. Teresa wrote it at the bidding of holy Obedience. When she informed her confessor, Diego de Yanguas, that it was completed, he, without even looking at it, commanded her to throw it into the fire, as it was unbecoming that a woman should write on the Canticle of Canticles. Ribera thinks it would have been far better for her to have waited a few days and consulted some more experienced men, but Teresa, at the word of command, knew no delay, and the precious papers were consigned to the flames. Ribera says the name of that rash confessor was not known, but some years after the publication of his biography Father Jerome Gracian was not only able to mention the name, but even to print some chapters of the work itself, which, he says, had been furtively copied by one of the nuns and thus saved from destruction.

Untiring researches into the life and works of St. Teresa, begun in the middle of the eighteenth century and continued to the present day, have step by step elucidated the mystery, and at the same time furnished us with a text superior to that printed by Father Gracian in 1611, so that we are now in a position to present the reader with a work in no way inferior to the other writings of the Saint.

The limits of time between which this book must have been composed can be accurately fixed by two dates. In the seventh chapter the Saint refers to an event which took place in Easter week 1571, while she was staying at Salamanca. Hearing one of the nuns sing most tenderly of the sufferings of a soul desirous of seeing God but retained in this mortal life, she fell into so deep a trance that her life became seriously endangered. She related this occurrence in one of the additions to her *Life*, and also in the *Interior Castle*.[1] The *Conceptions* must therefore have been written after 1571. The other date, June 10, 1575, supplies the *terminus ad quem*. On the first leaf of the copy of the *Conceptions* known as that of Alba de Tormes there appears a note in the handwriting of Father Dominic Bañez: "This consideration is by Teresa of Jesus; I have found nothing in it to shock me. Fray Domingo Bañez"; and towards the end of the first leaf he wrote the following censure: "I have carefully examined these four quires which comprise eight leaves and a half; I can find nothing reprehensible in the doctrine contained in them, which on the contrary is good and safe. Given at the college of San Gregorio at Valladolid, June 10, 1575. Fray Domingo Bañez."

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[1] *Conceptions*, ch. vii. 2; *Relation* iv. 1 and 2; *Interior Castle*, M. iv. ch. xi. 8.

The movements of St. Teresa in the interval are well known. She left Salamanca in the early summer of 1571, remained a short time at Medina, and went to Avila; in June she was sent back to Medina, and in the middle of July she was again called to Avila, where she lived first at St. Joseph's convent, and in October went to the Incarnation in the quality of prioress, remaining there one year and nine months, allowing only for a short journey to Alba de Tormes in February 1573. In July of that year she was sent to Salamanca, where she lived for six months, after which, passing through Alba, Medina and Avila, she proceeded to Segovia, where she founded a convent. In October 1574 she returned for a short while to Avila and went afterwards to Valladolid. Three months later she went by way of Medina, Avila, Toledo and Malagon to Veas, where she stayed from February 1575 till May, when she went to Seville.

Now, it is known that during her stay at Segovia she was engaged on the composition of a work which cannot have been either her *Life* or the *Way of Perfection*, both long since completed, nor the *Book of Foundations*, then interrupted and laid aside, nor the *Interior Castle*, which was only begun three years later. One of the nuns then living at Segovia, Anne of the Incarnation (de

Arbizo) relates in her deposition that she, being then a novice, repeatedly witnessed the ecstasies of the Saint. One evening while passing by her door she saw her writing, her face being lit up as by a bright light. She wrote very fast, without making any corrections. An hour later, at about midnight, she ceased, and the light disappeared; the Saint then knelt down and remained in prayer for three hours, after which she went to sleep.[1] The same witness thinks the book then in course of composition was the *Interior Castle*, but that is impossible, for this was only begun in June 1577, when Anne of the Incarnation was in the convent of Caravaca. It must therefore have been a different work; and remembering that Father Bañez' censure bears the date of June 1575, and is not appended to the original manuscript but to a copy, and, moreover, that the "rash" confessor who commanded the book to be destroyed was Fray Diego de Yanguas, then living at Segovia and acting as the Saint's confessor during her sojourn there, the conclusion is irresistible that the *Conceptions* were written in that convent in summer 1574. Three nuns have left it on record that this learned and excellent theologian afterwards expressed from the pulpit itself his regret at having given a rash command to the Saint, and thus caused the loss of so valuable a writing.

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[1] *Interior Castle*, new edition, Introduction, p. xiii.

Perhaps it was not so very rash, after all. Although not a commentary on the Canticle of Canticles, the *Conceptions* do comment on some texts taken from it. Just at that time the Spanish Inquisition was extraordinarily strict and vigilant, not only with a view to prevent dangerous books from obtaining circulation, but even withholding excellent works which in the hands of inquisitive or unsettled readers might lead to misunderstandings. St. Teresa herself complained once to our Lord of the sweeping order of the Grand Inquisitor[1] which deprived her even of the works of Fray Luis de Granada. Though she courted an inquiry by the Inquisition into her spirit and way of prayer, she was seriously troubled when she learned that the manuscript of her *Life* was in the hands of the Holy Office (spring, 1575), where it remained until some years after her death. At the very time when she wrote on some verses of the Canticles, the saintly and learned Fray Luis de Leon was languishing in the prisons of the Inquisition at Valladolid for having translated the Canticle into Spanish; he remained a prisoner from March 1572 till the end of 1576. What would have been the fate of St. Teresa if the Inquisition had got hold of her work, especially during the time when she was maligned on account of the quarrel between the Calced and the Discalced Carmelites?

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[1] *Life*, ch. xxvi. 6. The order was issued in 1559.

But whether de Yanguas's action was rash or no, it did not deprive us of St. Teresa's writing. The story how the book came to be saved is not quite clear. It appears that the Saint was in the habit—though not an invariable one—of getting her books copied as soon as they were written, sometimes even before they were completed. Either one of the nuns made a fair copy, or St. Teresa herself dictated to an *amanuensis*, taking the opportunity of making additions or alterations; which accounts for certain variants in her works. It is quite possible that, instead of one, several copies may have been taken of the *Conceptions*, for, according to the sworn information of Doña Maria de Toledo y Colonna, Duchess of Alba, Fray Diego de Yanguas ordered the Saint "to get together the original and any copies that might have been taken, and burn the whole." [1]

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[1] *Œuvres*, v. 371. On p. 369 the French Carmelites quote a letter of St. Teresa to the prioress of Valladolid, dated Segovia, May 13 and 14, 1574, in which she is represented as saying, "Father Dominic will show you certain papers which I am sending him," as if these papers referred to the *Conceptions*. But read in the context they will be found to refer to an entirely different matter. "I laughed a little at his letter," St. Teresa writes, "as I was free from the complaint at the time. Do not tell Padre Domingo this, for I wrote him a very charming note [*muy graciosamente*] which perhaps he will show you. Indeed I was delighted with both your letters, especially with yours, at knowing that saint, [*i.e.* Sister Beatriz of the Incarnation, see *Foundations*, ch. xii.] is at rest, having died such a beautiful death." In the same letter, alluding to the mission of Fathers Gracian and Mariano in Andalusia (see *Foundations*, Introduction, p. xxxiii. and ch. xxiv. 1, note 1), she says: "Oh, if

A similar order had been given her years before by Fray Domingo Bañez with regard to the *Life*, but she had asked him to reflect well on the matter, and then burn the book if he thought it necessary ; but he was satisfied with her obedience and humility, and on second thoughts did not venture to burn the volume.[1] It is true that de Yanguas, too, pretended afterwards that he only wished to try her obedience, but this seems rather a lame excuse, and his true motive was in all probability the one already explained. Be that as it may, at least one of the copies escaped destruction. The Duchess of Alba (already mentioned) says that the community of Alba de Tormes hid it and gave it to her safe keeping when Father de Yanguas ordered the work to be burnt. But here again there is an inexplicable difficulty. The order must have been given while both the Saint and her confessor were at Segovia, and, as we have seen, almost immediately upon the completion of the work. How, then, did the community of Alba secure a copy of it so soon, and

you only knew what an agitation is going on secretly in favour of the Discalced ! There is reason to thank God for it. The whole stir has been caused by the two who went to Andalusia, Gracian and Mariano. My pleasure is tempered by sorrow at the pain it will give our Father General, to whom I am deeply attached. On the other hand I see that otherwise we should have lost all. Will you all pray about the matter ? Father Domingo and some papers I am sending you will inform you about what is happening." Neither passage has any connection with the *Conceptions*.

[1] Fuente, *Obras*, vi. 175, n. 23.

before the work had received any approbation? It is more likely that at the moment of the destruction of the original the copy in question was on its way to Father Bañez at Valladolid for approbation (especially if the order to write it had come from him), and that he gave it to the nuns at Alba, as the Saint was then at Seville, where she remained a year. It is more than doubtful whether she ever knew that this copy had survived.

Besides the copy of Alba there exist three others; one at Consuegra, which begins with what it calls Chapter VII., which, however, is identical with Chapters III. and IV. of the printed text, while Chapter VIII. corresponds to Chapters V. and VI., and another unnumbered chapter contains the beginning of Chapter VII. below.

The copy of Baeza agrees more or less with that of Alba, while the last, of Las Nieves, is akin to that of Consuegra, but contains some important additions not to be found elsewhere. The only way to account for these variants is to suppose that the Saint herself revised the text during the transcription and that copies of the two versions escaped the flames.

When Fray Luis de Leon undertook the publication of the works of St. Teresa he knew nothing of the *Conceptions*, or, if he was acquainted with the book, did not venture to print it, having been taught a lesson by his own experience.

In the year 1611 Father Jerome Gracian, then at Brussels, published the first edition of the *Conceptions* from a copy which he says had been communicated to him. A second edition appeared in the following year. His text agrees, on the whole, with the copy of Alba, but does not contain the prologue, and presents some considerable omissions; in many places he "improved" on the words of the Saint, as was his habit; he also wrote a more or less extensive commentary on each chapter. This edition, minus the commentaries which were forbidden by the Inquisition, has been reproduced in every issue of the works of Saint Teresa until 1861, when Don Vicente de la Fuente availed himself for the first time of the labours of Fathers Manuel de Santa Maria and Andrés de la Encarnacion. Woodhead in his English translation of 1675, and Canon Dalton (who only translated four chapters) followed it. It goes without saying that the translation contained in this volume has been made from the ancient copies, and embodies the variants.

But it is necessary to answer a question which must present itself to the reader. How much of the original work has been preserved? The story of the furtive preservation of "some chapters," the fact that the copy of Consuegra begins with Chapter VII., and a remark by Father Jerome Gracian to the effect that the *Conceptions* formed a "large book"—although he avers that he has never seen the original,—have led many writers, inclusive of Ribera and the Bollandists,[1] to suppose that only a small fragment has survived destruction. On the other hand both the opening and the conclusion of the treatise present analogies with the openings and conclusions of the Saint's remaining works ; Sister Isabel of St. Dominic, who says she has had the autograph in her hands, and Father Bañez, speak not of a large book, but of "some quires" ; the author of the *Reforma*,[2] though he is mistaken in assigning 1578 as the date of composition, and in defending Yanguas against the charge of having ordered the burning of the manuscript, is of opinion that nothing has been lost. The present writer had long since come to the same conclusion on other grounds, and the French Carmelites share this conviction.[3]

"EXCLAMATIONS."

Speaking of the fourth and highest degree of prayer, St. Teresa says that a soul either immediately before or after receiving the grace of Divine union breaks forth into words of rapturous love. She then proceeds to give an example of such an Exclamation : " O Lord," she says, "consider what Thou art doing : forget not so soon the evils I have done ! To forgive me, Thou must already have forgotten them ; yet in order that

[1] Ribera, bk. iv. ch. vi. *Acta SS. St. Teresa*, no. 1550–53.

[2] *Reforma*, bk. v. ch. xxxvii. 6–8.

[3] *Œuvres*, v. 363–90.

there may be some limit to Thy graces I beseech Thee remember them."[1] And so on.

The stirring passage beginning, "O Prince of all the earth, Thou who art indeed my Spouse,"[2] is accompanied by the marginal note *Exclamation* in the Saint's own handwriting in the manuscript of the first version of the *Way of Perfection.*

Again, in the *Interior Castle*[3] we come across these words: certain secret intuitions "produce such overmastering feelings that the person experiencing them cannot refrain from amorous exclamations, such as: 'O Life of my life, and Power which doth uphold me!' with other aspirations of the same kind."

A collection of *Exclamations* in this style appeared in the first printed edition of the Saint's works, Salamanca, 1588, and has been reproduced in all subsequent Spanish editions as well as in numerous translations. The authenticity of the book has never been questioned, as it bears on every line the unmistakable imprint of the mind and the diction of St. Teresa. Editors and critics have unhesitatingly accepted it as genuine. Yet there is a mystery about it. It is not known what became of the manuscript after Fray Luis de Leon had done with it, for it is not among the autographs preserved at the Escorial, nor has it been discovered elsewhere. The work is never mentioned either in the correspondence of the Saint or in the depositions of her spiritual daughters and her friends on the occasion of her beatification and canonisation. Only her niece, Teresa of Jesus (Teresita) says that the original manuscript of the *Life* as well as "many other papers in her handwriting" were taken from the convent of the Incarnation in order to be examined. But there is no indication that the *Exclamations* were among these "other papers." Some small fragments in her own handwriting have, however, been discovered. It appears that St. Teresa was in the habit of giving her nuns short extracts from her writings signed with her name, either as keepsakes or when they were in need of advice or consolation. The convent of the Carmelite nuns of St. Anne at Madrid possesses three of these, one from the fourth and two from the last Exclamation; the nuns of Guadalajara, too, have a paper containing three lines from the last Exclamation. All these fragments bear the signature of the Saint.

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[1] *Life*, ch. xviii. 5–7.

[2] *Way of Perfection*, ch. xxvi. 5.

[3] *Interior Castle*, M. vii. ch. ii. 7.

A more extensive manuscript belongs to the Convent of Granada. Until lately it has been considered an autograph, but the French Carmelites, who possess a photographic reproduction, have been informed by connoisseurs that it is not by St. Teresa herself, although in a contemporary hand. The present writer, having seen neither the original nor the photographs, is not in a position to offer an opinion. It contains the whole of the first, ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth Exclamations (with noteworthy variants from the published text), as well as portions of the second and thirteenth.

When were these *Exclamations* composed? Fray Luis de Leon assigns them to the year 1569, without, however, giving any reason for this date; but the presumption is that he found it in his copy. On the other hand the author of the *Reforma,*[1] without a word of explanation, mentions 1579 as the date of the book. This may be due—as the French Carmelites think—to a printing mistake; nevertheless his statement has been accepted by the Bollandists and other writers. But the French nuns not only adopt the former year, but suggest an even earlier date, namely 1559. They hold that the vehement desires of seeing God and being for ever united with Him, which form the principal argument of the *Exclamations*, belong to that period of the Saint's life of which she says: "I saw myself dying with a desire to see God, and I knew not how to seek that life otherwise than by dying."[2] Again, after describing the vision of hell which made so deep an impression on her mind: "It was that vision that filled me with the very great distress which I feel at the sight of so many lost souls."[1] Without contesting the force of these passages, it must be averred that this particular frame of mind lasted much longer, as is proved beyond the possibility of a doubt by the occurrence at Salamanca at Easter 1571.[2] This, indeed, may have been a last explosion of unprecedented violence. The period of vehement desires certainly ended at the time of her mystical espousals, November 18, 1572[3]; and this is, of course, still more true of the state of her soul after being admitted to the mystical marriage. "The most surprising thing to me," she says, "is that the sorrow and distress which such souls felt because they could not die and enjoy our Lord's presence are now exchanged for as fervent a desire of serving Him, of causing Him to be praised, and of helping others to the utmost of their power. Not only have they ceased to long for death, but they wish for a long life and most heavy crosses, if such would bring ever so little honour to our Lord." And, a little farther on: "True, people in this state forget this at times, and are seized with tender longings to enjoy God and to leave this land of exile, especially as they see how little they serve Him. Then, however, they return to themselves, reflecting how they possess Him continually in their souls, and so are satisfied, offering to His Majesty their willingness to live as the most costly oblation they can make."[1]

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[1] *Reforma,* bk. v. ch. xxxvii. 4. Bollandists, n. 1554.

[2] *Life,* ch. xxix. 10.

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[1] *Life*, ch. xxxii. 9.

[2] *Relation* iv. 1; *Interior Castle*, M. vi. ch. xi. 8; *Conceptions*, ch. vii. 2.

[3] *Relation* iii. 20.

From what has been said it follows that while it may be taken as an ascertained fact that the *Exclamations* were written before 1572, there is not sufficient evidence to prove that they date from 1559 rather than from 1569, or, for the matter of that, any other year previous to the "Spiritual Espousals" of St. Teresa. Nothing seems to militate against the date suggested by the French nuns except the possibility that Fray Luis de Leon may have had positive evidence for his statement. The question must therefore remain open.

The number of Exclamations is variously given as sixteen or seventeen. We have adopted the division into sixteen, chiefly for the convenience of the English readers, because Bishop Milner had adopted the same. Those who count seventeen reckon *Excl.* x. 6–9 as *Excl.* xi., *Excl.* xi. as xii., and so on. They have been twice translated into English, first by Abraham Woodhead and his friend, and afterwards by Bishop Milner.[2] The former translation, literal and correct, but rather antiquated, is not easily accessible now. The latter is heavy and incorrect. It was not made direct from the original, but from the French translation of St. Teresa's works by the Jansenist Robert Arnauld d'Andilly, whom, strange to say, even Canon Dalton in his various translations only too often followed as his authority. Milner says that he compared d'Andilly with P. Cyprien de la Nativité[1] and found them to agree! The present translation appeared first in 1906, but has now been revised with a view to rendering it more concise. It would have been easy, had it been considered necessary, to find parallel passages for nearly every phrase.

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[1] *Interior Castle*, M. vii. ch. iii. 5.

[2] *The Exclamations of a Soul to God: or, the Meditations of St. Teresa after Communion. Newly translated. Together, with an Introductory Dedication to a Reverend Prioress on present practices and opinions of the times.* By the Rev. John Milner, F.S.A. (London, Coghlan, 1790 and 1812). Reprinted in Duffy's *Weekly Volumes of Catholic Divinity* (Dublin, Duffy & Co.). See Gillow, *Bibliograph. Diction.*, v. 31.

"MAXIMS."

A collection of sixty-nine short sentences attributed to St. Teresa appeared under the title of *Avisos de la Madre Teresa de Jesus* in the first edition of the *Way of Perfection* published by Don Teutonio de Braganza, Archbishop of Evora, at the request of the Saint herself in 1583, shortly after her death. Neither the publication itself nor the correspondence of St. Teresa contain any indication as to whether the manuscript of these Advices or Maxims was supplied to the editor by the Saint, or whether he obtained it from a different quarter. All that is known is that Mother Mary of St. Joseph (de Salazar), successively Prioress of Seville and Lisbon, affirmed in her deposition for the beatification that Teresa had written some spiritual counsels for her sons and daughters. All subsequent editions and translations are therefore based on the *editio princeps* of the *Way of Perfection.* Some of the historians of the Order have been obliged to admit their ignorance as to the whereabouts of the original manuscript, while others recorded their opinion that no manuscript ever existed, but that the collection was made from oral tradition. Don Vicente de la Fuente, as late as 1881, said that nobody knew where the original was, but at the same time he drew attention to some papers preserved in the convent of St. Anne at Madrid. Mr. Lewis, contrary to his usual caution, is very positive in his statement: "These Maxims are regarded as the writing of St. Teresa, though no manuscript has been discovered that contains them and nobody seems to have seen even a word of them in her handwriting. Their authenticity has never been doubted, but if it had been it might have been suggested that they were not written by the Saint, but given her by one of her confessors of the Society of Jesus."[1] Unless this passage contains a printing mistake it would even appear that in his opinion the *Maxims* might be the work not of St. Teresa, but of a Jesuit, and the Saint not the author, but the recipient of these advices.

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[1] *Les Œuvres de la Sainte Mère Térèse de Jésus. Nouvellement traduites par le R. P. Cyprien de la Nativité de la Vierge, Carme déchaussé.* Paris, 1644; and reissued in 1650, 1657 and 1667.

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[1] *Book of Foundations* (London, 1871), p. 347 note. The inclusion of the *Maxims* in the *Book of Foundations* was somewhat incongruous; we have therefore not hesitated in transferring them from the new edition of this to the present volume.

Mr. Lewis was, however, egregiously mistaken, for in the very year when Fuente expressed his ignorance as to the original of the *Maxims,* Don Francisco Herrero y Bayona, the editor of the photographic reproduction of the *Way of Perfection,* published at Madrid the facsimile of thirty Maxims belonging to the nuns of St. Anne, and, two years later, in the Appendix to the *Way of Perfection,* one more Maxim, the property of the Carmelite nuns of Las Maravillas of Madrid. In 1884 there appeared a further facsimile of nine Maxims, but without indication of the whereabouts of the original. It is therefore certain that forty out of sixty-nine Maxims were written by St. Teresa. These are Nos. 1–9 (publication of 1884); 10–26; 39–49 and 68–69 from St. Anne's, and No. 62 from Las Maravillas. The rest, namely, 27–38, 50–61 and 63–67, have so far not been traced. Some of these Maxims appear to answer personal needs, as they go beyond the rules laid down in the Constitutions. But many have a general bearing, not only in view of the requirements of the religious life, but affecting Christians of divers states of life. They have been commented upon by P. Alonso de Andrade, S.J., in his work *Avisos espirituales* Barcelona, 1647.[1]

There are three English translations besides the one contained in this volume, namely, those by Woodhead (1675, iii. 356), Canon Dalton in the Appendix to the *Way of Perfection*, and Mr. Lewis, already mentioned.

Among the papers left by St. Teresa were some odds and ends, not easily to be brought under one heading, but without which no edition of her works would be complete. The place of honour belongs to her famous Bookmark *Nada te turbe*, which was found in one of her breviaries, formerly in the possession of the Calced Carmelite fathers of Lisbon. These simple axioms must frequently have given her wonderful strength and courage in the midst of her trials ; they have encouraged and cheered thousands of souls since her death. Like many aphorisms, they have baffled some of the most skilful translators.

The *Prayer* which follows is preserved in the Saint's handwriting and with her signature at the convent of St. Anne at Madrid. It was published early in the seventeenth century in the French translation of St. Teresa's works by Father Eliseus of St. Bernard (1630), together with seventeen prayers attributed to her. The authenticity of these seems not beyond doubt, and they have been judiciously eliminated from more recent editions, but the prayer printed in this volume is unquestionably her work.

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[1] See *Œuvres*, v. 469.

The *Prophecy* was written on the fly-leaf of another breviary, now at Medina del Campo; the leaf, which has been detached from the book and framed like a reliquary, is preserved at the same place. The meaning is very obscure, but Mother Mary of St. Joseph (Dantisco) asserted in her deposition for the beatification of the Saint that her brother, Father Gracian, held the clue.

The note about her *baptism* comes from the same breviary which contained the Bookmark.

Another section is entitled *The Last Days of St. Teresa.* Her own works carry us almost to the brink of the grave. The *Book of Foundations* was completed at the end of June or the beginning of July 1582 (see ch. xxxi. 17); her last letter bears date Valladolid, September 15. Nineteen days later she rendered her soul to God. Her deathbed was surrounded by the community of Alba de Tormes, among whom were some of her most intimate friends; every word falling from her lips was treasured up, and when the moment arrived for collecting all the accounts and reminiscences for the purpose of completing the picture of her life, these deathbed recollections formed a not unimportant part. They have been selected and strung together by the translator, and it is felt that no excuse is needed for presenting them to the English reader.

On the occasion of the beatification of the Saint, April 24, 1614, no Papal Bull was issued, but only a Brief granting the Discalced Carmelites as well as the town of Alba de Tormes the right to say the Divine Office and to celebrate mass in her honour on October 5, which faculty was afterwards (September 12, 1620) extended to the other branch of the Order. The solemn canonisation took place on March 12, 1622, and the Bull, which was signed by Pope Gregory XV. and thirty-six Cardinals, is a masterpiece, and has supplied the lessons for the Divine Office in the Carmelite breviary. It is well worth giving in full in this edition.[1]

After her death Saint Teresa is said to have appeared to several of her spiritual children, and given them heavenly advice. Some of these *posthumous sayings* are very doubtful, but there are others which come from trustworthy sources and bear the stamp of the Saint's mind. These have been collected and placed at the end of the account of her death.

The *Letters of St. Teresa*, of which only specimens have been published by Abraham Woodhead in the seventeenth, and Canon Dalton in the last, century, are now in preparation, and with the blessing of God, will appear before long. Apart from these, the present volume completes the collection of the works of the great Saint of Avila.

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[1] *Bullarium Carmel.* (Rome, 1718) t. ii. 370 (Brief of Beatification), p. 382 (extension), p. 387 (Bull of Canonisation). The feast was fixed on October 15 on being extended to the universal Church, July 21, 1668 (*ibid.* p. 552).

BENEDICT ZIMMERMAN,
O.C.D.

ST. LUKE'S, WINCANTON,
October 15, 1912.

> *" I am obliged to warn the reader, that he must not fancy he has gained an idea of Gregory's poetry from my attempt at translation; and should it be objected that this is not treating Gregory well, I answer that at least I am as true to the original as if I exhibited it in plain prose."*
>
> *Cardinal Newman's " Church of the Fathers "*
> *(Rise and Fall of St. Gregory Nazianzen).*

POEMS.

POEM I.

SELF-OBLATION.

Vuestro soy, para Vos nací.

LORD, I am Thine, for I was born for Thee!
Reveal what is it Thou dost ask of me.

O sovereign Lord, of majesty supreme!
O Wisdom, that existed from all time!
O Bounty, showing pity on my soul!
God, one sole Being, merciful, sublime,
Behold this basest of created things,
As thus, with hardihood its love it sings,
And tell me, Lord, what Thou dost ask of me!

Lo, I am Thine! Thou hast created me:
And I am Thine, Thou hast redeemèd me:
And I am Thine, for Thou dost bear with me,
And Thine, for Thou hast callèd me to Thee,
And Thine, Who dost preserve me at Thy cost
Nor leavest me to perish 'mid the lost—
Say what it is, Lord, Thou dost will of me.

Declare what dost decree, O Master kind!
If serf so vile have any fitting task,
And tell what office by Thy will ordained
Is work that from so base a slave dost ask!
Behold, sweet Love, I wait for Thy command,
Behold me, Lord, before Whose face I stand!
Do Thou reveal what Thou dost will of me?

Behold my heart, which here I bring, and in
Thine hand as glad entire free-offering lay,
Together with my body, life, and soul,
The love, the longings that my being sway!
To Thee, Redeemer and most gentle Spouse,
In willing holocaust I pledge my vows,
What is there, Lord, that I may do for Thee?

Bestow long life, or straightway bid me die;
Let health be mine, or pain and sickness send,
With honour or dishonour; be my path
Beset by war, or peaceful till the end.
My strength or weakness be as Thou shalt choose,
For naught Thou askest shall I e'er refuse,—
I only wish what Thou wilt have of me.

Assign me riches, keep in poverty,
And let me cherished or neglected dwell,
In joy or mourning as Thou wilt, upraised
To highest heaven, or hurled down to hell!
Whether the sky be bright, from cloudlets free,
It matters not—I leave the choice to Thee,
What lot, O Lord, wilt Thou decide for me?

Give contemplation if Thou wilt, or let
My lonely soul in dryness ever pine ;
Abundance and devotion be the gift
Thou choosest, or a sterile soul be mine !
O Majesty supreme, in naught apart
From Thy decree can I find peace of heart !
Say what it is, Lord, Thou dost wish of me ?

Lord, give me wisdom, or, if love demand,
Leave me in ignorance ; it matters naught
If mine be years of plenty, or beset
With famine direful and with parching drought !
Be darkness over all or daylight clear,
Despatch me hither, keep me stationed here,
Say what it is, Lord, Thou wilt have of me ?

If Thou shouldst destine me for happiness,
For Love's sake, joy and happiness I greet ;
Bid me endure and labour till I die,
Resigned, in work and pain my death I'll meet,
Reveal the how, the where, the when ; for this
Is the sole boon, O Love, I crave of Thee,
That thou declare what Thou wouldst have of me!

Let Calvary or Thabor be my fate,
A desert or a fertile land of rest ;
Like Job, in sorrow let me mourning weep,
Or lie, like John, in peace upon Thy breast ;
Bear fruit and flourish, or, a withered vine
I'll perish fruitless, so the choice be Thine !
Reveal, O Lord, what Thou dost ask of me !

Like Joseph as he lay in shackles bound,
Or holding over Egypt first command ;
David chastised, atoning for his sins,
Or David crowned as ruler o'er the land ;
With Jonas struggling, 'mid the raging sea
Submerged, or set from ills and tempests free—
Declare, O Lord, what Thou wilt have of me !

Then bid me speak or bid me silence keep,
Make me a fecund or a barren land ;
Expose my wounds by the stern Law's decree
Or comfort me by Gospel message bland.
Let me in torture lie or comfort give,
I crave alone that Thou within me live,
And shouldst reveal what Thou wilt have of me !

Poem 2.

THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

Vivo sin vivir en mí.

I live, but yet I live not in myself,
For since aspiring to a life more high
I ever die because I do not die.

This mystic union of Love divine,
The bond whereby alone my soul doth live,
Hath made of God my Captive—but to me
True liberty of heart the while doth give.

And yet my spirit is so sorely pained
At gazing on my Lord by me enchained,
That still I die because I do not die.

Alas, how wearisome a waste is life!
How hard a fate to bear! In exile here
Fast locked in iron fetters lies my soul,
A prisoner in earth's mournful dungeon drear.
But yet the very hope of some relief
Doth wound my soul with such tormenting grief,
That still I die because I do not die.

No life so bitter, none so sad as mine
While exiled from my Lord my days are spent,
For though to love be sweet, yet hope deferred
Is wearisome: from life's long banishment,
O God, relieve me! from this mournful freight
Which crushes with a more than leaden weight,
So that I die because I do not die.

I live, since death must surely come at last;—
Upon that hope alone my trust I build,
For when this mortal life shall die, at length
My longings then will wholly be fulfilled.
Come, Death, come, bring life's certainty to me,
O tarry thou no more!—I wait for thee,
And ever die because I do not die.

Behold, how strong to master us is love!
Molest me, Life, no more! wouldst thou attain
Thine end, lose thou thyself, for by that loss
Alone canst thou the life eternal gain!
Come, gentle Death, sweet Death, do thou delay
No moment longer that most welcome day
Whereon I die because I do not die!

We do but dream we live in earthly life;
Our sole true life is that of heaven on high,
Nor can existence any true delight
Confer until this mortal life shall die.
O Death, I pray thee, shun me not in scorn,
For life to me is but a death forlorn
Wherein I die because I do not die!

Say, Life, what is there I can do for Him,
My God, Who in my heart His home doth make,
Except supremer joy in Him attain
By forfeiture of thee for His dear sake?
O longed-for Death, that maketh all mine own
Him Whom my heart aspireth for alone,
The while I die because I do not die!

Apart from Thee, my God, my one Desire
I long for, what is life disconsolate
Save lengthened agony of life prolonged?
Ne'er have I looked upon so sad a fate.

I grieve to see my soul's most mournful state,
Beset with ills so wholly consummate
That still I die because I do not die!

The gasping fish finds easement from its hurt
In death, when drawn from out its native wave,
And all the agony that dying brings
Is cured by death itself within the grave.
Can any death with mine in pain compare,
Or rival this most grievous life I bear
Wherein I die because I do not die?

Anon my heart begins to find relief
While gazing on Thee in the Sacred Host,
Yet seeing that I still enjoy Thee not
'Tis then I feel my exile from Thee most.
Thus all I see doth but increase my pain,
While still I languish for Thy sight in vain
And ever die because I do not die.

If e'er the hope of looking on Thy face
Inspires my heart with gladness and relief,
The dread lest I may lose Thee in the end
Renews with twofold pang my bitter grief.
Thus fast beset with oft-recurring fears
I wait and hope: slow pass the weary years
While still I die because I do not die.

Deliver me in mercy from this death
And grant, O God, the gift of life at last,
Nor let me linger in captivity
Enchained to earth with bonds and fetters fast!
I die with longing to behold Thee near
And gain true life! Without Thy presence dear,
Behold, I die because I do not die!

Henceforth I will bewail my living death,
In mournful lay my woeful life lament
While thus my sins detain me in the world
Long exiled: from this earthly banishment,
O God, when will the dawn of that glad day
Deliver, when at last I truly say
That now I die because I do not die?

POEM 3.

THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

SECOND VERSION.

Vivo sin vivir en mí.

A LIFE apart, estrangèd from myself,
Is now my lot because I die of love;
And since our Lord has sought me for His own,
In Him, not in myself, I live and move.
For when my heart to Christ I wholly gave
Therein this epigraph did He engrave—
That I should die because I do not die!

This mystic union of love divine,
This bond whereby alone my soul doth live,
Hath made my God my Captive—yet to me
True liberty of heart the while doth give.
And yet my spirit is so sorely pained
When I behold my Lord by me enchained,
That still I die because I do not die.

Alas! how wearisome a waste is life!
How hard a fate to bear my exile here
Where locked in iron fetters lies my soul,
A prisoner in earth's mournful dungeon drear!
And yet to muse upon the day relief
Shall come, doth wound with such tormenting grief
That still I die because I do not die.

Achieve thy task—forsake me utterly!
O Life, I pray of thee, molest me not!
For when I die, throughout eternity
What but to joy and live will be my lot?
Delay thou not to mitigate my grief,
O Death! but in thy pity bring relief,
Because I die in that I do not die!

Poem 4.

THE SOUL'S EXILE.

¡Cuan triste es, Dios mio!

Sadly I pine, O God of mine!
Afar from Thee I sigh!
With yearning heart, from Thee apart,
I long to die!

Weary the day and long the way
That on this earth we wend:
A sojourn drear man passes here,
In exile doomed to spend.
Master adored! O worshipped Lord,
I for deliverance cry!
Craving the grace to see Thy face,
I long to die!

With sorrow rife, our earthly life
Could not more bitter be,
Nor can life dwell within the soul
While kept apart from Thee!
O Thou my sweet and only Good,
In misery I sigh!
Craving the grace to see Thy face,
I long to die!

O Death benign! upon me shine
  And succour thou my pain!
The blow dost deal is sweet to feel,
  Whereby we freedom gain!
What blissful fate, O my Beloved,
  To dwell with Thee for aye!
Grant me the grace to see Thy face,
  And let me die!

A love earth-born is ever drawn
  To life that's spent on earth—
For life of bliss alone, doth hope
  The love of heavenly birth!
Ah, who can live, eternal God,
  Apart from Thee, I cry!
Craving the grace to see Thy face,
  I beg to die!

For he who dwells in this sad world
  In sorrow ever sighs,
Since true life never can be found
  Except in Paradise!
Do Thou assist me, O my God,
  To win that life on high,
And grant me grace to see Thy face!
  Oh, let me die!

Then who would fear, if death drew near,
  To let it work its will,

Since thus we buy eternally
  A joy that lasteth still?
For oh, to love Thee, God of mine,
  Is endless ecstasy!
Then grant me grace to see Thy face,
  Because I long to die!

My anguished soul doth faint for grief
  And utters many a moan!
Alas! what heart can live apart
  From Him it loves alone?
Free me, oh free me, from the pain
  In which I ever lie!
Bestow the grace to see Thy face,
  And let me die!

When on the cruel, hidden hook
  The river-fish is caught,
Its pains and struggles by its death
  Are to an ending brought.
My only Good! apart from Thee,
  Such is mine agony—
Then give me grace to see Thy face,
  And let me die!

O Master mine! My anxious soul
  Doth seek for Thee in vain,
Since Thou art still invisible,
  Nor dost relieve its pain.

Then from my love thereby inflamed
  Breaks forth the bitter cry—
Oh grant me grace to see Thy face,
  That I may die!

When Thou, my God, within my heart
  Dost deign to come as Guest,
The instant thought of losing Thee
  Doth lacerate my breast!
Ah, woe is me! my anguish keen
  Doth make me moan and sigh
To win the grace to see Thy face,
  And seeing—die!

Lord, finish this long agony
  In which so long I groan,
And render Thy poor handmaid help,
  Who craves for Thee alone!
Let me be happy: shatter Thou
  The chains in which I lie
And give me grace to see Thy face,
  And then to die!

But no! not so, belovèd Lord!
  My pain is the just meed
Whereby I expiate my sins
  And many an evil deed!
My groans and tears plead in Thine ears
  And for Thy mercy sigh!
Oh grant me grace to see Thy face,
  And seeing—die!

Poem 5.

SELF-SURRENDER.

Dichoso el corazon enamorado.

How blessèd is the heart with love fast bound
On God, the centre of its every thought!
Renouncing all created things as naught,
In Him its glory and its joy are found.
Even from self its cares are now set free;
T'wards God alone its aims, its actions tend—
Joyful and swift it journeys to its end
O'er the wild waves of life's tempestuous sea!

Poem 6.

DIVINE BEAUTY.

¡O hermosura que excedeis!

O Beauty, that doth far transcend
All other beauty! Thou doest deign,
Without a wound, our hearts to pain—
Without a pang, our wills to bend
To hold all love for creatures vain.

O mystic love-knot, that dost bind
Two beings of such diverse kind!
How canst Thou, then, e'er severed be?
For bound, such strength we gain from Thee,
We take for joys the griefs we find!

Things void of being linked, unite
With that great Beauty Infinite:
Thou fill'st my soul, which hungers still:
Thou lov'st where men can find but ill:
Our naught grows precious by Thy might!

POEM 7.

THE COMPACT

Ya toda me entregué y dí.

Now am I wholly yielded up, foregone,
  And this the pact I made,
That the Belovèd should be all mine own,
    I His alone!

  Struck by the gentle Hunter
    And overthrown,
  Within the arms of Love
    My soul lay prone.
  Raised to new life at last
  This contract 'tween us passed,
That the Belovèd should be all mine own,
    I His alone!

  With lance embarbed with love
    He took His aim—
  One with its Maker hence
    My soul became.

No love but His I crave
Since self to Him I gave,
For the Belovèd is mine own,
I His alone!

Poem 8.

ON THE TRANSVERBERATION OF THE SAINT'S HEART.

En las internas entrañas.

Within my heart a stab I felt—
A sudden stab, expecting naught;
Beneath God's standard was it dealt
For goodly were the deeds it wrought.
And though the lance hath wounded me,
And though the wound be unto death,
Surpassing far all other pain,
Yet doth new life therefrom draw breath!

How doth a mortal wound give life?
How, while life-giving, yet doth slay?
How heal while wounding, leaving thee
United to thy God alway?
Celestial was that hand, and though
With peril dire the fray was fraught,
It came forth victor o'er the lance
And goodly were the deeds it wrought.

Poem 9.

ASPIRATIONS.

Si el amor que me tenéis.

If Thy love bear
Resemblance, O my God, to mine for Thee,
Reveal what is it that doth hinder me,
What keeps me here ?

What cravest thou, O heart ?
Naught, O my God, but to behold Thee near !
What is the thing that thou dost chiefly fear ?
To dwell from Thee apart !

Of love I'm fain,
That Thou mayst take possession of my breast
To be a fitting home for Thee, a nest
Thee to contain.

Hid in its God,
What other blessing can the soul desire
Except to love Thee more,
And ever daily learn, with love afire,
Love's deeper lore ?

Poem 10.

"SOUL, THOU MUST SEEK THYSELF IN ME, AND SEEK FOR ME IN THEE."

Alma, buscarte has en mí.

Such is the power of love, O soul,
To paint thee in My heart,
No craftsman with such art,
Whate'er his skill might be, could there
Thine image thus impart!
'Twas love that gave thee life:
Then, Fairest, if thou be
Lost to thyself, thou'lt see
Thy portrait in My bosom stamped:
Soul, seek thyself in Me!

Wouldst find thy form within My heart
If there thou madest quest,
And with such life invest,
Thou wouldst rejoice to find thee thus
Engraven in My breast.
Or if, perchance, art ignorant
Where thou mayst light on Me,
Wander not wide and free,
Soul, if My presence wouldst attain,
Seek in thyself for Me!

Because in thee I find My house of rest,
  My dwelling-place, My home,
  Where at all hours I come
And knock at the closed portal of thy thoughts
  When far abroad they roam.
No need is there to look for Me without,
  Nor far in search to flee;
  Promptly I come to thee;
If thou but call to Me it doth suffice—
  Seek in thyself for Me!

POEM II.

THE DYING SAINT TO HER CRUCIFIX.

Soberano Esposo mío.

O THOU my sovereign Spouse! To Thee
I come. Ah, grant me to attain,
Nor let me wander far in vain,
That in the depths of Thy vast sea
This streamlet may its end obtain!

O gentle Spouse! Aid with Thy grace,
And with the palm my soul invest
That's due to love's subservient quest,
That in its Bridegroom's fond embrace
My soul may find its perfect rest!

Thine arms for me will vic'try get,
Nor to entreat such boon I shrink,
Knowing that Thou wilt never think
How little *Thou* dost owe—and yet
How deeply *I* am in Thy debt !

Lord, by Thy nuptial contract bide,
Detach my soul from alien ties
And make it sure of Paradise,
Since Thou with arms outstretchèd wide
Art waiting to receive Thy bride.

Since Thou dost thus Thine arms extend
I'll give my soul to be their prey,
And while Thou drawest it away,
Thine eyes, my Christ, upon me bend,
Whose soul dost from my body rend !

While I to Thee my soul confide,
Let Thy five wounds my comfort be
To which my soul finds passage free,
For they as heaven's portals bide
Which, for my sake, were opened wide.

Thy guests are of such noble sort
I know not if my lowly state
Gives entrance, so beside the gate,
A lowly woman, do I wait,
Apart from those that form Thy court !

My life in such a sort is led,
Obedient to the laws Love made,
That all my hopes on Thee are stayed,
While hangs to plead in my poor stead
This *Agnus Dei* by my bed.

Care not that I am indigent,
But look upon my soul as Thine,
And say if certain hope be mine!
Ah yes! I see Thy head is bent
To bow me token of assent!

At length the time has come to see
How far our love doth lead in truth,
And if we love in very sooth,
For now I come to shelter me
Beneath the branches of this tree.

Since this is so, my Spouse, my King!
Though surging tumult round me rage
Let Thy command my dread assuage,
While to these wood cross-bars I cling,
That He they hold defence may bring!

I do not fear the anguish rife
In that last parting's bitter sting
If unto Thee, my Christ, I cling,
For in that hour of final strife
I hold within my clasped hands—Life.

For if I clasp Thee, Lord, behold
Then doth our mutual delight
My soul with Thee, O Christ, unite,
Since God within mine arms I hold
Who in His arms doth me enfold!

POEM 12.

NUNS OF CARMEL.

Caminemos para el cielo.

LET us e'er journey on to heaven,
  Ye nuns of Carmel!

Let us be ever mortified,
Of humble heart though the world gibe,
All comfort and delight denied,
  As nuns of Carmel.

By vow we promised to obey
Nor let our wills assert their sway:
Be this our aim, be this our stay,
  We nuns of Carmel!

The path of poverty we plod,
For 'tis the road to earth He trod
When from the heavens came our God,
  O nuns of Carmel!

For God's love waneth not at all,
He to our souls doth ever call;

Follow we Him nor fear to fall,
O nuns of Carmel!

Strive to attain that blessed shore
Where we shall suffer nevermore
From poverty nor anguish sore,
We nuns of Carmel!

Elias' pattern hath imbued
Our courage for self-combat rude
With burning zeal and fortitude,
As nuns of Carmel.

Thus, while we from self-love abstain,
The prize Eliseus did obtain,
The two-fold spirit, may we gain,
We nuns of Carmel!

POEM 13.

THE WISE VIRGIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE VEILING OF SISTER ISABEL OF THE ANGELS.

Hermana, por qué veleis.

To bid thee, sister, keep strict watch and ward,
We, on this morn, bestowed this veil on thee,
For heaven itself 'twill win thee in reward—
Then watchful be!

Sister, the graceful veil we gave to thee
Doth warn thee to keep steadfast watch and ward,
And faithfully to tend thy virgin-lamp,
Until the hour the Bridegroom comes,—thy Lord;
For sudden, like some far-famed bandit, He
Comes unawares, when thou dost least foresee—
Then watchful be!

For none doth know nor can His hour decree—
For whether in the first hour of the night
It comes, or lingers till the next or third,
No Christian soul there is divines aright.
Then watch, my sister, watch, lest by surprise
Thou shouldst be plundered of thy lawful prize!
Oh, watchful be!

Ever, O sister, in thy vigil, see
Thou hold'st a burning lamp within thy hand,
Wearing thy veil while thou dost mount on guard:
Constant, with reins fast girded, shalt thou stand!
Beware lest thou by slumber be undone
Ere yet thy pilgrim-course be wholly run—
But watchful be!

Then take a vial with thee: kept ever filled
With oil of works, and merits thou hast won,
As fuel to provide thy virgin lamp
Lest the flame perish ere thy vigil's done,

Since thou wouldst have to seek it from afar
If empty were the vase that thou didst bear—
So watchful be!

For there are none would lend the oil to thee,
And if thou shouldst depart to purchase more
Thou might return too late. If once the Spouse
Has come and passed within the bridal door,
And they by His behest the portal lock,
Ne'er will it open more to cry or knock—
Then watchful be!

So keep thou sentinel, I counsel thee,
And let thy threefold promise made this morn
Be kept with manful courage faithfully,
As thou on thy profession day hast sworn.
Thus, if on earth in vigil thou dost wake,
Shalt with the Bridegroom joyful entrance make—
Sister, I charge thee, ever watchful be!

POEM 14.

THE REFRAIN OF A SONG FOR A CLOTHING.

¿Quién os trajó acá, doncella?

MAIDEN, who was it brought you here
From out the vale of misery?
—God and my happy destiny!

POEM 15.

THE HOLOCAUST.

WRITTEN FOR THE PROFESSION OF SISTER ISABEL OF THE ANGELS.

Sea mi gozo en el llanto.

HENCEFORTH I'll joy in wretchedness,
Let startling fears be my repose,
And reaping solace from my woes
Take losses for my sole success!

May tempests fierce assault my love;
My feast be wounds I won in strife
And death become for me my life;
Contempt to me true honour prove!

My riches lie in poverty,
My triumph from my wars I wrest
And weary toil doth make my rest,
The while content in grief doth lie!

Obscurity shall be my light!
Exalted when I'm most abased,
My pathway by the cross is traced,
Wherein I glory and delight.

In base estate mine honour shows;
I bear the palm to suffering due,
While from decay I spring anew
And profit from my losses grows

With hunger am I satiate,
I hope in apprehension drear;
My consolation comes from fear
And sweetness doth with bitter mate!

Oblivion keeps my memory;
I higher rise when beaten down,
And in contempt my fame I own,
While insults gain me victory.

Dishonour weaves my laurel crown;
I strive to win the prize of pain—
The meanest place, that all disdain,
Brings me retirement and renown!

My trust in Christ hath no alloy;
In Him alone I find my peace
Whose lassitudes my strength increase,
And Whom to imitate I joy!

On this support do I rely,
Wherein I find security,
The proof of mine integrity,
The seal that stamps my constancy!

POEM 16.

THE BRIDE OF CHRIST.

A PROFESSION SONG.

¡Oh qué bien tan sin segundo!

Oh, matchless good!
Betrothal that with sanctity endows!
To-day the King of Majesty supreme
Became thy Spouse!

Oh, truly blest
The fate for thee by Providence decreed!
Chosen as His belovèd by thy God
Who for thy ransom on the cross did bleed!
Whom serve with fortitude as thou didst pledge
In thy profession vows,
Because the King of Majesty supreme
Is now thy Spouse!

Rich are the gems
The Bridegroom, Lord of earth and sky will give;
Of joys and consolation of His grace
Thy Lover never will thy soul deprive.
As richest gift of all, will He bestow
A humble heart and meek—
As King He can do all He will, and thee
As bride did seek!

He will infuse
For Him so holy and so pure a love,
That I protest, thou mayest from thy heart
All fear of every earthly thing remove,
And still more mayst thou scorn the fiend, for bound
In fetters must he stay,
Because the King of Majesty became
Thy Spouse to-day!

POEM 17.

THE SHEPHERD'S BRIDALS.

A PROFESSION SONG.

¡Oh! dichosa la zagala!

Blest shepherdess! How high her gain
Who to that Shepherd plights her troth
Who reigns and evermore shall reign!

How blest her lot, whom fate doth wed,
To such a Spouse of goodly race!
My faith, good Gil! I stand abashed,
Nor dare to gaze upon her face
Since she this Bridegroom doth obtain,
Who reigneth, and Who e'er shall reign!

Forsooth, what did she give, to make
That Shepherd take her to His cot?

Her heart she gave Him for His own—
Aye, 'twas with right goodwill, I wot,
For comely is that Shepherd Swain
Who reigns, and ever more shall reign!

If more she had, more would she give,
So hie thee to her, boy, and take
This basket full, that she may choose
What gifts she to her Love will make,
Now she this Husband doth obtain
Who reigneth, and Who e'er will reign.

The damsel's dowry have we seen,
But what the gifts the Shepherd brought?
He won her with His own blood-shed!
Oh! at what ransom high she's bought!
Blissful all other brides above
The shepherdess that wins such love!

How deeply must that Bridegroom love
To do such kindness to His bride!
Faith! dost thou know He gave her gown,
Her sandals and all else beside?
These did she from her Bridegroom gain
Who reigneth and Who e'er will reign!

Forsooth, good Gil, 'twere well we hired
That shepherdess our flocks to tend;

Upon the hills, with merry cheer,
We'll win her for our right good friend,
Since she this Bridegroom doth obtain
Who reigns and evermore shall reign!

POEM 18.

THE CLOISTER.

A PROFESSION SONG.

Pues que nuestro Esposo.

SINCE Christ our Bridegroom doth desire
That we, His brides, a prison share,
Right gladly to the feast we throng,
The while religion's yoke we bear!

Oh, blessèd is the wedding day
That Christ doth for His brides prepare,
Who all are by His heart beloved,
Who all His light and guidance share!
To follow where the cross doth lead
With high perfection be our care.
As gladly to the feast we throng,
The while religion's yoke we bear.

This state, above all other states,
Is that by which our God doth choose

Whereby He from the galling bonds
That sin hath forged, His brides doth loose.
Jesus doth plight His faith that He
Solace to all such souls will give,
Who ever with a joyful heart
Within this prison steadfast live.

High the reward we shall receive
Within the realm of perfect bliss
If for the treasures kept by Christ
The baubles of the world we miss,
While earth's deceptions and base dross
We for our Bridegroom's sake dismiss,
And joyful to the feast we fare
The while religion's yoke we bear.

For oh ! what blessèd freedom lies
Contained in such captivity—
A life of perfect happiness
Secure for all eternity !
My heart its fetters doth embrace,
Nor seeks to win its liberty.
So eager to the feast we'll fare,
The while religion's yoke we bear !

POEM 19.

THE STANDARD OF THE HOLY CROSS.

A PROFESSION SONG.

Todos los que militais.

ALL ye who fight and fear no loss
Beneath the standard of the cross,
Sleep no more nor slumber now,—
God abides not here below!

Like a gallant warrior brave
God our Lord for death did crave:
Within His footsteps let us tread,
Since by our hands His blood was shed!
For oh! what precious gifts were bought
By that most bitter war He fought!
Sleep thou not nor slumber now—
God abides not here below!

He for us with joy did languish,
Freely bore the cross's anguish,
Died to bring us sinners light
By His own most piteous plight!
Oh most glorious victory!
How great the spoils He won thereby!
Sleep thou not nor slumber now—
God abides not here below!

Draw not back in cowardice;
Tend thy life in sacrifice;
None so sure his life of saving
As the loss of it when braving.
Jesus will our Leader be,
Our Reward in victory:
Sleep no more nor slumber now,
For God abides not here below!

Let our lives in death's libation
Be to Christ a true oblation,
Thus to heaven's bridals blest
Each will come as welcome guest.
Follow, by this standard led!
Within Christ's track and footsteps tread!
Oh, sleep no more nor slumber now!
Our God abides not here below!

POEM 20.

GREETING TO THE CROSS.

Cruz, descanso sabroso de mi vida.

CROSS, thou delicious solace of my life,
I welcome thee!
O standard, 'neath whose sign, the worst
Of cowards must be brave!
O thou our life, who erst our death
Didst raise from out the grave!

Thy strength the lion didst subdue,
For 'twas thy power the foe that slew,—
Welcome! all hail!

Who loves thee not, lives prisoner,
'Gainst liberty doth fight!
Who seeks within thy track to tread,
Ne'er wanders from the right.
Blest be the power that thou dost own
Which hath the power of ill o'erthrown!
Welcome, all hail!

'Twas thou didst bring deliverance
To us in bondage lost;
'Twas thou the ill that didst redeem,
Paid at so dear a cost.
For thou, with God, wast instrument
Of joy by . . .[1]
Welcome! all hail!

POEM 21.

PROCESSIONAL FOR THE FEAST OF THE HOLY CROSS.

En la cruz está la vida.

THE Cross contains our life
And our sole solace:
Therein doth lie the only road that leadeth
To Paradise!

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[1] The original is incomplete.

Upon the Cross is found the Lord
Of earth and heaven,
And perfect joy of peace profound
(Though war be waging
From all the ills this mortal exile holds)
Lies in its limits,
And by the Cross alone it is we wend
Our way to heaven.

'Twas of the Cross the Bride declared
To her Belovèd
That it was like the stately palm
Which she had mounted.
The very God of heaven Himself
Its fruit hath tasted,
And by the Cross alone we wend our way
And march to heaven.

'Tis like a tree of leafy-green—
The Bride's delection,
Who sat her down to rest herself
Beneath its shadow,
That she might joy in her Beloved,
The King of glory—
And by its means alone we wend
Our way to heaven.

In sight like to a precious olive
The holy Cross

With its blest oil of unction doth anoint
And doth illumine.
Then, O my soul, embrace the Cross with
Joy and gladness,
For 'tis the only road whereby
We reach to heaven!

The soul which to its God hath been
Abandoned wholly,
Being within its heart of hearts detached
From all things earthly,
Finds in the Cross the Tree of Life
And of all comfort,
And a delightsome path whereby
It wends to heaven.

For since upon the Cross the Saviour
Hath freely rested,
It hath become the source of glory
And of honour.
In suffering it becomes our life,
Our consolation,
And 'tis the safest way whereby
To wend to heaven.

Then let us journey on to Paradise,
Ye Nuns of Carmel;
Let us with eagerness embrace the Cross
And follow Jesus.

For 'tis our way, our light whereby to guide us,
Which in itself contains all consolation,
O Nuns of Carmel!

If dearer than the apple of your eye you keep
Your three-fold pledges,
'Twill from a thousand grievous ills exempt you
Of trials and afflictions that beset us,
We Nuns of Carmel!

The vow you promised of obedience
Although it be of very lofty science,
Ne'er will permit you to do any evil
If ye resist it not—from which
May the great God of heaven e'er preserve you,
Ye Nuns of Carmel!

The vow of chastity
Observe with the most watchful vigilance:
Seek God alone,
And keep yourselves in solitude with Him,
Regardless of the world
O Nuns of Carmel!

What men call poverty,
If in entirety kept when it is vowed
Contains great riches,
And opes the gate of heaven to our coming,
O Nuns of Carmel!

If these we practise
We shall win victory in all our combats,
And in the end shall rest
With Him Who hath created earth and heaven,
We Nuns of Carmel!

POEM 22.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

A SHEPHERD'S CAROL.

¡Ah! pastores que velais.

Ah, Shepherds, watching by the fold
  Your flocks upon the sward,
To-night is born to you a Lamb,
  Son of the sovereign Lord!

He cometh poor, of mean estate;
  Guard Him without delay,
Or e'er ye joy in Him, a wolf
  Will steal the Lamb away.—
Reach me my crook, Gil—from my hand
  I will not let it fall:
No wolf shall steal that Lamb, I vow!—
  Know, He is Lord of all!

—Well may you think that I am dazed
  Betwixt my joy and pain,

For if this new-born Babe be God,
Can He indeed be slain ?
—He Who is man as well as God
Can choose to live or die ;
Bethink thee, 'tis the Lamb indeed,
The Son of God most high !

I know not how men beg Him come,
Then wage on Him such war :
Should He restore us to His land,
Sure, Gil, 'twere better far !
—Sin caused our exile here, and in
His hands all good doth lie !
He comes to suffer here on earth,
This God of majesty.

Little thou carest for His pain !
'Tis so with all mankind :
Men reck not of their neighbour's ill
Wherein they profit find.
—As Pastor of a mighty flock
Great honour doth He gain.
—Still, 'tis a wondrous thing that God,
The Lord supreme, be slain !

Poem 23.

THE ANGELS' SUMMONS TO THE SHEPHERDS.

Mi gallejo, mira quién llama.

See, boy, who doth call so clear!
—Angels, for the Dawn draws near.

Hark! a sound of mighty humming,
Which, methinks, a song may be:
Then hie thee to the Shepherdess,
Now the morn breaks, Bras, with me.
See, boy, who doth call so clear!
Angels, for the Dawn is near.

Is she kin to the Alcalde?
What the damsel's name and race?
—She is God the Father's daughter;
Shineth like a star her face!
Look, boy, who doth call so clear!
Angels, for the Dawn is near!

Poem 24.

THE SHEPHERDS AT THE CRIB.

Pues el amor.

Mihi autem absit gloriari nisi in Cruce Domini nostri.

Since love brought God to earth
  From heaven on high
Naught should affright us more:
  Let us both die!

God gives His only Son
  As gift to man:
Born in a cattle-shed
  His life began.
Lo, God a man becomes,
  Triumph most high!
Naught should affright us more:
  Let us both die!

—Whence the love, Pascual,
  For us He bore,
Changing His royal robes
  For serge so poor?
—Best loves He poverty;
  In His steps hie!
Naught should affright us more:
  Let us both die!

What will men give to Him,
  Giver of all?
—Stripes from their scourges on
  His flesh will fall.
Bitter our tears will drop
  With grief and sigh!
—If this be sooth indeed,
  Let us both die!

He is omnipotent—
  How shall they dare?

—'Tis writ, from cruel men
He death must bear.
—Let us conceal the Babe
In secrecy!
—Know'st not 'tis His own will?
—Then, let us die!

POEM 25.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

SHEPHERDS' CAROL.

Hoy nos viene á redimir.

TO-DAY there comes upon our ransom bent
A Shepherd Who is kith to all mankind,
For, Gil, He is our God omnipotent!

And thus it is that He has raised us up,
Freed from the prison Satan held us in,
For He, to Menga and to Llorente,
And Bras, and all of us is truly kin,
Because He is the Lord omnipotent!

—If He be God: how to be sold by men
And hanging on the bitter cross, be slain?
—Dost thou not know that sin is done to death
When Innocence endures the sinners' pain?
Dost thou not know He is omnipotent?

—My faith! I saw Him as a new-born Babe,
And near Him stood a lovely Shepherdess!
If He be God, why chooseth He to live
With those in poverty and sore distress?
—Knowest thou not He is omnipotent?

Prithee, give o'er thine idle questionings
And let us in His service ever vie;
Since He has come on earth to suffer death,
With Him, Llorente, let us gladly die,
For He, in truth, is God omnipotent.

POEM 26.

THE SHEPHERDS' CAROL FOR THE CIRCUMCISION.

Vertiendo está sangre.

SEE, He is shedding blood.
Dominguillo, eh?
Though why I cannot say!

I prithee tell me why
The Infant thus they wound,
For He is innocent,
No guile in Him is found—
His Heart was wholly set,
Though why I cannot say,
On ardent love for me!
Dominguillo, eh?

But must men pain the Babe
Thus soon after His birth ?
—Aye, for He comes to die,
To save from ills our earth.
Faith, what a shepherd brave
That Child will make some day !
Shall we not love Him well,
Dominguillo, eh ?

Shepherd, I know not why
On Babe so innocent
Thou hast not cared to look ?
—Aye, Brasil and Llorent,
Have told me so erstwhile.
—My faith ! 'twere ill, I say,
Didst thou not love this Babe,
Dominguillo, eh ?

Poem 27.

SHEPHERDS' CAROL FOR THE CIRCUMCISION.

Este Niño viene llorando.

E'EN as the Babe comes, He is weeping sorely :
Oh hark, Gil, hark ! that Babe is calling thee !

Behold the new-born Infant from the heavens
To earth descends to free us from our foes !
Already is the direful strife beginning,
For see, our Jesus' blood already flows !
Oh hark, Gil, hark, that Babe is calling thee !

So great the love He beareth for us sinners
That little for the tears He sheds recks He,
Steeling His infant heart to muster courage
Since He the Leader of His flock shall be—
Then hark, Gil, hark, that Babe doth call to thee!

How dear the love He bears for us doth cost Him,
This Infant but a few days newly born,
Whose blood already 'neath the knife is flowing!—
Forsooth, 'tis *we* and not the *Babe* should mourn!
Oh hearken, Gil, that Babe is calling thee!

Had He not come to earth to die for sinners
He now were safe within His nest at home!
—Behold, Gil, to our earth from heaven descending
The Babe doth as a roaring lion come:
Oh hark ye, Gil, the Babe is calling thee!

What is it, Pascal, thou art seeking of me
That ever in mine ear thy tale is told?
—To love this Babe Who loves thee, and doth tremble
For thy sake, 'neath the bitter wintry cold:
For hark thee, Gil, the Babe doth call to thee!

Poem 28.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE THREE KINGS.

A CAROL FOR THE EPIPHANY.

Pues que la estrella.

Since now the star above
The crib doth shine,
Prithee wend with the Kings,
Good flock of mine!

To see Messias there
We'll take our way,
Now are fulfilled the things
The prophets say:
For in our days, to earth
Doth God descend;
There, with the Kings, my sheep,
I prithee wend.

Gifts let us bring to Him
Of costly store,
Whom the Kings fervently
Seek to adore.
Lo, our great Shepherdess
With joy doth shine!
Prithee wend with the Kings,
O flock of mine!

Question not, Llorente,
The reason why
We hold this Babe as God
Come from on high.
Yield Him thy heart, as mine
To Him I tend—
Hence, with the Kings, my flock,
I prithee wend !

POEM 29.

POEM TO ST. ANDREW.

Si el padecer con amor.

If suffering endured with love upon our part
Can so inspire with joy the stricken heart,
What transport will the sight of Thee impart !

What will it be at length to look upon
Th' eternal Majesty,
Since Andrew, when he gazed upon the cross,
Was filled with ecstasy !
Nor even while we suffer, can we fail
To win fruition of the bliss we hail—
What joy to see Thee !

Love that to full intensity hath grown
Rests not in idleness,

As the brave warrior, for the one he loves,
Doth on to combat press,
And having o'er Love's self the victory gained,
Needs must all ends it strives for be attained—
Oh, bliss to see Thee!

Since all men hold in fear the thought of death,
Why is it sweet to thee?
—'Tis that when death shall strike, new life shall rise
Of high sublimity.
Thou, O my God, by Thine Own death doth make
The worst of cowards take courage for Thy sake—
What joy to see Thee!

O cross, now the most precious tree of all!
Thou most majestic wood,
Who, being held contemptible and mean
Didst take for Spouse thy God!
I go to meet thee, jubilant of soul,
And, though I merit not to crave such dole,
I joy to see thee!

POEM 30.

TO SAINT CATHERINE THE MARTYR.

¡O grande amadora!

O FERVENT votaress
Of the eternal Lord!
Resplendent star! do thou
Thine aid afford!

E'en in her infancy
 A Spouse she chose;
Ne'er did her ardent love
 Grant her repose.
Then let no cowards seek
 Her company,
Who love the world and fear
 For God to die!

Ye cravens, gaze upon
 This maiden fair,
Who cared naught for her wealth
 Nor beauty rare.
In persecution fierce
 She bore her part,
Enduring torments keen
 With virile heart!

The absence of her Love
Caused her far deeper grief,
And suffering borne for Him
Was all that gave relief;
She craved for death, and pain
Alone could comfort give,
Since, while on earth she dwelt,
She could not truly live.

Let us who long
To share a fate so blest
Ne'er labour here
In vain, to seek for rest.
Oh, false deceit!
How loveless 'tis to sigh
For healing here
Where life is misery!

POEM 31.

SAINT HILARION.

Hoy ha vencido un guerrero.

THIS captain 'gainst the world and its allies
The way to victory led,—
Sinners, return, return ye, and within
His footsteps tread!

Seek solitude,
Nor let us crave to die
Till we attain to live
In perfect poverty.
With skill supreme, the way
This chieftain led,—
Sinners, return, return ye, and within
His footsteps tread!

He conquered Lucifer
With penance' arms,
With patience fought and now is free
From all alarms.
We also shall prevail, if by
This captain led,
Sinners, return, return again, and in
His footsteps tread !

He had no friends
But to the cross he clave :
This is our light, which Christ as light
To sinners gave.
Oh, blessèd zeal that stood
The warrior in such stead,—
Sinners, return, return ye, and within
His footsteps tread !

His crown is won—no more
In grief he sighs,
But joys in the reward
Of Paradise.
Oh, glorious victory
In which our soldier bled !
Sinners, return, oh turn again, and in
His footsteps tread !

Poem 32.

RHYMED MAXIMS.

When God doth the soul chastise
Heavy are its penalties,
Yet beneath the clouds that rise
Purer shine the sunny skies!

Who on this world sets his mind
Ne'er will true contentment find.

He who sets on God his stay
Knows not anguish of dismay.

He who doth self-judgment blind
Quickly calms his troubled mind.

Naught doth greater solace give
Than without desires to live.

Bitter burden do we bear
When for aught on earth we care.

The cross, when borne with ready will,
Far lighter weighs than many an ill.

Seeking for naught,
Life with joy is fraught.

Best of disciplines is still
Discipline of thy self-will.

Let what comes, whate'er may hap,
Ever serve to profit thee :
Great thy profit if dost judge
Everything is bad in thee !

Let naught disturb thy peace
Which will with this world cease.

To the soul that can endure
Any life will easy seem ;
Any life a living death
The impatient soul will deem.

A love for God but not the cross,
Will put its hand to little work :
A love that's strong and full of zeal
Doth neither toil nor trouble shirk.

What though many faults be thine ?
Mortified, they'll soon decline !

He who seeks no private gain
Always finds things to his mind :
He who would his comfort find
E'er sees reason to complain.

Mortification
Brings grief alleviation.

When for earthly things I sigh,
Then, although I live, I die!

If thou a happy nun wouldst be,
Let no one know thy pains but thee!

POEM 33.

SAINT TERESA'S BOOKMARK.

Nada te turbe.

LET naught disturb thee;
Naught fright thee ever;
All things are passing;
God changeth never.
Patience e'er conquers;
With God for thine own
Thou nothing dost lack—
He sufficeth alone!

POEM 34.

THE SOUL'S DETACHMENT.

Lleva el pensamiento.

KEEP thy thought and ev'ry wish
Ever raised to heaven on high;

Let no trouble thee oppress,
Naught destroy tranquillity.
Follow with a valiant heart
Jesus, in the narrow way;
Come what will, whate'er thy trials,
Let naught ever thee dismay.

All the glory of this world
Is but vain and empty show;
Swiftly all things pass away,
Naught is stable here below.
Be thy sole desire to win
Good divine that never wanes;
True and rich in promises,
God our Lord unchanged remains.

Love what best deserves thy love—
Goodness, Bounty infinite—
Lacking patience, love can ne'er
Reach full purity and height.
Confidence and living faith
In the strife the soul maintain;
He who hopes and who believes
All things in the end shall gain.

Though the wrath of hell aroused
Hard the hunted soul besets,
He who to his God adheres
Mocks at all the devil's threats.

Though disgrace and crosses come,
Though his plans should end in naught,
He whose God his treasure is
Ne'er shall stand in need of aught.
Go, false pleasures of the world !
Go, vain riches that entice !
Though the soul should forfeit all,
God alone would all-suffice !

POEM 35.

SONNET TO JESUS CRUCIFIED.

No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte.

I AM not moved, my God, to love of Thee
Because Thou pledgest heaven in reward,
Nor is my soul by fear of death so awed
As to be moved straightway from sin to flee.
Thou mov'st my love, my God ! to see Thee hang
Nailed to the cross, of men the scoff, the scorn,
Doth move my love ! Thy body scourged and torn,
Thy mocking and affronts, Thy dying pang !
It is *Thy* love that moves me in such way
That did no heaven exist, I'd love Thee still !
Dread of offence would still my spirit sway
Were there no hell—Thy gifts move not my will,
For though I hoped no guerdon in repay,
The same unaltered love my heart would fill !

Poem 36.

BEFORE THE CRUCIFIX.

BY ISABEL OF JESUS.

O Thou all good and sweet,
Jesus of Nazareth,
Let me but look on Thee,
  Then send me death!

Let those look who will
On rose and jasmine fair;
On *Thee* I gaze and see
A thousand gardens there.
Thou Flower all seraph-bright,
Jesus of Nazareth!
Let me but look on Thee,
  Then send me death!

I seek no other joy—
My Jesus is not here!
All else torments the soul
That holds His Presence dear.
Love and desire of Thee
Are of my life the breath;
Let me but look on Thee,
  Then send me death!

A captive's fate is mine,
Whilst far Thou art from me;
Life is but living death,
I live not, save with Thee.
When will that day draw near
Which ends my exile here?
O Thou all good and sweet,
Jesus of Nazareth!
Let me but look on Thee,
  Then send me death!

PRAYER OF ST. TERESA.

O MY God! since Thou art charity and love itself, perfect this virtue in me, that its ardour may consume all the dregs of self-love. May I hold Thee as my sole Treasure and my one glory, far dearer than all creatures. Make me love myself in Thee, for Thee, and by Thee, and my neighbour, for Thy sake, in the same manner, bearing his burdens as I wish him to bear mine. Let me care for naught beside Thee, except in so far as it will lead me to Thee. May I rejoice in Thy perfect love for me, and in the eternal love borne for Thee by the angels and saints in heaven, where the veil is lifted and they see Thee face to face. Grant that I may exult because the just, who know Thee by faith in this life, count Thee as their highest good, the centre and the end of their affections. I long that sinners and the imperfect may do the same, and with the aid of Thy grace I crave to help them.

NOTES ON THE POEMS.

Poem 1.—Copies of this poem, which is undoubtedly by St. Teresa, are preserved in the collections of the convents of Madrid and Guadalajara as well as in the transcriptions prepared by Fray Andrés de la Encarnación (now at the National Library at Madrid), who says in a note that " these verses were sung by the venerable priest Julian of Avila, the companion of the Saint upon her foundations, who often stated that they were composed by her." Fuente, *Obras*, (edit. of 1881), vol. iii. Poem 27.

Poem 2.—This poem, known as the " Gloss " of St. Teresa, is the most famous of her verses. It was written at Salamanca in 1571, as related by Sister Isabel of Jesus in her deposition in the process of canonisation : " When I was a novice I sang one day during recreation some verses [see Poem 36] describing the grief felt by the soul at its separation from God. During the singing our Mother went into an ecstasy in the presence of the nuns. They waited for a time, but as she did not come to herself, three or four carried her, looking as if she were dead, into her cell. I do not know what passed there, but when I saw her come out of it next day after dinner, she seemed quite absorbed and beside herself. By comparing the day and hour with what she wrote later on, we discovered that during this rapture our Lord had bestowed upon her some signal favour. The Saint then wrote this poem, which she enclosed in a letter sent to her confessor." Yepes, *Life*, bk. iii. ch. xxii.; *Relation* iv. 1; *Interior Castle*, M. vi. ch. xi, 8; *Concept*. ch. vii. 2; *Exclam*. i. vi. xiv. xvi.; Fuente, l.c., Poem 1.

The last five verses of this poem, preceded by two which differ from St. Teresa's, are classed as an original poem of St. John of the Cross (*Living Flame of Love*, edit. 1912, p. 264), who, referring to this subject, says: "The third kind of pain—of a soul wounded by love—is like dying; it is as if the whole soul were festering because of its wound. It is dying a living death until love, having slain it, shall make it live the life of love, transforming it into love. . . . Hence the soul is dying of love, and dying the more when it sees that it cannot die of love. Perceiving itself to be dying of love and yet not dying so as to have the free enjoyment of its love, it complains of the continuance of its bodily life, by which the spiritual life is delayed" (*Spiritual Canticle*, Stanza vii. 4, and viii. 1).

POEM 3.—Another version of the same poem, Fuente, l.c., 2. The first and fourth verses vary, but the second and third are to be found in the preceding poem. This version was printed in the early editions of the works of the Saint; in 1884 Don Antonio Selfa published at Madrid a facsimile of the autograph, but as there are some differences of spelling its genuineness has been questioned.

POEM 4.—This, too, was published by Don Antonio Selfa from what purports to be an autograph. It is not in Don Vicente's edition.

Poem 5.—Fuente was the first to print this short piece (No. 10 in his edition) from the manuscript of Toledo. The second *Exclamation* speaks of seeking solitude in God and with Him, for thus alone can life be borne, because "the soul rests with Him Who is its true repose." This idea is more finely and concisely expressed in these verses.

Poem 6.—These verses are contained in the letters written by the Saint to her brother Don Lorenzo de Cepeda on January 2 and 17, 1577, as follows:

"I remember some verses I once wrote when immersed in prayer and in a state of great repose. They ran thus—though I am not sure if I remember them rightly—yet they will show you that even when I am at Toledo I wish to give you pleasure: [*here follow the verses*];—I can recollect no more. . . . I think that these verses may touch you and kindle your devotion."

On January 17 she refers to the matter again:

"I hardly know what to say about the favour which you told me that you have received. It is certainly far greater than you think and will be the beginning of great things unless forfeited by your own fault. I have experienced this kind of prayer, which usually leaves the soul at peace and sometimes inclined to do penance, particularly if the impulse has been very strong, for then the soul cannot rest without doing something for God. For this is a touch which gives love to the soul: if it increases you will be able to understand what you said puzzled you in my verses. It is a keen pain and sorrow from an unknown source, yet most delicious. To tell the truth, the soul here receives a wound from the love of God, without perceiving whence or how it comes, nor even that it is wounded, or what takes place, yet it feels a delightful pain which makes it complain, crying:

"Thou dost deign
Without a wound our hearts to pain—
Without a pang our wills to bend,
To hold all love for creatures vain!

"For when the heart is truly touched with this love of God, it weans itself painlessly from that it feels for creatures, so that it is bound by no earthly affection. This cannot be done without such a love for God, because if we care much for any creatures we are grieved at withdrawing from them, and we suffer far more if we have to leave them altogether. When God takes possession of the soul He gradually gives it the empire over all created things."

The poem was originally longer, but the continuation has been lost. Fuente, l.c., No. 5.

POEM 7.—No. 6 in Fuente. These verses are from the manuscript of Toledo. They are based on the words of the Song of Solomon, *Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi* (Cant. ii. 16).

POEM 8.—Fuente, No. 26. Verses composed by St. Teresa on the Transverberation of her heart (See *Life*, ch. xxix. 16–18). Fra Federigo di Sant' Antonio says in his Life of the Saint (written in 1754) that the autograph had been found at the Convent of Sevilla, but it is no longer there. *Interior Castle*, M. vi. ch. xi. 2, 4, 8. *Rel.* viii. 16–19.

Poem 9.—This was first published by Fuente (No. 11) from the manuscript of Toledo. He considers it doubtful.

Poem 10.—These verses are written on the words spoken by our Lord: "Labour not to hold Me enclosed within thyself, but enclose thyself in Me" (*Relation* iii. 9; see also *Interior Castle*, M. iv. ch. iii. 1). Many years later Don Francis de Salcedo, Julian of Avila, St. John of the Cross and Don Lorenzo de Cepeda each wrote an essay on these words, and at the command of the Bishop of Avila the Saint wrote her letter of January 27, 1577 (known as the *Vejamen*, or trysting letter) in which she subjected their opinions to a somewhat satirical criticism. Don Fuente, who printed the poem from the Toledo manuscript (No. 4 in his edition) qualifies the poem as "probably" genuine; he might safely have said "certainly authentic."

Poem 11.—We are indebted to the kindness of the French Carmelite nuns for leave to make use of their edition of this and three other poems, which had never been printed (*Œuvres complètes de Sainte Térèse*, Paris 1910, vol. vi. 363). These verses to "the Christ," *i.e.* to a Crucifix, are from a seventeenth-century manuscript in the National Library at Madrid and bear the title: "Song (romance) written by our holy Mother Teresa during the foundation of Soria." They belong therefore to the summer of 1581; Fuente did not know of this collection.

Poem 12.—These verses were composed by St. Teresa when ill on a journey; copies are preserved at Soria and, with slight variants, in the collections of Madrid and Guadalajara. This poem strongly resembles the last few verses of the Processional of the Holy Cross (Poem 20), written for the nuns of Soria. Fuente, who first printed it (No. 25), considers it as probably authentic.

Poem 13.—"A gloss composed by our Holy Mother Teresa of Jesus for the clothing of Sister Isabel of the Angels" at Medina del Campo in September 1569. Fray Andrés de la Encarnación states that in his time (*c.* 1750) the original was in the possession of the Carmelite nuns of San Sebastian, but according to Fray Manuel it had been in the hands of Fray José de la Madre de Dios, Prior of Segovia. Several old copies are still in existence. Fuente (No. 16) entertains no doubt as to the authenticity.

Poem 14.—The refrain of this poem, composed for the clothing of Sister Hieronyma of the Incarnation at Medina del Campo, January 13, 1575, is all that remains of it; it has been preserved by the author of the *Reforma*, vol. iii. bk. xiii. ch. xxi.

Poem 15.—Composed at Salamanca for the profession of Sister Isabel of the Angels (October 21, 1571), for whose clothing St. Teresa had written the verses *supra* No. 13. Fray Andrés was aware of the existence of copies at Segovia and Las Batuecas, but was unable to consult them. They have been discovered at the National Library at Madrid, and we are indebted to the French nuns for permission to translate them from their edition (*Œuvres*, vi. 383).

Poem 16.—Fuente published these verses from the collection of Toledo (No. 14), qualifying them as probably genuine; according to some copies they were written for the profession of Sister Isabel of the Angels, but this can hardly be correct.

Poem 17.—Published by Fuente (No. 12, from the manuscript of Toledo), who, however, considers the poem as doubtful. The transcript is certainly incorrect.

Poem 18.—From the same collection and probably genuine according to Don Vicente's opinion who prints it under No. 15.

Poem 19.—Probably authentic. Fuente published it from the same collection under No. 13.

Poem 20.—These verses have come down to us through a copy made by Sister Guiomar of the Blessed Sacrament, who was professed at Salamanca in 1576, and who attested that they were composed by St. Teresa. Copies were also kept at Segovia and Las Batuecas and in the archives of the

Order at Madrid (now in the National Library). Fuente, who first printed the poem from the last-named source (No. 28), considers it as in all probability genuine. Some words in the last strophe are missing.

POEM 21.—The original of this piece of poetry is preserved at the Convent of Soria, and has been attested as genuine by Fray Manuel of Jesus, General of the Spanish Congregation of Discalced Carmelites. The concluding verses are almost identical with Poem No. 12. Fuente has printed the text in vol. vi. p. 111, the copy having reached him too late for insertion among the poems. He has added the following explanatory note :

"There is a very old tradition that these verses were composed by the glorious Mother St. Teresa when she founded the convent of the Blessed Trinity at Soria in 1581. They were to be sung on the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, September 14, 1581, she herself having left for Segovia and Avila a month previously. The verses are devout and affecting, and ever since that time the nuns have sung them on the said feast under the following circumstances. After midday recreation they adjourn to an oratory where a crucifix, candles and olive branches have been prepared. Having first venerated the crucifix, the sisters intone the hymn to a very devotional tune and, carrying the olive boughs, go in procession through the cloister to the mortuary chapel, where the hymn is concluded and is followed by a prayer for the dead, whereupon the olive branches are deposited on the sepulchre. The verses contain the farewell advice of the holy Mother, who, on taking leave of the community said : ‘ Daughters, for the sake of my love for you, I ask of you three things. First, to keep the primitive observance, secondly to obey your superiors, and thirdly to preserve charity among yourselves. If you do this, I promise that God will give you the twofold spirit as He did to our Father S. Eliseus on whose feast this house was founded.’ ”

Poem 22.—A portion of this poem is preserved in autograph at the Carmelite convent at Florence. Fuente, who printed it from the manuscript of Toledo (in which a line is missing), thinks it is probably genuine. It is No. 18 of his edition.

Poem 23.—From the manuscript of Cuerva. Fuente gives it under No. 22, but strongly doubts its genuineness.

Poem 24.—From the manuscript of Toledo. “ Probably genuine,” says Fuente, in whose edition it is numbered 17.

Poem 25.—Printing this as No. 20 from the Toledo collection, Fuente strongly questions its authenticity, but the discovery of the autograph of the first three strophes at the convent of Carmelite nuns at Florence seems to dispose of the difficulty.

Poem 26.—This poem is from a collection (now lost) of which the manuscripts of Madrid, Guadalajara and Cuerva are more or less faithful copies. In this instance they present considerable variations and also some defects. Fuente (No. 23) has serious doubts as to its authenticity.

Poem 27.—These verses are from the same manuscripts as the preceding, and here again Fuente (No. 21) is inclined to disallow a claim to authenticity. The French nuns quote in their edition the following note from the manuscript of Cuerva:

"Some more verses written by St. Teresa for the feast of the Circumcision for which she had a special devotion. One year, on the eve of that feast, while the nuns were at evening recreation, she came out of her cell almost beside herself with extraordinary fervour. Transported by her feelings, she danced and sang, and bade the community to join her, which they did with the greatest spiritual joy. Theirs was no set and ordinary kind of dance, nor was it accompanied by the guitar, but the dancers beat time by clapping their hands, as David describes, *Omnes gentes, plaudite manibus*, as they moved to and fro with more spiritual harmony and grace than human art."

Poem 28.—Fuente (No. 19) was the first to publish this from the collection of Toledo; it appears to him doubtful.

Poem 29.—First published by Fray Antonio of St. Joachim in the Año Teresiano, and afterwards by Fuente (No. 7, from the Toledo manuscript), who declared it probably genuine. The verses contain many allusions to the acts of St. Andrew as given in the breviary, where it is said that when the Apostle saw his cross at a distance, he cried out, "Hail, precious cross, that has been consecrated by the body of my Lord, and adorned with His limbs as with rich jewels!—I come to thee, glad and exulting; receive me with joy into thine arms! O good cross, that hast received beauty from our Lord's limbs! I have ardently loved thee: long have I desired and sought thee; now thou art found by me and art made ready for my longing soul. Receive me into thine arms, taking me from among men, and present me to thy Master, that He who redeemed me on thee may receive me by thee!" The Saint was fastened to the cross, on which he hung for two days, preaching without cessation the faith of Christ, after which he passed to Him Whose death he had so coveted. Before dying, the Apostle exclaimed: "O Lord Jesus Christ, good Master, suffer me not to be taken down from the cross until Thou hast received my soul. For Thou, O Christ, art my protector; into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

POEM 30.—Fuente, who published these verses as No. 8 from the manuscript of Toledo, considers them probably authentic. They there bear the incorrect motto *Quemadmodum desiderat ad fontes aquarum, ita desiderat anima mea.* St. Teresa had a great devotion to St. Catherine the Martyr, to whom she dedicated a hermitage at Avila with a painting of the Saint. According to the legend, Catherine saw in a vision the Blessed Virgin ask Jesus to receive her among His servants, but the Divine Infant turned away because she was not yet a Christian. After baptism Catherine saw the same vision, when Jesus received her with great affection, and espoused her in sight of the court of heaven. Having resisted the suit of the impious emperor Maximin II., she was put to death by means of a wheel, and her body is said to have been carried by angels to Mount Sinai, the Saint having prayed that no man might see or touch her body after death.

POEM 31.—The verses in honour of St. Hilarion have in the manuscript of Toledo the motto *Fortitudo mea et laus mea Dominus mihi*. Fuente (No. 9) considers them as probably genuine. St. Teresa had a great devotion to this Saint, who in the Carmelite breviary in use during her lifetime is described as "our father." She relates (*Life*, ch. xxvii. 2) how she used to recommend herself to him to be preserved from the illusions of Satan. She also built a hermitage in his honour in the convent of Avila. St. Hilarion, having become a Christian, renounced the world at the age of ten and lived for some time with St. Anthony. But finding that the very desert became too distracting on account of the many visitors and disciples of his master, he withdrew into a place of deep solitude, where he lived in ever increasing austerity. He repelled the assaults of the devil by the sign of the cross. At his death, which occurred at the age of eighty years, he thus encouraged himself: "Go forth, what dost thou fear? Go forth, my soul, what dost thou dread? Behold it is now three score and ten years that thou hast served Christ, and art thou afraid of death?" He had scarcely finished these words when he expired.

Poem 32.—Fuente published these Maxims (from a manuscript in the National Library at Madrid) in his first edition of the works of St. Teresa (Madrid, 1861), but not in the second. Their authenticity is doubtful.

Poem 33.—These verses, which have become widely known, were written by St. Teresa at an unknown date, and were kept by her as a bookmark in one of her breviaries which afterwards became the property of the Carmelite friars at Lisbon; its present whereabouts is not known.

Poem 34.—This poem, for the Spanish text of which we are indebted to the French Carmelite nuns who published it for the first time, is kept at the Convent of Segovia. It is an enlargement of the "Bookmark," but the probability of its genuineness is extremely slender.

Poem 35.—This poem has been claimed for St. Teresa, St. Francis Xavier and other authors. It would appear that, among contemporary critics, Don Francisco Herrero y Bayona is inclined to allow St. Teresa's claim, but Don Vicente de la Fuente, Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, and many others, are of a different opinion, which is also shared by the French nuns.

Poem 36.—These are the verses sung by Sister Isabel of Jesus at Salamanca which caused St. Teresa to go into an ecstasy (see note to Poem 2 *supra*, and the references there given). They are well known in Spain and have been repeatedly printed, among others by Don Miguel Mir and Don Vicente de la Fuente.

PRAYER OF ST. TERESA.—The autograph of this prayer is in the possession of the Carmelite nuns of Madrid. It is written upon an oblong sheet of paper from which the signature at the bottom appears to have been cut off. It was published in a French translation as early as 1630, but the Spanish text was for the first time printed by Fuente.

EXCLAMATIONS, OR MEDITATIONS OF THE SOUL ON ITS GOD.

WRITTEN BY THE HOLY MOTHER TERESA OF JESUS ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS, ACCORDING TO THE DEVOTION IMPARTED TO HER BY OUR LORD AFTER HOLY COMMUNION. A.D. 1569.

EXCLAMATION I.

1. OH, life, life, how canst thou still exist, apart from Him Who is thy Life? How dost thou occupy thyself during such solitude? What dost thou do—thou, whose actions are full of faults and imperfections? What can comfort thee, O my soul, in this tempestuous sea? I grieve for self, and yet still more for the time when I felt no grief. How sweet are Thy ways, O Lord! yet who can travel by them without dread? I dare not abstain from serving Thee, yet my service contents me not, nor acquits aught of the debt I owe. Fain would I give myself wholly to Thy service, yet, looking on my misery, I see that I am incapable of good, unless Thou first give it me. Oh, my merciful God! what shall I do, not to render void Thy great graces? Thy works are holy, just, priceless,

full of sublimest wisdom, for Thou, Lord, art Wisdom itself! Yet while my mind ponders over this, my will complains; it would have no hindrance to its loving Thee, for in such high matters the intellect cannot attain to its God, yet longs to enjoy Him, although it knows not how, while shut within the dreary prison of mortality. Now it impedes me, though, at first, meditation on Thy grandeurs was an aid, showing me more clearly my own immeasurable baseness.

2. Why do I say this, my God? To whom do I complain? Who hears me, but Thou, my Father and my Creator? But why speak, in order to tell Thee of my pain, since I see so clearly that Thou dost dwell within me? Behold my folly! But alas, my God, how can I be sure I am not separated from Thee?

3. Oh, my life! which must be passed in such vital hazard, who would wish for thee? The sole gain to be found or hoped for in thee is to please God in all things, and even this is most uncertain and beset by dangers.

EXCLAMATION II.

1. Often do I think, O my Lord, that if aught can soothe a life apart from Thee it is solitude, wherein the soul rests with Him Who is its true repose. Yet, unable as it is to enjoy Thee with full liberty, its torment often redoubles. Yet this is a delight compared with that of

being forced to deal with creatures, and thus deprived of holding converse alone with the Creator. But how is it, my God, that *rest* wearies the soul which only seeks to please Thee?

2. O sovereign love of God, how different are thine effects from those of earthly love, which seeks no companion, fearing lest it should lose what it possesses! Love for my God increases on learning that others love Him, and its joys diminish at seeing that all men do not share its happiness.

3. Therefore, O my only Good, during Thy tenderest caresses and consolations, I grieve at remembering the many hearts which do not desire these joys, and still others who will lose them for ever. Thus my soul seeks company, gladly leaving its own delight, moved by the hope that it may incite souls to strive to attain it. But, O my heavenly Father! were it not better to defer this care for others until the soul enjoys less of Thy favours, and to yield myself now wholly to enjoying Thee?

4. Oh, my Jesus! how deep is Thy love for the children of men! The greatest service we can render Thee is to leave Thee, for the sake of loving and aiding them. Then do we possess Thee most entirely, for, though our will enjoy Thee less, yet love delights to please Thee. During this mortal life, all worldly delights are found to be uncertain even though they seem to come from Thee, unless the love of our neighbour bear them company.

Who loves not his brethren, loves not Thee, my Lord, for Thy blood, shed for us, bears witness to Thy boundless love for the sons of Adam.

EXCLAMATION III.

1. On reflecting, O my God! on the glory prepared by Thee for those who persevere in doing Thy will, and on the many labours and pains with which Thy Son purchased us this glory—remembering our unworthiness and our obligation to be grateful for this immense love, which, at so dear a cost to self, taught us how to love—my soul is wrung with anguish. How is it possible, Lord, to forget those mercies, as souls forget them when offending Thee?

2. O my Redeemer, how oblivious are men of their own interest! How excessive is Thy bounty! Thou Who art ever mindful of us, when by our fall we have struck Thee a mortal blow, dost forget it, and stretch forth Thy hand anew to preserve us,[1] recalling us from our hopeless frenzy to petition Thee for health. Blessed be such a Master for His infinite mercy; may He be eternally praised for His tender compassion!

3. My soul, do thou for ever glorify so great a God. How can men rebel against Him? Do not the wicked stand condemned by His excessive mercies to them?

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[1] Prov. xxiv. 16: *Septies cadet justus, et resurget.*

Redress this evil, my God! Oh, children of men, how long will you be hard-hearted,[2] and steel yourselves against this most meek Jesus? What? Can our malice endure against Him for ever? No! for the life of man passes away like the flower of the field, and the Son of the Virgin will come at last to pronounce the terrible sentence.

4. Almighty God of mine, Who, though we will it not, must be our Judge, why do we not realise the need to propitiate Thee before that hour? Yet who, who indeed, would not desire to have so just a Judge?[3] Happy the souls who, at that dread time, shall rejoice with Thee! O my God and my Lord! What help is there for one whom Thou hast raised from his sins, who, seeing how miserably he had lost all for the sake of a momentary pleasure, is now resolved with the aid of Thy grace to spend his life in pleasing Thee? Thou Treasure of my soul, Who never forsakest those who love Thee, and ever hearest those who cry to Thee—how can man live and stave off death, at the thought of all he lost by forfeiting his baptismal innocence? The happiest life for him is for sorrow to render his life a living death. Yet, how can the soul that loves Thee tenderly endure this?

5. What foolish questions do I ask Thee, Lord! I seem to have forgotten all Thy mighty works and mercies —how Thou camest into the world for sinners' sakes,

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[2] Ps. iv. 3: *Filii hominum, usquequo gravi corde?*

[3] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xl. 7.

didst purchase us by such a precious ransom, expiating our evil pleasures by agonising torments and scourging. Thou hast cured my blindness by the blindfolding of Thy sacred eyes, and healed my vanity by the cruel crown of thorns.

6. O Lord, Lord! all this does but embitter the grief of one who loves Thee! My only consolation is to think of the eternal praise that will be rendered to Thy mercy when my sins are revealed. Yet I know not if my grief will ever heal, until, on seeing Thee, all the miseries of this mortal life shall vanish.

EXCLAMATION IV.

1. My soul, O my Lord, finds some repose in thinking of the happiness in store for it if, through Thy mercy, it is one day permitted to enjoy Thee! Yet I long to labour for Thee first,[1] since Thy labour won this joy for me. What shall *I* do, my Lord, and what wilt *Thou* do, O my God?

2. How late has my desire for Thee caught flame, but how early didst Thou seek to win me, calling me to give myself wholly to Thee![2] Hast thou ever, O Lord, rejected the wretched, or turned away from the poor mendicant who sought to draw near Thee? Are there limits to Thy power, or to Thy mighty works?

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[1] *Rel.* ix. 19.

[2] *Castle,* M. iv. ch. iii. 3.

3. O my God, Source of mercy to me! Now is the time indeed in which to prove so to Thy handmaid, for Thou art almighty. Now it will be shown whether my soul is right in believing, while recalling the wasted years that are past, that Thou, Lord, canst in an instant turn this loss to gain. I seem to rave, for men say that time once spent can never be recovered. Blessed be my God!

4. Lord, I acknowledge Thy sovereign power. Almighty as Thou art, what is impossible to Thee, Who canst do all things? Do Thou only will it, O my God, do Thou but will it! Miserable as I am, yet I believe firmly that Thou canst do all Thou wilt. The more I hear Thy wonders spoken of, the better I know Thou canst perform still greater things: thus my faith and my confidence grow stronger that Thou wilt grant my request. Why wonder at what is done by the Omnipotent?

5. Thou knowest, O my God, that, in spite of all my faults, I ever recognised the greatness of Thy power and mercy: O Lord, may this one thing, in which I have not offended Thee, stand in my favour! Restore to me the time lost, giving me Thy grace, both now and in the future, so that I may appear before Thee in "wedding garments,"[3] as Thou canst do if it be Thy will.

[3] St. Matt. xxii. 11, 12: *Intravit autem rex ut videret discumbentes, et vidit ibi hominem non vestitum veste nuptiali, et ait illi: Amice, quomodo huc intrasti non habens vestem nuptialem? At ille obmutuit.*

EXCLAMATION V.

1. O my Lord! after having served Thee so ill and known so little how to preserve past graces, how dare I ask for more? How canst Thou trust one who has so often proved a traitor? What then shall I do, Consoler of the disconsolate and Refuge of all those who come to Thee for help? Is it better to say nothing of my wants in the hope of Thy relieving them? Not so, for Thou, my Lord and my joy, knowing how numerous would be our needs and what solace we should find in confiding them to Thee, didst bid us pray to Thee, for Thou wouldst not fail to give.

2. Sometimes I think of the holy woman Martha's complaint; she was not merely blaming her sister, but I am convinced that what she felt most keenly was the thought that Thou didst not care for her labours, nor wish to have her near Thee. Perhaps she thought Thou hadst less love for her than for her sister, which would have tried her more than labouring for the Lord Who was so dear that work for Him was but a pleasure. This seems clear, since she addressed Thee, and not her sister Mary: but, Lord, her love emboldened her to ask Thee why Thou hadst no care for her.

3. Thine answer[1] shows that love alone gives value to

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[1] St. Luke, x. 41, 42: *Martha, Martha, sollicita es, et turbaris erga plurima. Porro unum est necessarium. Maria optimam partem elegit, quæ non auferetur ab ea.*—*Castle*, M. vii. ch. iv. 17.

our actions—that " the one thing necessary " is to possess a love so strong that it cannot leave Thee. But, my God, how can we obtain a love worthy of our Beloved, unless Thy love for us be united to it? Shall I make the same complaint as this saintly woman?

4. Ah, I have no cause for that, having ever found in my God greater and stronger proofs of tenderness than I have known how to ask or even to desire.—Were I to complain, it could only be that Thy mercy has borne with me too long.—What request can so miserable a wretch as myself make of Thee, save that of St. Augustine: " that Thou wilt give me what to give to Thee," [2] to repay somewhat of the heavy debt I owe Thee: that Thou wilt remember I am the work of Thy hands, and wilt teach me to know Thee, my Creator, so that I may love Thee.

EXCLAMATION VI.

1. O my Joy, Lord of all things and my God! how long must I languish for Thy presence? What solace wilt Thou grant to one who has so little earthly comfort, that she may find peace while absent from Thee?

2. Oh tedious, oh painful, oh dying life! what lonely

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[2] *Confessions of Saint Aug.*, Bk. xi. ch. ii: " Give me somewhat to offer to Thee, for I am poor and needy, whilst Thou art rich to all who call upon Thee."

solitude! How hopeless is my case! How long, Lord, how long shall it endure? What shall I do, my sovereign Good, what shall I do? Shall I desire not to desire Thee?

3. O God my Creator! Who dost wound, yet dost not heal; Who dost strike but leave no wound; dost kill and give new life by it; in a word, Who art *almighty*, and therefore dost what pleaseth Thee; wilt Thou make such a wretched worm suffer these conflicting pains? Be it so, my God, since it is Thy will, for I only seek to love Thee. But alas, alas, my Creator, bitter anguish wrings this complaint from me, making me speak of that for which there is no remedy until Thou providest one! The soul, thus pent in bondage, longs for liberty, yet would not move one hair's breadth from the path Thou choosest for it. Do Thou, my Glory, either increase my pain, or cure it altogether.

4. Ah, death, death, I know not why men dread thee, since life is found in thee! Yet who that has not always loved God in the past would fear thee not? Since I am such a one, what do I desire and ask? Will death but bring the punishment my sins so justly merit? Permit it not, my sovereign Good, for it cost Thee dear to ransom me!

5. O my soul, submit to the will of thy God: this is best for thee: serve Him and trust to His mercy to ease thy pain, when by penance thou hast won some little

claim to pardon for thy sins: seek not to rejoice until thou hast suffered!

6. Alas, my true Lord and King, I am incapable even of this, unaided by Thy sovereign power and majesty, but with these I can do all things!

EXCLAMATION VII.

1. O my hope, my Father, my Creator, my true Lord, my Brother! My soul overflows with joy at remembering how Thou hast said: "My delight is to be with the sons of men."[1] O Sovereign of heaven and earth! after such words as these what sinner should despair? Canst Thou find no one else in whom to delight, that Thou dost seek out such a repulsive worm as myself? At the baptism of Thy Son, Thy voice was heard to say Thou didst delight in Him.[2] Dost Thou, then, put us on a par with Him, Lord?

2. What infinite mercy! what favour, far transcending our deserts! Can we mortals forget all this? Call to mind, my God, our great misery, and look upon our frailty, for Thou knowest all things.

3. Ponder, then, my soul, over the great delight and love of the Father in knowing His Son, of the Son in knowing His Father, and the ardour wherewith the Holy

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[1] Prov. viii. 31: *Deliciæ meæ, esse cum filiis hominum.*

[2] St. Matt. iii. 17: *Hic est filius meus dilectus, in quo mihi complacui.*

Ghost unites with Them, and how none of the Three Persons can cease loving and knowing the others, because They are one and the same God. These Sovereign Persons mutually know, love, and delight in one another. Why, then, do they need my love? Why seek it, O my God? What does it profit Thee?

4. Blessed, oh blessed for ever mayest Thou be, my God! May all things praise Thee without end, O Lord, for Thou art infinite! Rejoice, my soul, that there is One Who loves thy God as He deserves, Who knows His goodness and perfections: thank Him for having given us on earth One Who knows Him as does His only begotten Son.

5. Under His protection, thou canst approach His Majesty and beseech Him, since He delights Himself in thee, to let no earthly thing prevent thy delighting in Him, and rejoicing in the perfections of thy God and in the thought that He deserves to be loved and praised. Beg Him to aid thee to further, in some small degree, the glory of His Name, that thou mayest truly say: "My soul doth magnify" and praise "the Lord!"[1]

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[1] St. Luke i. 46: *Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*

EXCLAMATION VIII.

1. O Lord my God, truly "Thou hast the words of life,"[1] wherein men can find all they crave, if they but seek it! But what wonder is it if we forget Thy words, seeing the state of folly and disorder to which our sins have reduced us?

2. O my God! God! God and Maker of all Creation! What is all this creation compared with what Thou canst create, dost Thou but will? Thou art omnipotent: Thy works are incomprehensible.[2] Permit not Thy words ever to become effaced from my mind: "Come unto Me all you that labour and I will refresh you."[3] What more can we desire or seek, Lord? Why are worldlings lost, save through seeking happiness?

3. Good God! Good God! How is it, Lord? How pitiful! What utter blindness to seek for happiness where it cannot be found. Have pity, Creator, on Thy creatures! Remember, we do not understand ourselves, or know what we want, nor do we ask aright! Lord, give us light! See! we need it more than did the man who was born blind, for he longed to see the light but could not, while we do not wish to see it.

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[1] St. John vi. 69: *Domine, ad quem ibimus? verba vitæ æternæ habes.*

[2] Job ix. 10: *Qui facit magna et incomprehensibilia.*

[3] St. Matt. xi. 28: *Venite ad me omnes qui laboratis et onerati estis, et ego reficiam vos.*

4. Oh! ill past remedy, needing Thee to manifest both Thy power and Thy mercy. O true God of mine! How hard a thing I crave of Thee! No less than that Thou shouldst love those who love not Thee: shouldst open to those who do not knock—shouldst cure those who wish to ail, and who foster their maladies.

5. Thou didst declare, my Master, that Thou camest to seek sinners:[4] these are the real sinners! Look not on our blindness, my God, but on the streams of blood shed by Thy Son for us. Let Thy mercy shine forth amidst such monstrous wickedness. Remember, Lord, we are "the work of Thy hands;[5]" succour us by Thy goodness and mercy!

EXCLAMATION IX.

1. O compassionate and tender Sovereign of my soul, Who dost also say: "If any one thirst, let him come to Me, and I will give him to drink!"[1] How parched with thirst must men be who are inflamed with covetousness for miserable earthly goods! Urgent is their need of this water, lest they be totally consumed.

2. I know, my Lord, that out of Thy bounty Thou

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[4] St. Matt. ix. 13: *Non enim veni vocare justos, sed peccatores.*

[5] Isaias lxiv. 8: *Opera manuum tuarum omnes nos*

[1] St. John vii. 37: *Si quis sitit, veniat ad me, et bibat.—Way of Perf.*, ch. xix. 4.

wilt give it them. Thou Thyself hast promised it, and Thy word cannot fail—but alas! if from having lived long in this furnace of passion, they have become insensible to its flames, and are too careless to realise their great danger, what cure is there for them, my God? Thou camest into the world to remedy such ills; begin Thy work, Lord, for Thy pity is best shown in the most desperate evils.

3. See, Lord, Thine enemies grow bolder—have mercy on those so merciless to themselves, whose miserable condition prevents their wishing to draw near to Thee: do Thou come to them, O my God! I ask this in their name: I know that when they are enlightened and have returned to their senses, having begun to taste Thy sweetness,[2] they will rise from the death of sin.

4. O Life, Who givest life to all! refuse not this most delicious water, promised by Thee to all who desire it. Behold, I long for it, Lord; I ask for it, I come to Thee! Hide not this water from me: Thou knowest how I need it, since it is the only cure for a soul wounded by Thee.

5. O Lord, how many kinds of fever inflame men's hearts in this life! What cause have we for fear! Some of these ardours consume the soul, yet others purify it and prepare it to enjoy Thee for ever.

6. O living waters, springing from the wounds of my God, how abundantly you ever flow to sustain us! Safely

[2] Ps. xxxiii. 9: *Gustate et videte quoniam suavis est Dominus.*

indeed, will he who drinks eagerly of this divine draught traverse the dangers of this wretched life.

EXCLAMATION X.

1. O God of my soul! how eager are we to offend Thee, yet how far more eager art Thou to forgive us! Why, Lord, are we so foolishly presumptuous, unless because, knowing Thy great mercy, we forget the strictness of Thy justice? "The pains of death have encompassed me."[1] Alas, alas, alas! What a terrible evil is sin, which caused a death of such agony to God Himself! How Thy tormentors surround Thee still, my God! Where canst Thou turn to be free from them? From every quarter they deal Thee mortal blows.

2. Christians, it is time to defend your King and to rally round Him in His utter abandonment: few are His faithful subjects, and many the followers of Lucifer. Worst of all, His public friends betray Him secretly, so that there is hardly one whom He can trust.

3. O true Friend, how ill such traitors requite Thee! Weep, all faithful Christians, weep with your God, Who shed tears of pity not for Lazarus alone,[2] but for those also who would never wish to rise to life, though He called them forth.

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[1] Ps. cxiv. 3: *Circumdederunt me dolores mortis.*

[2] St. John xi. 35: *Et lacrymatus est Jesus.*

4. O my supreme Good! all the sins I have committed against Thee were then before Thine eyes. Prevent me, Lord, prevent me and all men from sinning again! Raise up souls dead in transgression: call them with such power, that they may receive the new life they ask not for, and come forth from the grave of their luxuries. Lazarus did not beg to be restored to life—Thou didst recall him at the prayer of a woman who was a sinner:[3] One far more guilty is now before Thee, my God: show forth Thy mercy! Wretch that I am, I pray for those who will not ask it for themselves. Thou knowest my anguish at seeing their indifference to the endless torments they will suffer unless they return to Thee.

5. Ye men accustomed to pleasure, luxuries and feasting, who indulge your will in every way, take compassion on yourselves! Remember, that always, for all eternity, you will be subject to the infernal furies! Reflect—the Judge Who will condemn you then is now your Suppliant;[4] you are not sure of living here another moment: why do you not strive to live the true life for all eternity? Oh the hardness of men's hearts! Soften them in Thy boundless pity, my God!

6.[5] Good God! Good God! how I grieve at thinking of the feelings of a soul which has always been respected

[3] St. John xi. 32.

[4] *Way of Perf.* ch. xl. 7.

[5] Milner, etc., Excl. XI.

and loved, waited on, honoured and pampered, on clearly realising its eternal perdition and that it is useless to try to turn away its thoughts from the truths of faith as it did while on earth. It will find itself torn from its pleasures before it had begun to enjoy them, for truly all that ends with life passes like a puff of wind.

7. The soul sees itself among the hideous and merciless companions with whom it is to suffer for eternity, in the midst of a fetid pool of serpents, each of which strives to devour it more fiercely than the rest ; a horrible darkness, revealing nothing but tormenting and hideous objects, surrounds it, and no light appears except a gloomy flame.[6]

8. Alas, this description falls short of the reality! Who so blinded the eyes of such a man that he never realises these horrors, until plunged amongst them ?[7] O Lord! who stopped his ears from hearing the truths so often told him of the eternity of these torments ? Ah, never-ending life! Oh, ceaseless tortures, ceaseless torments that last for ever! How is it, that men who fear the discomfort of sleeping on a hard bed, do not dread such anguish ?

9. O Lord my God! I weep for the time when I ignored these horrors. Thou knowest my grief at seeing the multitude of men who turn their thoughts from eternal

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[6] *Life*, ch. xxxii. 1–9.

[7] "He will open in his torment the eyes which he long kept closed in sin"! (St. Gregory, *Moralia*, bk. xxv. 6).

punishment: let there be *one*, O Lord, at least let there be *one* who asks Thee to enlighten him, who is capable of leading many others to the truth! I ask not this favour for my own sake, Lord, for I do not deserve it, but beg it of Thee by the merits of Thy Son. Look on His Wounds, and forgive us as He forgave the men who inflicted them.

EXCLAMATION XI.[1]

1. Why, O my God, source of all my strength, are we always cowards, except in rebelling against Thee? To this do the sons of Adam direct all their energies. Were not their reason blinded they would never dare to combine the strength of the whole human race in taking arms and waging war against Him Who in an instant could hurl them down the bottomless abyss. With minds obscured, they resemble madmen, who, bent on their own destruction, imagine they will thus gain new life;—in short, they are beside themselves.

2. What cure is there, my God, for such frenzy? Men say that madness increases strength. So it is with men who revolt against God: feeble as they may be, all their fury is spent on Thee, their greatest Benefactor.

3. O incomprehensible Wisdom! Thou needest all Thy love for creatures, to bear with such folly, and to

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[1] Milner, etc., Excl. XII.

wait until we return to our senses, whilst by a thousand arts and remedies Thou art striving to bring about our cure.

4. How marvellous, that though we lack resolution to conquer self in trivial matters, and persuade ourselves that even if we try, we cannot avoid some occasion of sin, or some danger by which we risk eternal perdition, yet we have the audacity to affront such sovereign majesty as Thine !

5. How is this, my only Good ? how is it ? Who gives such strength ? Is not the captain whom men follow in this war against Thee Thy vassal ? And he dwells in unquenchable flames—how can he rise up against Thee ? How can the vanquished inspire courage ? His poverty is extreme, for he is deprived of the riches of heaven ; why, then, do men follow him ? What can he give, who owns nothing but sufferings ? How can it be, my God ? Why is it, my Creator ? Why do men cowed by the devil defy *Thee* ?

6. Even if, O my Lord, Thou hadst not aided Thine own—even if we owed some debt of gratitude to this prince of darkness, should we not compare the joys Thou hast in store for us with the false and treacherous promises of the evil one ? He has betrayed *Thee*—what will he do to *us* ?

7. Alas, what utter blindness, my God ! what revolting ingratitude, my King ! What hopeless madness, to use

Thy very gifts to serve Satan! to requite Thy tender love for us by loving one who hates Thee, and will hate Thee to eternity! Thou sheddedst all Thy Blood for us; for us didst suffer stripes, and agony, and torturing anguish! And we, instead of avenging Thy heavenly Father for the flagrant injuries done to Thee, His Son—for Thou Thyself didst take no vengeance on Thine enemies, but didst ever pardon them—yet choose, as friends and companions, the very men who treated Thee so barbarously, since we follow their infernal leader. Surely we shall be of their company and share their fate, unless Thy mercy bring us to reason and forgive the past.

8. Return, ye children of men, return to your senses! Gaze on your King, while yet He is meek; cease from such sin and spend your fury and your strength on him who wars against you to rob you of your inheritance. Return, return to your senses, open your eyes, and with strong cries and tears beg for light from Him Who gives it to all the world. For the love of God, reflect that you are aiming, with all your might, at slaying Him Who lost His life to save yours, Who is your defender against your enemies!

9. If this is not enough, let it suffice to know that you are helpless against His power—sooner or later you must atone for your insults and blasphemy in everlasting flames. Do you dare thus to outrage Him because you see Him helpless and fettered by His love for us? What more

did His murderers do, after they had bound Him, than deal Him blows and wounds?

10. O my God! how Thou hast suffered for those who grieve so little for Thy pain! The day will come, Lord, when Thy justice will be made manifest, and men will discover that it equals Thy mercy. Mark that, Christians! Deeply as we may reflect upon it, never shall we realise how much we owe our Lord God and how magnificent are His mercies. But, if His *justice* is as great, alas, alas! what will be their fate who deserve its being carried out and exemplified in them?

EXCLAMATION XII.[1]

1. O ye souls free from all dread of ever losing your bliss,—you, who are constantly absorbed in the praises of my God, how blessed is your lot! How just it is that you should ceaselessly adore Him! How I envy you, who are delivered from the grief I feel at witnessing the hateful offences committed against my God in these unhappy days and the gross ingratitude of men's indifference to the multitude of souls Satan is dragging down to hell.

2. O blessed souls dwelling in paradise! Relieve our miseries and intercede for us with the divine Mercy, that He may give us some little share of your felicity,

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[1] Milner, etc., Excl. XIII.

and of the certain knowledge you possess. Grant us to understand, my God, what reward Thou givest to those who fight valiantly during the nightmare of this wretched life. O souls inflamed with love, obtain for us grace to comprehend your delight at reflecting on the eternity of your bliss and your rapture at knowing it will never end !

3. Wretched creatures that we are, O Master mine ! we know and believe these truths, yet our old-established habit of not reflecting on them makes them too strange for souls either to realise or seek to grasp them. And you, self-seeking, craving for pleasure and enjoyment, since you will not have the patience to wait but a short time, when you could enjoy them in abundance—to wait a year, or a day, or an hour, or perhaps no more than an instant—forfeit them all for the sake of some miserable and momentary gratification that offers itself.

4. Oh, oh, oh ! How little do we trust Thee, Lord ! far more precious riches and treasures didst Thou entrust to us—the three and thirty years of Thy Son's sufferings, His death and agony, and Thy Son Himself ! And these didst Thou bestow on us centuries before we were born, knowing at the time that we should repay Thee nothing ; yet Thou didst not hesitate to consign to us this inestimable treasure wherewith, if we augment its value by the aid of Thy Son, we can purchase eternal happiness from Thee, O compassionate Father !

5. Oh, blessed souls, so wise in knowing how to make good use of this loan—who bought with it the matchless prize of so joyful and eternal an inheritance, teach us how you gained through Him such endless bliss! Help us, you are so near the fountain-head! draw water for us who perish with thirst in this world.

EXCLAMATION XIII.[1]

1. O my Lord, very God of mine! "He who knows Thee not, loves Thee not."[2] How true this is, but woe, ah, woe! to those who seek not to know Thee![3] The hour of death is an hour of terror; but, alas, alas, my Creator, how terrific will be that day on which Thy justice shall be executed! Often do I think, my Saviour, how beautiful are Thine eyes to those who love Thee, on whom Thou, my only Good, dost deign to gaze with affection. I think but one such tender glance, bent on those Thou holdest as Thine own, is recompense for many a year's service.

2. Good God, how hard it is to make this understood

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[1] Milner, etc., Excl. XIV.

[2] 1 John iii. 6: *Omnis qui peccat, non vidit eum, nec cognovit eum.*

[3] "If a man loves Thee not, O Lord, he loves Thee not because he knows Thee not, and he knows Thee not because he does not understand Thee" (*St. Augustine's Soliloquies.* Migne, P.L. t. xl. c. i. col. 865).

by one who has not "tasted and seen[4] how sweet the Lord is." O Christians, Christians, reflect on your brotherhood with this great God! Realise it; think not lightly of it; for His gaze is as full of terror for His persecutors as of love for His friends.

3. Oh! we do not understand that sin is a pitched battle of all the senses and powers of the soul against God: the greater the sinner's power, the more does he scheme to betray his King. Thou knowest, my Lord, that the thought of seeing Thy divine gaze turned on me in wrath in that last terrible day of judgment has often terrified me far more than all I have heard of the tortures and furies of hell,[5] and I besought Thee of Thy mercy to save me from such misery, as I beseech Thee now, Lord! What evil could happen to me in this world approaching this? Give me all earthly ills, my God, but spare me this misery![6] Let me not lose my God, nor the peaceful contemplation of Thy beauty: Thy Father gave Thee to us, Lord; let me not lose so precious a Jewel!

4. I confess, eternal Father, that I have kept it negligently, but that may still be remedied. Lord, it may be remedied while I still dwell in this land of exile.

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[4] Ps. xxxiii. 9: *Gustate et videte quoniam suavis est Dominus.*

[5] *Castle*, M. vi. ch. ix. 4.

[6] "Burn me, wound me, spare me not here, that Thou mayest spare me in eternity" (St. Augustine).

5. O brothers, brothers, my brethren, children of this God, courage! courage! for you know that if we repent, His Majesty has promised to remember our sins and wickedness no more.

6. Oh, what boundless mercy! What more could we desire? Would not anyone be ashamed of asking so much? Now is the time to accept what this compassionate Lord and God of ours gives us. He seeks our friendship: who would deny it Him Who refused not to shed all His blood and to lose His life for our sakes? See, this is nothing He asks from us, a mere nothing, and only what it is best for us to give Him.

7. Alas, O Lord! what hard-heartedness, what folly, what blindness! We grieve if we lose anything,—an arrow—a hawk which amuses but for a moment by its flight through the air—yet we care nothing if we forfeit this imperial eagle of the majesty of God, and a kingdom of endless joys. Why is it? Why is it? I cannot understand it. Put an end, my God, to such folly and blindness!

EXCLAMATION XIV.[1]

1. Alas, alas, Lord! how long this exile lasts! What torture does it give me from my yearning to possess my God! Yet, Lord, what can the soul do, held fast in this prison?

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[1] Milner, etc., Excl. XV.

2. Ah, Jesus, how long is mortal life, though men call it short! *Short,* indeed, in which to gain eternal life, but very long and weary to the soul that desires to be in God's presence! What medicine hast Thou for such suffering? None, save to suffer for Thy sake!

3. O sweet comfort of those who love my God, never desert thy lovers, for thou dost increase, yet solace, the pain caused by the Beloved in the soul that pines for Him! I desire, Lord, to please Thee, and well I know that I can find happiness in no human being,[2] therefore, Thou wilt not blame me for desiring Thee.

4. Behold me here, Lord! if there is need for me to live to render Thee some service, like St. Martin who loved Thee so fervently,[3] I refuse no trials that may await me on earth.[4] But alas, my Lord, he gave Thee *works*, while I only render Thee empty *words*, for I can do no more.

5. Let my words prevail in Thy divine presence, and look not on my feeble merits. May we all attain to the love of Thee, O Lord! Since we must live, let us live solely for Thee, relinquishing all desires, all self-interest, for what can profit us more than to please Thee?

6. O my joy and my God! what can I do to please Thee? My services are contemptible, however many I

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[2] *Life,* ch. xxiv. 7, 8.

[3] See note on St. Martin, *Castle,* M. vi. ch. vi. 6.

[4] *Way of Perf.* ch. xix. 12.

may perform for my God! Why then should I remain in such utter misery? That the will of God may be done:—is there aught better than that? My soul, hope, hope on, for thou knowest not when the day or the hour will come. Keep constant watch, for all is swiftly fleeting, though thy longing makes thee doubt the inevitable, and lengthens the brief time. Remember—the longer thy battle, the more thou provest thy love for thy God, and the greater thy never-ending bliss and delight with thy Beloved.

EXCLAMATION XV.[1]

1. O my very God and Lord! Greatly does it comfort the soul wearied by the loneliness of absence from Thee, to reflect that Thou art present in all things! Yet when the ardour of its love and the impetuous vehemence of its anguish increases, what does even this avail? The understanding is darkened, the reason obscured, so that it can no longer grasp nor believe this truth. The soul only feels that it is separated from Thee and can find no solace, for the heart that loves Thee so deeply receives neither comfort nor help save from Him Who wounded it and to Whom it looks for the remedy that will assuage its pain.[2]

2. When Thou wilt, Lord, Thou dost quickly cure

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[1] Milner, etc., Excl. XVI.

[2] *Life*, ch. xxix. 13–19. *Rel*. viii. 16, 17.

the wound Thou hast inflicted: until then, vain is all hope of healing or joy save that found in suffering for so good a cause.

3. O true Lover! how tenderly, how sweetly, with what joy and caresses, with what infinite signs of love dost Thou heal these wounds, opened by Thee with the arrows of love itself!

4. O my God, comforter of all sorrows, how foolish I am! What human remedy can avail those injured by the divine fire? Who can penetrate the depths of this wound, or tell whence it came, or how such keen yet delicious torture can be soothed? How senseless to fancy that such a precious ill could be cured by anything so common as human art.

5. Well does the Bride say, in the Canticles: "My Beloved to me and I to my Beloved."[3] "My Beloved to me," for no such love could spring from love so base as mine. Yet if my love be base, my Bridegroom, why does it pass by all creatures until it reaches its Creator?

6. O my God! Why, "I to my Beloved"? Thou, my true Lover, didst begin this war of love, which seems nothing but an inquietude and failing of all the powers and senses, which go through the streets[4] and lanes, imploring the daughters of Jerusalem to tell them where is their God. Against whom do the powers of the soul

[3] Cant. ii. 16: *Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi.*

[4] *Ibid.* iii. 2: *Per vicos et plateas quæram quem diligit anima mea.*

strive, during this contest, save Him Who has taken possession of the fortress they once held,—the highest part of the soul? From this He has ejected them, and they now return to oust their conqueror; at last, weary of absence from Him, they yield themselves up. Thus, losing all their strength, they fight far better than before, and by surrendering to their victor, triumph over Him finally.

7. O my soul! what a blessed conflict hast thou waged during this trial, and how truly has this been thy case. Since "My Beloved is to me and I to my Beloved," who will strive to separate and extinguish two such ardent flames? It would be labour lost, for they are now one.[5]

EXCLAMATION XVI.[1]

1. O my God, my infinite Wisdom, without measure and without bounds, above the understanding either of angels or men; Love, Who dost love me more than I can love myself, or can conceive: why do I wish for more than Thou dost will to give me? Why weary myself by praying for what I desire to Thee, Who knowest what would be the result of all my thoughts imagine or my heart craves for, while I am ignorant of what would profit me?

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[5] 1 Cor. vi. 17: *Qui adhæret Deo, unus spiritus est.*

[1] Milner, etc., Excl. XVII.

2. Perhaps what my soul fancies would be its gain might be its ruin. If I ask Thee to free me from a cross by which Thou seekest to mortify me, what do I ask Thee, my God?

3. If I entreat Thee to send me such a trial, perhaps it may be beyond my patience which is too weak to bear so heavy a burden; or, were I to endure it, but were wanting in humility, I might fancy I had performed some great deed, while Thou, my God, didst do it all. When I seek for greater sufferings, I do not wish for what might injure my good name which seems requisite for serving Thee, although I believe that I care nothing for my honour; yet perhaps the very means I think would hinder me might further my one desire of labouring for Thee. I could say far more, O Lord, to show how little I know myself, but as Thou surely knowest this, why do I speak of it?

4. In order that, when misery again overwhelms me, my God, and reason is blinded, I may find it written here. Often, my God, when I feel most wretched, weak, and cowardly, do I try to recall her, who called herself Thy servant, who thought the grace she had received from Thee would suffice to arm her against all the tempests of this world.[2]

5. No, my God, no! Let me no longer trust to my own wishes: will for me as Thou art pleased to will,

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[2] *Life*, ch. xxv. 23, 24. *Castle*, M. vi. ch. i. 21.

for this is my will, since all my good consists in pleasing Thee. If Thou, my God, shouldst will to please me by satisfying my longings I see that I should be lost. How vain is man's wisdom! How dangerous are his plans! May Thy providence supply my need that I may serve Thee according to Thy will, not mine!

6. Punish me not by granting prayers or wishes at variance with Thy love, which I desire may ever dwell within me. Make me die to self; let Another, greater and better for me than myself, live in me, that I may serve Him; let Him live and give me life:[3] let Him reign that I may be His slave,—my soul seeks no other liberty, for how can he be free who is separated from the most High? What more abject or miserable serf than the soul which has broken loose from the hands of its Creator?

7. Happy the souls imprisoned by the fetters and chains of God's gifts and mercy, and too strongly bound and helpless to free themselves. "Love is strong as death and hard as hell."[4]

8. Oh, that we were but slain by this love, and plunged in this divine hell, from whence, ah, from whence there is no hope of escape, or rather, no fear of being cast forth. But woe is me, Lord! during this mortal life we live in constant danger of losing the life that is eternal.

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[3] Gal. ii. 20: *Vivo autem jam non ego, vivit vero in me Christus.*

[4] Cant. viii. 6: *Quia fortis est ut mors dilectio, dura sicut infernus æmulatio.*

9. O life, enemy of my joy, would that it were lawful to put an end to thee! I endure thee, since God endures thee: I sustain thee, for thou art His; do not betray nor harm me in return. And yet, Lord, "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged."[5] All time is short in exchange for Thine eternity, yet how long a day, or even an hour appears, laden with the risk and dread of offending Thee!

10. Free-will! enslaved by thy liberty, unless established in the fear and love of thy Creator, when will that blessed day arrive in which, absorbed in the infinite ocean of supreme Truth, thou wilt no longer possess the power nor wish to sin, being freed from all misery, and united to the life of thy God?

11. God is happy, for He knows, loves, and rejoices in Himself, without the possibility of doing otherwise. He is not, nor can He be, at liberty to forget or cease to love Himself, nor would such power be a perfection in Him. Thou wilt enter into thy rest, my soul, when thou dost enter into closest intimacy with this Sovereign Good, when thou knowest what He knows, lovest what He loves, joying in what rejoices Him.

12. Then thou wilt lose the fickleness of thy will; then, ah then, wilt thou change no more for the grace of God will have been powerful enough to render thee

[5] Ps. cxix. 5: *Heu mihi, quia incolatus meus prolongatus est.*

so perfect a " partaker of His divine nature "[6] that thou wilt no longer have the power nor wish to forget the supreme Good, nor to cease to exult in Him and in His love. Blessed are those whose names are written in the book of life.[7] But, my soul, if thou art among their number, " Why art thou sad, and why dost thou trouble me ? "[8]

13. " Hope in the Lord, because I will yet confess to Him "[9] my sins and His mercies : of which I will make a song of praise, mingled with incessant sighs to Him, my Saviour and my God. It may be that a day will come when " my glory shall sing to Him "[10] and my conscience be no more " troubled," where all weeping and fears shall be no more. Meanwhile, " in hope and silence shall my strength be."[11] Rather would I live and die in the hope of eternal life than possess all created beings and riches, for they must all pass away. Forsake me not, O Lord, for " in Thee do I trust, let not my hope be confounded ! "[12] May I always serve Thee faithfully —then dispose of me as Thou wilt !

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2 Pet. i. 4 : *Divinæ consortes naturæ.*

[7] St. Luke x. 20 : *Gaudete autem quod nomina vestra scripta sunt in cœlis.*

[8] Ps. xli. 6 : *Quare tristis es, anima mea ? et quare conturbas me ?*

[9] Ps. xli. 12 : *Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi.*

[10] Ps. xxix. 13 : *Ut cantet tibi gloria mea.*

[11] Is. xxx. 15 : *In silentio et in spe erit fortitudo vestra.*

[12] Ps. xxx. 2 : *In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum.*

INTRODUCTION TO THE CONCEPTIONS OF THE LOVE OF GOD.

JHS. MARIA.

I HAVE been a witness to the mercies that our Lord grants to souls He has called to these convents, which His Majesty has been pleased should be established according to the primitive Rule of our Lady of Mount Carmel. So sublime are some of the Divine favours shown to several of the nuns that only those who realise the need of somebody explaining to them certain things which occur in the intercourse between Christ and the soul, can understand what these religious suffer for want of light. For several years He has made me take such delight in hearing and reading some of the texts in the Canticles of Solomon, that, although I cannot clearly understand the meaning of the Latin in Spanish, yet they impress and affect me more than many devotional books in my own tongue. This is usually the case, but although people have told me the sense of the words in Spanish, I do not grasp their meaning any better than before . . .[1] and without intending it, they withdraw my soul from Him. . . .

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[1] The manuscript of Alba de Tormes, the only one to contain this Prologue, is incomplete here and at the end, part of the sheet being torn off.

For the last two years, our Lord has enabled me to perceive unaided the doctrine contained in some of these texts, which I think would bring comfort to those sisters whom He leads in this way, and even to myself; for sometimes He teaches me much on the subject that I should like to remember, yet I have never dared to write it down. By the advice of certain persons whom I am bound to obey, I will tell you some of the meanings that Christ taught me were contained in certain words in which my soul delighted during the state of prayer to which He has also raised some of the sisters in our convents, who are also my sisters. If it is given you to read, accept this poor little gift from her who desires for you, as for herself, all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, in Whose name I begin this book. Should I meet with any success in my attempt, it will not be through my own abilities. May His Majesty enable me to accomplish the work! . . .

CONCEPTIONS OF THE LOVE OF GOD ON SOME VERSES OF THE CANTICLE.

CHAPTER I.

Treats of the difficulty of understanding the meaning of the Holy Scriptures, especially the Canticle of Canticles. That some sentences contained in the latter, although they seem trite, homely, and unsuited to the most pure utterance of God and of His Spouse, yet comprise very holy mysteries and sublime ideas.

1. *Consolation to be found in the mysteries of the Holy Scriptures.* 2. *How to look upon these mysteries.* 3. *Misinterpretation of the Canticle of Canticles.* 4. *Caused by our lack of love for God.* 5. *How the Canticles comfort devout souls.* 6. *They demonstrate God's love for us.* 7. *How profound are the mysteries of the Canticles.* 8. *Saint Teresa's plea for commenting on them.* 9. *Her apologies.* 10. *Whom the Bride addresses in the text quoted.* 11. *"Let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth."* 12. *The "kiss" signifies peace.* 13. *The Canticles scandalise tepid souls.* 14. *They are meant for fervent souls.*

"LET HIM KISS ME WITH THE KISS OF HIS MOUTH: FOR THY BREASTS ARE BETTER THAN WINE."[1]

1. I HAVE noticed especially that the soul appears by these words to be speaking with one person and asking a kiss from another. For the Bride says: "Let *Him* kiss me with the kiss of *His* mouth," and then appears to

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[1] Cant. i. 1: *Osculetur me osculo oris sui: quia meliora sunt ubera tua vino.*

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address the person himself in the words: "for thy breasts are better than wine." I cannot understand this, and I am very glad of it. For the soul ought not so much to contemplate and honour God in those things that our grovelling intellects can master in this life, as in these problems that we cannot solve. When you read a book, or hear a sermon, or meditate on any of the mysteries of our holy faith, if you find you cannot clearly comprehend the matter, I strongly recommend you not to tire yourselves, nor to strain your minds by puzzling over it, for many of these things are not suited for women —nor men either, very often!

2. When our Lord wishes us to comprehend these matters, He will enlighten us with no labour of our own. This applies to women, and also to men who are not bound to defend the truth by their doctrine: those whom God has appointed for our teachers must necessarily study, and they gain by it. As for us, let us accept what He gives us in all simplicity, and not tire ourselves by trying to discover the rest; let us rather rejoice at thinking that we have so great a God, Whose every word contains a thousand mysteries, so that its very first principle is beyond our grasp. This would not be surprising were the language Latin, or Hebrew, or Greek, but how many things in the Psalms of the glorious King David are as obscure to us in Spanish as they would be in Latin! Therefore never rack your brain or tire yourselves about

these matters; for women need no more than what suits their capacity—with this, God will give us His grace when He chooses. He will teach us without any trouble or labour of our own. As for the rest, let us humble ourselves and, as I said, glory in having a God Whose words, even in the vulgar tongue, are beyond our understanding.

3. You may think that some things in the Canticles might have been expressed differently. Our minds are so evil that this would not surprise me. I have even heard people say that they avoided hearing them. Alas, O God, what most miserable creatures we are: like venomous reptiles that turn all they eat into poison! From the great favour our Lord does us in showing us the bliss enjoyed by the soul that loves Him and how He encourages it to converse with and delight in Him, we draw misgivings and mistaken ideas in accordance with our lukewarm love for Him.

4. O my Master! How we pervert all the blessings Thou bestowest on us! Thou dost seek ways and means and allurements to testify Thy love for us, but we, unused, as it were, to love Thee, so disparage them that our thoughts follow their usual track, and never penetrate the sublime mysteries hidden in mere words, dictated as they are by the Holy Spirit. Could more be needed to inflame us with love for God than the thought that He did not adopt this way of speaking without a deep motive? I remember once hearing a religious preach an excellent

sermon, principally upon the joys of the bride with her God, and the congregation scandalised me by the way that they laughed at and misinterpreted his words—for he spoke about love because it was at the Mandatum[2] when no other subject was admissible.

5. I am convinced, as I said, that the love of God is so strange a thing to us that we cannot believe that a soul could thus be intimate with God. But though these people gained no good from the words because they did not understand them, and I believe they fancied that the preacher invented them himself, yet others have drawn great profit and comfort and reassurance of their misgivings from this source, and have often thanked God for having left such gracious refuge and help to souls who love Him fervently, in words which testify how far He can abase Himself. Were it not for this, their fears could not be quieted. I am acquainted with some one[3] who felt very anxious for many years and nothing could reassure her until our Lord was pleased that she should hear certain passages from the Canticles which showed her that she was in the right path. For, as I

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[2] The ceremony of the washing of the feet which is performed on Maundy Thursday in memory of our Lord's washing the feet of the apostles on the eve of His passion. It is called *Mandatum* (whence Maundy Thursday) from the antiphon sung on that occasion, *Mandatum novum do vobis*—I give you a new commandment. A sermon is sometimes preached during this ceremony.

[3] The Saint evidently speaks here of her own experience.

said, she knew that it is possible for a soul enamoured of the Bridegroom to experience these caresses, ecstasies, overmastering desires of death, and desolations, delights and joys with Him, once it has forsaken all worldly pleasures for His love and has placed itself entirely in His hands;[4] resigning itself to His will—not in word alone as many do, but in very truth, confirmed by deeds.

6. O my daughters, what a good Paymaster God is! You have a Master and Bridegroom Whose notice nothing escapes, Who knows and sees everything, so do all you can, however little, for love of Him. He will reward you, for He will only look at the love which inspired your deeds. To conclude with, I advise you, whenever you meet with anything that you do not understand, either in the Holy Scriptures or the Mysteries of the Faith, not to stop to puzzle over it, as I said, nor to be shocked at the tender speeches which pass between God and the soul. I am more daunted and overcome at His love for us, seeing what we are, yet since He feels such affection, no endearing words can testify it so plainly as do His actions. And now, I beg you to pause a little, and think over the love of God for us, and what He has done for us. Seeing that His love was potent and resistless enough to make Him suffer thus, how can He amaze us by any words through which He utters it?

7. To return to what I was speaking of. There must

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[4] *Castle*, M. v. ch. ii. 5.

needs be a deep meaning and profound mystery contained in the words of the Canticle of Canticles, and they are so precious that theologians, whom I have asked what the Holy Ghost signifies by them and what was their true purport, have told me that the Doctors of the Church have written many commentaries without succeeding in fully explaining them.

8. Since this is the case, it seems excessively presumptuous for me to attempt to elucidate the subject; but this is not my design, nor, however wanting I may be in humility, do I suppose that I can penetrate the exact sense. My idea is, as I derive great pleasure from what our Lord makes me understand when I hear any part of the Canticles, that if I told you about it, it might perhaps comfort you as it does me. Though my commentary may not be applicable to the words of the Holy Scripture, yet I may take them in that sense, if I do not differ from the doctrine of the Church and the Saints—and men skilled in theology will examine my book to guard against this before it is shown you—I think our Lord authorises this, as He permits us, when meditating on His sacred Passion, to ponder over the many labours and torments He must have suffered which the Evangelists never mention. If we do not act from curiosity, as I said at first, but only accept the light God gives us, I feel certain that He will not resent our joy and comfort in His words and works. In the same way, it would please and amuse a king to see a

simple shepherd boy, who was his favourite, standing amazed at the sight of the royal robes, wondering of what material they were, and how they were made. So we women need not be entirely shut out from enjoying the divine treasures; as to discussing them and teaching others on the subject as if we thought we understood it without having consulted learned men—that is another thing.

9. God knows I do not expect such success in what I write—I am only like the shepherd lad I spoke of. It is a pleasure to relate my thoughts to you, although many of them are very foolish. So I will begin, with the aid of my Divine King, and the permission of my confessor. May God grant, since He has vouchsafed to let me succeed in aiding you (or has Himself aided you through me on your account) in other ways, that I may help you now. But if not, my time will have been well spent in writing and thinking over a subject so divine that I am unworthy even to hear it mentioned.

10. It appears to me, as I said before, that the Bride is speaking of a third person who yet is the very same she is addressing, for in Christ there are two natures, one divine and the other human. I will not dwell on this, because I only intend writing of what appears profitable to us who practise prayer—yet everything serves to encourage and rouse to admiration the soul that fervently desires to love our Lord. His Majesty knows that,

though I have heard these words expounded and they have been explained to me at my own request, yet this happened but rarely and I remember nothing at all about it, for my memory is very bad. Thus I can only say what He teaches me or what suits my purpose, and I cannot recall having heard anything about the beginning of the chapter: "Let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth."

11. O my Lord and my God! What words for a creature to utter to its Creator! Blessed be Thou for having taught us in so many different ways! Who, O my King, who would dare to speak thus without Thy permission? It is astounding; indeed, some may be astounded at my saying that anyone may use such an expression. People may tell me that I am a simpleton—"that the bride would not utter such a speech,"—"the words have many meanings and we certainly ought not to address them to God;"—"it would be better that simple persons should not discuss such things!"

12. I own that the words have many meanings, yet the soul inflamed and intoxicated with love cares for no other meaning, and only desires to utter them, since God does not deprive her of the right of so doing. God help me! Why should we be so amazed? Is not the reality still more wonderful? Do we not approach the most Blessed Sacrament? I have sometimes wondered whether the Spouse was asking here for this favour which Christ

afterwards bestowed on us? At other times I have thought she might have meant the consummate union of God being made Man, that close friendship He contracted with the human race. Undoubtedly, a kiss is the sign of peace and friendship between two persons. May God give us grace to understand how many kinds of peace there are.

13. Before going any farther, I have a remark to make which I think is important, although it would have been more appropriate at some other time; however, I will run no risk of forgetting it. I feel sure that many souls approach the most Blessed Sacrament—would to God I were mistaken!—laden with mortal sins. If such persons heard one who was dying for love of God utter the words I quote, they would be scandalised and would take it for extreme presumption. Most certainly they would never themselves use this expression, for it and others of the same sort contained in the Canticle of Canticles are uttered by love which speaks thus, and as such persons lack love, they might read the book every day and never use such expressions, nor even dare to pronounce the words whose very sound strikes one with awe, so sublime is their majesty. And this majesty is Thine, O my Lord! in the most holy Sacrament, but as faith is no longer living but is dead in such souls, they, seeing Thee humbled beneath the species of bread and remaining silent (for indeed they are unworthy to hear Thee), dare thus grievously to outrage Thee. When I consider, O my God and

my Lord! the dignity of Thy divine Majesty and the greatness of Thy Sovereign bounty which lead Thee to communicate so intimately with base creatures, I ask myself how it is that they are not beside themselves with wonder and do not seek Thy grace and friendship with all their heart. For, not content with cherishing the soul and giving Thyself for its food and nourishment, Thou dost delight in its treating Thee as its tender and beloved Bridegroom and asking Thee to kiss it with Thy sweet and divine mouth. In order to bestow Thy gifts and favours and to draw it to Thy love, Thou dost speak to it and teach it with such care that the words addressed by Thee to souls to show them their faults, their miseries, and to lead them to renounce earthly things are usually of a kind of which the very sound penetrates the mind with fear.[5]

14. If these words were taken literally they might well awe the soul, yet to one beside herself with love of Thee, Lord, Thou mayest pardon this and even more, presumptuous as it may be! For if, my Lord, a kiss signifies peace, why should not souls ask it of Thee? What more can we beg of Thee than what I plead to Thee for, O my Master, that Thou wilt kiss me with the kiss of Thy mouth? This, daughters, is a most sublime petition, as I will explain to you.

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[5] This paragraph, from the words "When I consider," to "with fear," is only found in the manuscript of Baeza.

CHAPTER II

Of nine sorts of false peace ; of defective love and fallacious prayer. This chapter contains very important teaching on genuine love, and on how souls should examine themselves so as to discover the defects that hinder them from attaining the perfection they desire.

1. *Peace produced in souls by the devil.* 2. *Peace proceeding from laxity.* 3. *Examples of this peace among religious.* 4. *Life must be a constant warfare.* 5. *Advantages of temptations and struggles.* 6. *Peace of soul and contrition.* 7. *Contrition a sign of spiritual life.* 8. *Preparation for this peace.* 9. *Dangerous peace.* 10. *Object of this treatise.* 11. *Riches disturb peace.* 12. *Peace and holy poverty.* 13. *Evils of flattery.* 14. *Its treachery.* 15. *Our own nothingness.* 16. *Dangers of flattery.* 17. *Bodily comfort and our Lord's example.* 18. *And that of the Saints.* 19. *Consequences of self-indulgence.* 20. *Self-indulgence in religious.* 21. *Various kinds of divine peace.* 22. *Peace with God.* 23. *Dispositions for obtaining it.* 24. *Habitual sin.* 25. *God is patient with us.* 26. *Venial sins and peace.* 27. *Their danger.* 28. *Worldliness and peace.* 29. *Renouncement of the world.* 30. *An instance.* 31. *Self-deception difficult in religious life.* 32. *Human respect and perfection.* 33. *Peace disturbed by care for reputation.* 34. *Cautious souls.* 35. *Their want of trust.* 36. *The religious life and peace.*

1. God deliver you from many kinds of peace which the world enjoys! may He prevent us from ever experiencing such peace, for it engenders a perpetual warfare! When worldly minded people feel very placid although they commit heinous offences and are untroubled by their sins, so that conscience does not upbraid them, their peace, as you have read, comes from their being friends with the devil, who while they live will wage no war on them, for such is their malice that, to save themselves trouble, they would, to a certain extent, return to God although they do not love Him. Still, with such a motive as this, they

never remain long in His service. As soon as the evil one notices it, he flatters their humour again, and so regains their friendship, until he holds them fast in the place where they learn how false was his peace. But it is needless to speak of such persons—let them enjoy their tranquillity—and I trust in God that no such harm will be found among you.

2. The devil may give us another kind of peace respecting insignificant defects, and we must fear him, daughters, as long as we live. When a nun begins to grow lax about what appear to be in themselves unimportant things, and feels no remorse of conscience after some time, this is an evil peace, and Satan may bring her to a very wicked peacefulness.

3. Such is the breach of some Constitution, which in itself is no sin, or carelessness in obeying the orders of a superior who is the representative of God, for we came here prepared to respect her wishes. There are other little matters which do not seem to be sinful, but which are imperfections. Such things must occur, because of the miseries of our nature : I do not deny this, but I say that we ought to be sorry for them and to know that we have done wrong ; otherwise the devil may bestir himself and gradually make the soul insensible to these small defects, and when he succeeds in this, I assure you, my daughters, that he has gained no small victory, and I fear he will not stop there.

4. For the love of God, watch yourselves very carefully. There must be war in this life, for we cannot sit with our hands folded among so many enemies, but must keep constant watch over both our outward and inward conduct. I assure you that even though our Lord may grant you favours during prayer, of which I shall speak later on, yet at other times there will be no lack of a thousand little stumbling-blocks and chances, such as breaking a rule through carelessness, not performing some duty as well as might be, besides internal troubles and temptations. I do not say this must always be the case, nor that it is very usual. Still, it is a signal mercy from our Lord when such trials occur[1] and the soul makes progress by their means. We cannot be angels in this world, for it is not our nature.

5. Therefore I do not feel alarmed at seeing a soul greatly tempted, which will benefit it if it has the fear and love of our Lord, for I know it will come out with great gain. When I see anyone, like some people I have met, always calm and never meeting with any conflict, although I do not witness her offend God, yet I always feel misgivings about her, and, since the devil leaves her alone, I try to prove her in every possible way, so that she may discover what she really is. I have rarely known such cases, yet it is possible for the soul which God has raised to a high degree of contemplation to be in such a state,

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[1] *Life*, ch. xxx. 17. *Castle*, M. iv. ch. i. 3.

and enjoy constant interior happiness. For my part I do not believe that their case is thoroughly understood, and on investigating the matter, I have found that they have their little struggles at times, although not frequently. I have weighed the matter carefully, and I do not envy such persons, for I find others advance far more who sustain the combats that I have described, although their prayer is not such, in point of perfection, as we should expect it to be here.

6. I do not allude to those who have attained great holiness and mortification by their long years of warfare ; they have died to the world, and our Lord usually gives peace, which, however, does not prevent their perceiving and grieving deeply over their faults. God guides souls in many different ways, daughters, yet I am always sorry when you feel no sorrow for any fault you have committed, for you ought to take to heart every sin, even a venial one, as, glory be to God, I believe and see that you do.

7. Notice one thing, and remember it for love of me. If a person is alive, however slightly you prick her with a needle or with a little thorn, the most slender you can find, does she not feel it ? Now, if the soul is not dead, but has a living love for God, is it not a great grace from Him that she should feel pained at the least infringement of the vows she has taken or the obligations she is under ? Oh ! is not the heart in which God implants such solicitude

prepared by Him as a couch of flowers to which He cannot choose but come and delight Himself, long though His delay may be ?

8. Alas, O my God ! Why are we nuns in our convent ? Why did we leave the world ? For what did we come ? How can we better spend our time than in preparing within our souls a dwelling-place for our Bridegroom, that we may be able to ask Him to " kiss us with the kiss of His mouth " ? Blessed will she be who makes this petition, whose lamp shall not have gone out when the Lord comes and who need not return to her home after having knocked.[2] O my daughters, in how high a state are we placed ! No one can prevent our saying these words to our Spouse, for we became His brides when we made our profession.

9. Let scrupulous persons understand that I have not been speaking of an occasional fault, or of failings that cannot always be known or regretted ; I allude to a religious who habitually commits faults and takes no notice of them, thinking they are of no consequence, and who neither repents nor tries to amend them. I say once more that such a peace is dangerous, therefore beware of it. What, then, will become of those who are very lax about their Rule ? God grant there may be none of this kind among us ! Doubtless, the devil often gives such peace, and God permits it as a punishment for our sins, but there

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[2] See Poem 13.

is no need to discuss it here, as I only wished to give you a word of warning.

10. We will now consider the peace which our Lord begins to grant us in prayer ; of this I will tell you as much as His Majesty shall be pleased to make me understand. On reflection, I think it best to say something here about the peace given by the world, and that produced by our sensuality, for though it has been far better written about elsewhere, you may be too poor to buy the books, and perhaps no one will give them to you, but these writings will be kept in the convent and will contain both subjects.

11. We may be misled in many ways by worldly peace : from those I shall describe you may divine the rest. For instance—some people have all they require for their needs, besides a large sum of money shut up in their safe as well, but as they avoid mortal sin, they think they have done their duty. They enjoy their riches and give an occasional alms, yet never consider that their property is not their own, but that God has entrusted it to them as His stewards for the good of the poor, and that they will have to render a strict account of the time they kept it shut up in their money chests, if the poor have suffered from want on account of their hoarding and delay. We have no concern with this, except to ask God to enlighten such people lest they meet with the fate of the rich miser,[3]

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[3] St. Luke xvi. 19–31.

and to thank Him for making us poor, which we should hold as a special favour on His part. O my daughters! what a solace to be free from such burdens, even as regards this world's tranquillity,[4] and it is impossible to imagine what a difference it will make to us at the last day. The rich are slaves, while you are rulers: as a comparison will show. Which is the more at ease, the gentleman who finds his meals set ready for him or his steward who has to render an account of every *maravedí*? The former enjoys his goods without counting the cost, but the burden falls on the poor steward's shoulders, and the greater the wealth, the heavier the responsibility. How often he must lose his sleep, especially when the time of reckoning comes, particularly if he has to balance up for several years, and has been more or less careless in the past. Then, if there is a large deficit, I cannot think how he can feel any peace.

12. Read no further, daughters, without first thanking God very heartily. Be more strict than ever in your custom of holding no personal property. We are contented to eat whatever our Lord provides, and as He will let us want for nothing,[5] we need not be anxious about

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[4] *Life*, ch. xi. 3. *Way of Perf.*, ch. xxxviii. 10. *Castle*, M. iii. ch. ii. 4. Letter to Don Lorenzo de Cepeda of January 2, 1577.

[5] The poverty practised by the holy Mother, says Yepes, was extreme, if such a word can be applied to so great a virtue. She often left her convent without any provision for the journey, yet neither the things she needed nor her trust in God ever failed her. She took most pleasure in those convents that were founded

superfluities. His Majesty has taken good care that we should possess nothing we might feel constrained to give away. The principal point is, daughters, that we should be satisfied with little; we ought not to want anything for which we should be bound to render a strict account, as a rich man must, even though his money is not in his own care, but in that of his major-domo. And what a strict reckoning that will be! If only he realised it, he would not enjoy his luxurious meals so much, nor squander his means in useless and frivolous ways. As for you, my daughters, always try to be as poor as you can, both in your food and clothing, otherwise you will cheat yourselves, for God will not give you more, so you will remain unsatisfied. Always endeavour not to take the food of the poor without having served His Majesty,[6] although all that you can do will be but a scanty return to God for the peace and rest which He bestows on you because you

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in the deepest penury, and used to say that the only things required for a foundation were a small bell and a house on hire. Once, when founding a convent she rejected the offer of a counterpane and a brasier, as she thought both these articles unsuitable for Discalced nuns. She also refused other gifts of greater value, for she shunned riches as other people seek them. An instance was told by the Duchess of Alva, Doña Maria Enriquez, who, knowing her need and poverty, gave her some valuable jewels which the holy Mother received with gratitude, as she did not like to appear to despise the presents, yet on taking leave of her hostess she handed them to the waiting maid with an injunction to return them to the Duchess (*Life*, bk. ii. ch. 36).

[6] *Way of Perf.*, ch. ii. 6, 7.

will have to render no account of riches. I know that you understand this, but you must from time to time render special thanks to Him on this account.

13. It is needless for me to warn you against the earthly peace which comes from honours, because the poor never meet with much honour.[7] However, unless you are careful, praise from others may harm you greatly, for when once it begins it never ceases, and generally ends in running you down afterwards. This usually takes the form of telling you that you are more holy than others, and such-like flattering speeches which seem to have been inspired by the devil. Indeed, they must be, sometimes, for if they were said in your absence it would not matter, but when uttered in your hearing, what other fruit can they produce but evil, unless you are most wary ?

14. For the love of God, I implore you never to find your peace in such speeches, for they might gradually do you so much mischief that at last you would come to believe them, or to think you had done all you need, and that your work was finished. Never let such things be said of you without strongly repudiating them ; you can easily do this if you make it your constant practice. Remember how the world treated our Lord Jesus Christ, yet how it had extolled Him on Palm Sunday ! Men so esteemed St. John Baptist as to mistake him for the Messiah, yet how barbarously and for what a motive they

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[7] *Way of Perf.*, ch. ii. 5.

afterwards beheaded him! Never does the world exalt any of the children of God, save to dash them down again!

15. I know this well by experience. I used to regret that people praised me so blindly, but now I laugh as at the words of a madman. Remember your sins, and that, even if there is some truth in what is told you, the good is not your own, but you are only under an obligation of serving God more strictly.[8] Dread lest you should take pleasure in this treacherous kiss given by the world; look upon it as the kiss of Judas; although no harm may be meant by it, the devil is always on the alert and may despoil your soul unless you defend yourself.

16. Believe me, in such a case you must stand ready with the sword of recollection in hand. Although you may think that no harm is done you, do not trust to that —remember how many who stood on the heights have fallen into the abyss. There is no safety during this life, but for the love of God, sisters, always struggle within your own heart against these dangerous flatteries; then you will come forth with deeper humility, and the devil, who has been watching both you and the world, will be crestfallen.

17. I could say much about the peace our bodies can bring us, and the harm that results. I will give you some warnings upon certain points which will guide you about the rest.[9] The body, as you know, is very fond of comfort,

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[8] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xv. 4, 5. *Rel.* i. 18, 19.

[9] *Ibid.*, ch. x. 4, 5; xi. 4.

and we ought to realise the great danger of pacifying it. I often wonder, and never can understand, how self-indulgent persons can feel so peaceful and at rest. Did the most sacred body of our great Model and Light merit less enjoyment than do ours? Had He done aught to deserve the cruel sufferings it bore?

18. The Saints are in heaven, this is certain; have we read of any who got there by living luxuriously on earth? Then, how can we feel so easy about doing so? Who told us that it was right? How is it that some men squander their time uselessly in eating and sleeping well and in amusement and ease? I am amazed at it. One would suppose there was no future world, and that this was the safest way to live!

19. Daughters, if you only knew what harm there is in this! While the body grows sturdy the soul becomes so enfeebled that, if we saw it, we should fancy it was about to become extinct. Many books warn us of the injury done us by finding our peace in bodily comfort. If men only realised it was wrong, there would be some hope of their amending, but I fear the idea never occurs to them, nor am I surprised, since the habit is so universal. I assure you that though they may enjoy physical ease, they will have a thousand struggles to go through in order to save their souls. It would be better for them to understand this and to do the penance by degrees which will one day come upon them all at once.

20. I have told you this, daughters, to make you thank God for placing you where your body could not find such peace, even if you sought it. Yet it could harm you unconsciously under the pretext of illness, and there is need to warn you urgently against this. For instance, it might injure you to take the discipline on a certain day, but perhaps there is no necessity to leave it off a whole week. Again, it would harm you not to wear linen, but you need not do so for several days. On another occasion you cannot eat fish, yet it would not disagree with you when your digestion became used to it. You may fancy you are too weak for this and a great many other things. I am experienced, and I know that nuns are sometimes unaware of how important such things are when there is no urgent need of such dispensations. What I say is, that we ought not to be content with such relaxations, but should, from time to time, try whether we can fulfil our duties: flesh and blood are very treacherous, and there is need for us to recognise this. May God, of His great bounty, give us light! Prudence and confidence in our superiors' judgment instead of our own are the important points.

21. To return to my subject. By describing the special peace she asks for in the words, "Let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth," the Bride shows that our Lord has other ways of bestowing His peace and friendship. I will describe some of them so that you may see the difference and realise the sublimity of this kind. O great God

and Lord of ours! How profound is Thy wisdom! Well might she say: "Let Him kiss me!" Yet it seems as if she might have concluded her petition here, for what is the meaning of "the kiss of His mouth"? Undoubtedly there is no superfluous letter in these words. I do not understand her reason, yet I will write something on the subject; as I said, it matters little if it is not the exact meaning so long as it profits us.

22. Our King confers His peace and friendship on the soul in many ways, as we see daily, both during prayer and at other times, but our peace with Him hangs by a single hair, as the expression is. Consider, daughters, the meaning of these words, so that you may utter them with the Bride, if our Lord should draw you near to Himself; if not, do not lose courage. Every kind of friendship with God will leave you rich in gain, unless of your own accord you forfeit it. But how deeply should we grieve and regret it if, through our own fault, we do not attain to such close friendship with Him, but content ourselves with a slighter intimacy.

23. Alas, Lord! Do we not remember how great are the reward and the goal? A reward which, when our friendship has attained to this grade, is bestowed on us by God even in this world! How many remain at the foot of the mountain who might have climbed to its summit! I have often told you in the other little works I have written, and I now repeat it: always make courageous resolutions,

for then God will give you grace to act accordingly.[10] Rest assured that much depends on this.

24. There are people who, though they have attained to friendship with God, for they confess their sins sincerely and repent of them, yet before two days are over, commit the same faults again. This is certainly not the friendship for which the Bride petitions. O daughters! try not to take the same fault to confession every time. It is true that we cannot help committing sins, but at all events let them not always be identical, lest they take root, for it would be hard to pull them up, and they may even send out many off-shoots. If we set a plant or a shrub and water it every day, it will grow so sturdy that we shall want a spade and a fork to tear it up. This appears to be the case with any fault, however small, that we commit daily, unless we amend it; though it is easy to uproot it when it has only grown for a day or even for ten days. We must pray to our Lord to grant us this amendment, for on our own account we can do little, except add to our sins instead of giving them up. Remember that this will be of no small consequence to us in the terrible judgment at the hour of death, especially to those whom the Judge made His brides during their lifetime.

25. O great and marvellous condescension! that God should invite us to endeavour to please our Lord and King! Yet how ill do those requite His friendship who so

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[10] *Life*, ch. xiii. 3. *Way of Perf.*, ch. xxiii. 1, 3.

soon again become His mortal enemies! Great indeed is the mercy of God! Where can we find a friend so patient? When once such a severance has occurred between two companions it remains unforgotten and their friendship is never so close as before. Yet how often does such a breach occur between us and our Lord, and how many years does He await our return! Blessed be Thou, my Master, Who art so long-suffering in Thy pity for us that Thou seemest to forget Thine own greatness, and dost not, as Thou hast the right, chastise such faithless treason! The state of such souls seems full of peril, for though God's mercy is manifest, yet sometimes we see them die without confession. May He, for His own sake, deliver us, daughters, from such danger!

26. A better sort of friendship is that of persons who are careful not to offend God mortally—indeed, as the world goes, it is a great thing for souls to have got so far. Though such people avoid grave faults, yet I believe they fall into them occasionally, for they care nothing about venial sins, although they commit many every day, and are thus on the point of mortally offending God.[11] They ask: "Do you scruple about that?" (as I have heard many people say); "this fault will be effaced with a little holy water and the remedies of our holy Mother Church."[12] How very sad this is!

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[11] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xli. 3.

[12] St. Teresa had great confidence in the efficacy of holy water. —*Life*, ch. xxxi. 4–5, 9–10.

27. For the love of God, be most watchful: never let the thought of so simple a remedy make you careless about committing a venial sin, however small; what is good ought not to lead us into evil. If you remember this resource after you have fallen—well and good! It is a great thing to preserve so pure a conscience that there is nothing to hinder your asking for the perfect friendship desired by the Bride. Most certainly, the state described is not this amity, but a very dangerous one for many people, tending to self-indulgence and likely to lead to great tepidity, nor are they always certain whether their faults are venial or mortal. God deliver you from such a friendship! for these souls think they have not committed such grievous sins as they see in others. To hold others worse than oneself is a want of humility,[13] while, perhaps, they may be far better, being deeply sorry and contrite for their misdeeds, and more firmly resolved than their critics to amend, so that in future, perhaps, they will offend God neither in light nor in grave matters. The first mentioned, as they think that they do no serious wrong, are much more lax in indulging themselves: they rarely say their prayers devoutly, as they do not trouble themselves about such details.

28. There is another kind of friendship and peace that our Lord bestows partially upon certain persons who wish not to offend Him in any way, yet who do

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[13] *Castle*, M. iii. ch. ii. 19.

not completely withdraw themselves from occasions of falling.[14] They keep their set times for prayer and God grants them the gift of devotion and tears, yet they wish to spend good and regular lives without giving up their pleasures, which they think will conduce to their living in peace even in this world. But the events of life bring many changes and it will be hard for such souls to persevere in virtue; for, not having given up earthly joys and pleasures, they soon grow lax on the road to God, from which there are many powerful foes to turn us. This, daughters, is not the amity asked for by the Bride, nor that you wish for yourselves. Avoid every slight occasion of evil, however insignificant, if you are anxious for your soul to grow in grace and to live in safety.

29. I do not know why I tell you all these things, except to teach you the danger of not resolutely leaving all worldly things, by which we should free ourselves from many sins and troubles. Our Lord has so many ways of contracting friendship with souls that I should never finish telling about those I know, though I am only a woman. Of how many more, then, must confessors and those who study the subject be aware?

30. I am astonished at some souls, for there seems nothing to prevent their becoming the friends of God. I will mention one person of this sort whom I knew

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[14] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xxxvi. 2–7.

very intimately a short time ago. She liked to receive Holy Communion very frequently; never spoke ill of anyone, and felt great devotion during prayer. She lived alone in continual solitude, for she had a house of her own, and she was so sweet-tempered that nothing that was said ever vexed her, which is a very great virtue, nor did she ever say anything wrong. She had never married, and was now too old to do so. She had suffered much annoyance from others, yet had kept her peace. These appeared to me signs of a soul far advanced in the spiritual life and in a high state of prayer, so that at first I had a very good opinion of her, for I never saw her offend God, and I was told that she carefully avoided doing so. But, on knowing her better, I began to discover that she was peaceful enough as long as nothing touched her self-interest, but when that was in question, her conscience lost its sensitiveness and became extremely lax. She bore patiently what was said to her, but was jealous of her honour and would not willingly yield one jot nor tittle of her dignity or the esteem of the world, so wrapt up was she in this miserable sentiment. Her anxiety to know all the current gossip was so great that I wondered how she could remain alone for an hour; besides which she was very fond of comfort. She gilded over all her actions so that they seemed blameless, and, according to her own account of some affairs, I thought it would have been wrong of me to judge otherwise, yet in certain matters it was notorious that she was in the wrong;—however, perhaps, she did not understand it. At first I liked her very much, and most people took her for a saint, yet afterwards I thought she ought to have owned that she herself was partly in fault as regards some of the persecutions she told me she had suffered. I did not envy her sanctity nor her mode of life; indeed, she and two other persons I have known who considered themselves saints, when I became intimate with them struck me with greater fear than all the sinners I ever met.

31. Let us beg God to enlighten us; and thank Him fervently for having brought you to this convent, where, however hard the devil tries, he cannot deceive us as if we lived in our own homes. Some souls seem quite ready to soar to heaven, since they are perfect in every way in their own opinion and there is no one to know better; yet in a religious community they are always detected, for there they must obey instead of following their own way. But in the world, although they sincerely wish to know themselves in order to please God, yet they cannot do so, because they follow their own will in everything they do, and although it may be crossed at times, yet they are not so exercised in mortification. Certain persons are to be excepted who for many years have received divine light to seek some one who understands them, to whom they submit although they may

be more learned than he, for their great humility destroys all self-confidence.

32. There are other people who have left everything for our Lord; they possess neither home nor belongings, and care nothing for pleasure or worldly matters, but are penitent, because our Lord has shown them the worthlessness of all these things. Still, they are very tenacious of their honour and value their reputation; they will do nothing that does not please men as well as God. How discreet and prudent they are! These two objects are hard to reconcile, and the mischief is that, half-unconscious of their error, they always take the world's side in preference to our Lord's. They are generally very grieved if anything is said against them. They do not carry the cross but drag it after them, and so it pains and wearies them, but when it is loved it is undoubtedly sweet to bear. Neither is this the friendship the Bride asked for; therefore, daughters, since you have made the sacrifice I spoke of in the beginning of this book,[15] do not fail or hesitate to yield the rest. All such things would burden you if you have forsaken the chief thing in giving up the world with its joys, its pleasures and riches, which, false as they are, still delight us—what have you to fear?

33. You do not understand the question. To free yourself from the vexation of being found fault with,

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[15] *Supra*, § 7.

you burden yourselves with a thousand cares and obligations. These are so numerous, if we seek to please society, that it would take too long to describe, nor do I even know them all.

34. To conclude with, there are other souls in whom, if you examine them attentively, you will find many signs that they are beginning to make progress, yet they stop midway. They care little for what is said of them, or for honour, but are unused to mortify themselves or to renounce self-will, and have not yet lost all fear of temporal evils. Prepared to suffer all things, they have apparently reached perfection, yet in grave matters, when our Lord's honour is at stake, they prefer their own interests. They do not realise it, but imagine that they fear God and no one else. It seems as if the devil must suggest to them the drawbacks they prophesy a thousand years beforehand concerning the great harm that may result from some good work.

35. These are not the souls to imitate Saint Peter when he cast himself into the sea,[16] or to follow many other of the saints. They wish to draw others to God, but to do so peacefully without running into danger themselves, nor does their faith influence their motives very powerfully. I have noticed that we rarely see anyone in the world (I am not speaking now of religious) who trusts to God for maintenance; indeed, I only know

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[16] St. John xxi. 7.

two such persons. People know that they will want for nothing in religion, although I believe that no one who enters it purely for the sake of God even thinks of this. Yet how many are there, daughters, who but for this assurance would not forsake all they possess! However, as in my other writings I have spoken fully about such cowardly souls[17] and the harm they do themselves, and also of the great advantage of having high aims although our actions may not correspond with them, I will say no more about them, though I should never grow tired of the subject.

36. Since God has raised souls to this high state, let them serve Him in it and not remain shut up in themselves. If religious (and nuns especially) cannot help their neighbour personally, they have much power to do so by prayer, if their resolutions are heroic and their wish of saving souls is sincere. Our Lord may even permit them to be of some service to others, either during this life or after death, as He did the holy friar Saint Diego,[18] who was a lay-brother and only did manual work. Yet,

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[17] *Way of Perf.* See chapters ii., iv., xxxiv., and xxxviii.

[18] St. Diego (or Didacus), born in Andalusia, became a Franciscan lay-brother at Arizafa, where he led a most holy life. Though uneducated, he obtained so much light in prayer that theologians from all parts consulted him on difficult questions. Having been sent to the Canary Islands, he converted many infidels. Still a lay-brother, he was made Guardian. He was eventually recalled to Spain and died at Alcalá de Henares, November 12, 1463. Among other miracles he cured Don Carlos of a mortal wound,

many years after his decease, God has revived his memory to be our example. Let us give thanks to His Majesty. Therefore, my daughters, if our Lord has called you to the religious state, there is little wanting to obtain for you the friendship and peace desired by the Bride. Ask for it unceasingly with tears and longing ; do all you can on your part to gain it from God. You must understand that the state of religion is not in itself the peace and amity begged for by the Spouse, although such a vocation is a signal and divine favour ; but this friendship is the result of much practice in prayer, penance, humility and many other virtues. May God, the Giver of all things, be praised eternally ! Amen.

CHAPTER III.

Of the genuine peace, oneness with Christ, and love for God which spring from the prayer of union, called by the Bride " the kiss " from the divine " mouth."

1. *Fervour produced by the " kiss."* 2. *Signs that a soul has received it.* 3. *Comparison of the slave's ransom.* 4. *St. Paulinus of Nola.* 5. *Diffidence and contrition.* 6. *Holy confidence.* 7. *Friar Juan of Cordobilla.* 8. *Graces left by the " kiss."* 9. *The flesh wars against the spirit.* 10. *This appears in the Passion.* 11. *Strength won by determination.* 12. *Our blindness to divine love.* 13. *A prayer for peace.*

" LET HIM KISS ME WITH THE KISS OF HIS MOUTH."

1. O HOLY Bride ! Let us now ponder over the kiss you

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for which reason the latter's half-brother, Philip II., obtained his canonisation in 1558. His feast is kept on November 13.

ask for, which is that sacred peace that encourages the soul to wage war with the world, while yet preserving perfect confidence and calm within itself. What a happy lot for us to win this grace! It consists in so close a union with God's will that He and the soul are no longer divided, but their will is one[1]—not in words and wishes only, but in deeds as well. When the Bride sees that she can serve the Bridegroom better in any way, so ardent are her love and desires that she discusses no difficulties raised by her mind nor listens to the fears which it suggests, but allows faith to act, seeking no profit or comfort of her own, having learnt at last that her welfare consists entirely in this.

2. This may not seem right to you, daughters, for prudence is always commendable, but the point to consider is whether, as far as you can tell, God has granted your petition and kissed you with "the kiss of His mouth." If the effects prove that He has done so, you should no longer curb your zeal in any way, but forget self altogether in order to please so gentle a Bridegroom. His Majesty reveals Himself by many signs to the soul which enjoys this favour.[2] You must examine this point for yourselves—at least as far as the thing is possible—by noticing the effects produced in the soul. Evidently

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[1] *Life*, ch. xviii. 4 sqq. *Castle*, M. v. ch. ii. 4–6; ch. iii. 6 sqq.

[2] The following passage, till "I will mention some"—is only in the manuscripts of Las Nieves and Consuegra.

we cannot know for certain, for it concerns a state superior to the state of grace and resulting from a very special aid from God. I say that we can, to a certain degree, ascertain by the effects whether His Majesty has bestowed this favour on us, because God grants so high a blessing to the soul in proportion to the strength of its virtue. Such a soul, while recognising by its interior light that the Lord has given it the peace craved for by the Bride, cannot but doubt the fact at times on realising its own miseries. When you are aware, sisters, that you have received such a grace, let nothing daunt you, but forget self entirely in order to please so tender a Spouse. Perhaps you will ask me to explain myself more fully, and to tell you which virtues I allude to; and you will be right, for there are divers kinds of virtue. I will mention some. One is a contempt for all earthly things, which the mind rates at their true price, no longer caring for worldly possessions as it realises their futility. Such a person takes no pleasure in the society of those who do not love God, and is weary of life, holding riches at the esteem they deserve, and showing other sentiments of the same kind, taught by God to those whom He has led so far. Once raised to this state the soul has nothing to fear, except that it may fail to deserve that God should make use of it by sending it crosses and occasions of serving Him at however dear a cost to itself. Here, I repeat, love and faith take control, and the soul does not choose to take counsel from reason. For the union between the Bridegroom and His Bride has taught her things to which the mind cannot attain, so to say, so that she holds it subject beneath her feet.

3. Let me explain this by a comparison. The Moors hold captive in their land a man whose only hope of rescue lies in being redeemed by his father or an intimate friend [3] who is so poor that all his belongings would not suffice to emancipate the slave, so that this could only be done by the ransomer exchanging places with the prisoner. The strong affection of the former prompts him to prefer his friend's freedom to his own. Then discretion steps in with its many pleas, declaring: "You are bound to care for your own interests first; perhaps you are weaker than he and you might deny your faith; it is wrong to run into danger," with many other objections of the kind. Oh, powerful love of God! nothing seems impossible to one who loves! Happy the soul that has

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[3] This comparison must have had a much greater force in the days of St. Teresa than it can have at present. Father Gratian, who first published the *Conceptions*, fell himself into slavery among the Moors, and the picture he draws in his *Peregrinaciones de Anastasio* makes one realise the horror of the situation, the barbarous treatment of the captives, the dangers to life, limb and faith, the difficulties of ransom. The church of San Juan de los Reyes at Toledo contains an object lesson: its walls are hung with thousands of heavy chains offered up in thanksgiving by ransomed captives.

won this peace from its God! It holds sway over all the trials and dangers of the world, and fears nothing when there is a question of rendering any service to its faithful Spouse and Lord. Well may it be thus confident, for even the father or friend of whom I spoke felt such love!

4. You have read, daughters, of a certain Saint[4] who, not for the sake of a son or a friend, but because he must have won the happiness of having received this divine grace, desired to please His Majesty and to imitate, in some degree, the many sufferings He bore for us. This holy man went into the country of the Moors, and exchanged places with the son of a poor widow who had come to him in great distress about her child. You know of the success and the reward with which he met.[5] Doubtless his mind presented to him many more objections than those I enumerated, for he was a bishop and had to leave his flock; indeed he was probably beset by great misgivings.

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[4] St. Gregory the Great narrates that St. Paulinus of Nola, having spent all the money he could raise in ransoming other captives, sold himself to the Vandals to redeem the son of a poor widow, and that he laboured as a slave, working in a garden until his master, discovering his merits and the spirit of prophecy with which he was endowed, set him at liberty (*Dialogues*, bk. iii. ch. i.).

[5] The passage beginning "Doubtless his mind," to the end of paragraph 6, is only in the manuscripts of Las Nieves and Consuegra.

5. I must mention something which applies to those who are naturally timid and wanting in courage, as are most women constitutionally, so that, though their souls have genuinely been raised to this state, nature takes alarm. We must be on our guard, lest through our inborn frailty we lose a priceless crown. When these fears assault you, have recourse to faith and humility, and proceed to act with the confidence that God can do all things now, as when, in the past, He enabled many noble maidens to suffer the grievous torments they had resolved to undergo for His sake. What He wishes for is the resolution which makes Him Master of your free will, for He needs no strength of ours. Indeed, His Majesty prefers to manifest His power in feeble souls, where it has more scope for work, and where He can better bestow the graces He longs to give. Profit, then, by the virtues He has implanted in you, to act with determination and to despise the obstacles raised by your reason and by your natural weakness, which will increase if you stop to wonder " whether you had better venture upon this course or no, for perhaps you are too sinful to deserve the same aid from God that He gives to others " !

6. This is not the time to think about your sins; such humility is out of time and place. When some great honour is offered you or the devil tempts you to a self-indulgent life, or other things of the same sort, *then*

fear that your misdeeds would prevent your doing so with rectitude. But when it is a question of suffering, either for your God or your neighbour, feel no misgivings because of your sins. Perhaps you may perform this action with such charity that God will forgive you all your bad deeds, and this is what Satan fears, and therefore reminds you of all your former wrongdoings. You may be sure that God will never desert those who love Him, when they incur danger solely for His sake. But let them examine whether they are influenced by selfish motives: I speak only of those who seek to please God more perfectly.

7. I knew a man in our own times, Fray Juan of Cordobilla,[6] whom you saw when he came to visit me, who was inspired by our Lord with such charity that he was bitterly grieved at not being allowed to go and exchange places with some captive. Juan was a lay-brother of the Barefooted Franciscans reformed by St. Peter de Alcantara, and told me himself all about it.

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[6] The chronicle of the Friars of St. Peter de Alcantara says that Juan de Cordobilla (near Mérida), who after the death of his wife had become a lay-brother, asked for leave to offer himself as a ransom for some Christian captive among the Moors. The superiors at first demurred, thinking him mad, but finally consented. His ship, having come within sight of the African coast, was driven back by a gale, and Juan, who was seized with fever, was landed at Gibraltar, where he died, October 28, 1566. As some of the nuns at Segovia had come from Avila, St. Teresa could well say: "You saw him when he came to visit me."

After a great many appeals, he obtained leave from his General, but at about fifteen miles from Algiers, while on his way to accomplish his good purpose, God took him to Himself. Doubtless Fray Juan was generously rewarded. How many prudent people must have told him that he was very foolish, and we who do not share his love for our Lord agree with them, yet what could be more unwise than to end our life's dream with such prudence? God grant that we may deserve even to enter heaven, not to speak of ranking with souls so far advanced in their love for God!

8. I realise the need of strong help from Him that we may perform such deeds, therefore I advise you, my daughters, to persevere in begging from Him this delightful peace, which dominates the silly fears of the world, peacefully and quietly making war on it. Is it not evident that God has endowed with great graces the soul which He has favoured so highly as to unite it to Himself in this close friendship? For, most certainly, this is not our own doing: we can only pray and long for this mercy, and we need His help even for that. As for the rest, what power has a worm whose sins make it so cowardly and mean that we fancy all the virtues must be measured by the baseness of our human nature? What can be done, daughters? Pray with the Bride: "Let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth."

9. If a poor little peasant wench were to marry the

king, would not her children be of royal blood? Then, if our Lord favours a soul by uniting it thus absolutely with Himself, what desires, what deeds, what heroic virtues will be the children born of the union, unless the soul put obstacles in the way?[7] Therefore I repeat it: if God shows you the grace of giving you an occasion of performing such actions for Him, do not recall to mind your past sins. Here faith must overcome our misery. Do not be alarmed if you are nervous and timid when first you determine to undertake such deeds, or even if these feelings should last, take no notice of them except to be on your guard more watchfully—let the flesh have its say. Remember the prayer of the good Jesus in the garden: "The flesh is weak,"[8] and think of His wonderful and grievous sweat. If, as His Majesty said, His divine and sinless flesh was weak, how can our flesh be so strong, while we live in this world, as not to dread the persecutions and trials that menace it? When they come, the flesh will become subject to the spirit; for after our will has become united to the will of God, it will lament no more.

10. It has just occurred to me that although our good Jesus showed human weakness before His sufferings, yet He was intrepid when plunged into the midst of them,

[7] The passage beginning "Therefore I repeat," to the end of paragraph 11, is only in the manuscripts of Las Nieves and Consuegra.

[8] St Matt. xxvi. 41; *Caro autem infirma.*

for not only did He utter no complaint, but He showed no weakness in the way He bore them. On entering the garden He said: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death,"[9] yet while dying on the cross He never murmured. He went to wake His Apostles during the prayer in the garden, but He had better cause to speak of His pain to His Mother while she watched at the foot of the cross, for *she* did not sleep—her soul suffered and died a bitter death. Yet the greatest consolation is to be found in seeking sympathy from those we know share our sorrows and love us most deeply.

11. Let us not trouble about our fears nor lose heart at the sight of our frailty, but strive to fortify our humility and be clearly convinced of how little we can do for ourselves, for without the grace of God we are nothing. Let us confide in His mercy and distrust our own strength in every way, because reliance on this is the root of all our weakness. It was not without strong reason that our Lord showed weakness, for it is plain that He Who is power itself could never feel fear. He acted thus to comfort us, to show that good desires must be carried out in deeds, and to make us recognise that when the soul first begins mortifying itself, it finds everything painful. It is a pain to give up pleasures; a torment to forgo honour; an intolerable trial to bear a hard word;—in short, nothing but mortal sufferings. But

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[9] St. Matt. xxvi. 38: *Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem.*

when once determined to die to this world, it is freed from all these ills, and no trials can make it complain. Now it has found the peace for which the Bride petitions.

12. The " kiss of His mouth." Undoubtedly we should be enriched if we approached the most Holy Sacrament but once with great faith and love; how much more as we receive it so often? Apparently we frequent it only out of custom, and therefore gain but little light. O wretched world, who dost obstruct from thy dwellers the sight of the treasures by which they might purchase eternal wealth! Ah, Lord of heaven and earth, is it then possible, during this mortal life, to enjoy such close friendship with Thee? Clearly as the Holy Spirit states it in these words, we do not even wish to understand the meaning in the Canticle of Canticles of the caresses, the wooing, and the delights Thou dost bestow upon the soul.

13. One speech of this sort should suffice to make us all Thine own. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, for nothing is wanting on Thy part! In how many ways, by how many means and manners dost Thou show Thy love! By Thy labours, by Thy bitter death, by the tortures and insults Thou didst bear, by the pardon Thou dost grant us,—and not by these alone, but by the words Thou dost utter and teach us to utter in these Canticles, which so pierce the soul that loves Thee, that I know not how

it could endure them unless Thou didst afford it succour, not according to its merits, but as its weakness needs. I ask, then, O Lord, no more of Thee in this life except that Thou "kiss me with the kiss of Thy mouth," in such a way that, even if I wished, I could not separate myself from union and friendship with Thee. Grant that my will may be subject to and may never swerve from Thine, leaving nothing to prevent my saying with truth, O my God and my Glory, that "Thy breasts are better" and more delicious "than wine."

CHAPTER IV.

Of the sweet and tender love of God which proceeds from His dwelling in the soul in the prayer of quiet, termed here "the divine breasts."

1. "*Thy breasts are better than wine.*" 2. *These words apply to the prayer of quiet.* 3. *Its effects.* 4. *It confers happiness.* 5. *Other benefits.* 6. *Mother and babe; a comparison.* 7. *Earthly and heavenly joys.* 8. *Rewards of self-surrender.* 9. *A prayer for divine union.* 10. *Insignificance of our service.* 11. *Self-oblation.*

"THY BREASTS ARE BETTER THAN WINE"

1. O my daughters! What great mysteries are contained in these words! May God permit us to experience them, for they are indescribable. When His Majesty in mercy answers this prayer of the Bride, He begins to enter into a friendship with her soul which, as I said, can be

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[1] Cant. i. 1; *Meliora sunt ubera tua vino.*

understood only by those who have enjoyed it. I have written very fully about it in two books[2] which, if it be the will of God, will be given you after my death. The subject is there treated minutely and thoroughly, which I knew you would need, therefore I shall do no more than touch upon it now. I do not know whether I shall explain it here in the same words that our Lord was pleased that I should use then.

2. The soul is now convinced, by a feeling of extreme internal sweetness, that it must be near our Lord.[3] This sweetness is not a simple feeling of devotion which moves us pleasantly so that we shed tears abundantly either over the Passion of our Lord or our past sins. In this state, which I call the "prayer of quiet" because of the peace it brings to the powers, the soul receives great consolations. Yet sometimes, when the spirit is not so

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[2] *Life*, chapters xiv. and xv., xviii. and xix. *Way of Perf.* chapters xxx. and xxxi.

[3] "The soul in quietude before God insensibly imbibes the sweetness of His presence without reasoning about it. . . . It so joys in the sight of its Bridegroom's presence that reasoning on the subject would be superfluous. . . . The soul has no need of the memory during this repose, for her Lover is with her. Nor does she want the imagination, for what use is it to recall the image either exteriorly or internally of Him who is before us ? . . . O God, eternal God, when by Thy sweet presence Thou dost cast sweet perfumes within our hearts . . . the will, like the spiritual sense of smell, remains peacefully employed in realising, unwittingly, the matchless blessing of having God present with the soul" (S. Francis of Sales, *Treatise of the Love of God*, bk. vi., ch. ix.).

absorbed by sweetness, it enjoys in a different manner. The whole creature, both body and soul, is enraptured as if some very fragrant ointment, resembling a delicious perfume,[4] had been infused into the very centre of the being, or as if we had suddenly entered a place redolent with scents coming not from one, but from many objects; we do not know from which it rises nor what it is, although it entirely pervades our being.[5] So it is with this most sweet love of our God: with the greatest suavity it enters the soul, which feels happy and satisfied, but cannot understand the reason nor how this great good entered it.

3. The soul fears losing it, and is loath to move or speak or even to look about, lest it should disappear. But I have explained in my other writings how to behave in order to benefit by this favour, which I only mention here that you may understand what I am describing. I will therefore merely say that our Lord thus shows that He desires so close a friendship with the soul that nothing may come between them. Great truths are here imparted to the mind, which, although too dazzled to realise what the light is, now perceives the vanity of the world.

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[4] *Castle*, M. iv. ch. ii. 6; M. vi. ch. ii. 14.

[5] "Often, by the sudden visitation of God, we are filled with perfumes sweeter than any made by man, so that the soul is enraptured with delight and, as it were, caught up into an ecstasy of spirit, becoming unconscious that it still dwells in the flesh" (Cassian, *Conferences*, iv. ch. v. Migne, *P.L.*, t. xlix. c. 589).

The soul does not see the good Master who teaches it,[6] although clearly conscious of His presence. Still, it is left with greatly increased knowledge and such growth and strength of virtue as to be unable to recognise its former self. The one desire of such a person is to praise God, and while in this excess of delight she is so inebriated and absorbed as to appear beside herself. Indeed, she seems in a state of divine intoxication, and does not know what she wants, or says, or for what she asks. In short, she is unconscious of self, and yet not so absorbed but that she understands something of what is happening.

4. When, however, this most wealthy Bridegroom wishes to enrich and caress her still more, He so draws her to Him that she is like a person fainting with extreme joy and pleasure.[7] The soul appears to itself to be upheld in those divine arms and pressed to His sacred side and divine breasts. It only knows how to enjoy, sustained as it is by the divine milk with which its Spouse continues to nourish it,[8] and to increase its

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[6] *Life*, ch. xiv. 8, 9. *Way of Perf.*, ch. xxxi. 1. "The Babe himself gave Simeon light to recognise Him, as He enlightens the soul to recognise Him during the prayer of quiet."

[7] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xxv. 1.

[8] Isaias lxvi. 12, 13: *Ad ubera portabimini, et super genua blandientur vobis. Quomodo si cui mater blandiatur, ita ego consolabor vos, et in Jerusalem consolabimini.* St. Thomas Aquinas remarks that in the preceding degrees the soul loves and is beloved in return; it seeks and is sought for, calls and is called. But in this, in some wonderful and unspeakable manner, it rises and

virtues that He may caress it more, and that it may deserve daily to receive new favours from Him. On awaking from this slumber and heavenly inebriation, it feels amazed and confused, and I think that, in a sacred frenzy, it might then utter the words: "Thy breasts are better than wine."

5. For when first the spirit felt carried out of itself, nothing higher seemed possible of attainment; but now, finding itself in a higher state and plunged in the unspeakable greatness of God, and seeing how it has been nourished, it makes the tender comparison: "Thy breasts are better than wine." For, as an infant does not know how it grows or is nourished—indeed often, without any effort of its own, the milk is put into its mouth—so it is in this case with the graces infused into the soul; it knows nothing itself, nor does anything, and is unable to perceive whence, nor can it imagine how, this great good came to it. It only realises that this is the keenest delight that can be felt in this life, even if all the world's joy and happiness could be enjoyed at once. The soul finds that it has been strengthened and benefited without knowing how it has merited such a boon. It has been taught great truths without seeing its Teacher, and been confirmed in virtue and caressed by Him Who best knows how, and Who has the power to do so. It knows not

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is upraised, seizes and is seized, and is united by the bond of love to God, in solitude with Him. *Opusc.* 65.

to what to compare this except the endearments of a mother who tenderly loves her child, and feeds and fondles it.[9]

6. This metaphor is most appropriate, for the soul is upraised without using the powers of the mind, much in the same way as a babe, who when he is thus feasted and pleased, yet has not the intelligence to grasp the reason why. But the soul was not quite so passive in the preceding state of slumber and intoxication, for it was not entirely quiescent, but both thought and acted to a certain extent. Realising its nearness to God, it cries with truth: "Thy breasts are better than wine."[10] What a favour is this, my Spouse! what a delicious banquet and what precious wine dost Thou give me, one drop of which makes me forget all created things and go forth from all creatures and from myself, no longer to crave for the pleasures and delights that my sensual heart has longed for until now! Great is this favour and unmerited by me! Since His Majesty has

[9] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xxxi. 7. *Castle*, M. iv. ch. iii. 9. The following paragraph is from the manuscripts of Las Nieves and Consuegra.

[10] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xviii. 1. *Castle*, M. v. ch. i. 10; ii. 11. "The bodily pleasures," says St. Bernard, "which used to intoxicate us like wine, are superseded by the spiritual delights that flow from Thy breasts. The plenitude of grace which flows from Thy breasts profits my soul more than the scathing rebuke of superiors" (*On the Canticles*, serm. ix. 6. Migne, *P.L.*, t. clxxxiii. c. 817). See also St. John of the Cross, *Dark Night of the Soul*, bk. ii. ch. xxiii. 11, 12.

increased it and drawn me still closer to Him, well may I cry: "Thy breasts are better than wine." Thy mercies in the past were great, O my God, but this far surpasses them, as I take less share in it myself, therefore it is much more sublime in every way.

7. Great are the joy and delight of the soul which advances thus far, O my daughters! May our Lord grant us to understand, or rather, I should say, taste, for in no other way can we understand the happiness of the soul in such a case. If the earth could collect together all its riches, its pleasures, its honours and its feasts,—if all these could be enjoyed simultaneously without the trials that accompany them (which is impossible), yet in a thousand years they could not bring the bliss that is enjoyed in a single moment by the soul God has brought thus far. St. Paul declares that "the sorrows of this world are not worthy to be compared to the happiness that we look for,"[11] but I say that they are not worthy to be compared nor could they earn one hour of this gladness, satisfaction, joy and delight here given to the soul by God Himself. I do not think they can be weighed with one another, nor can the baseness of earthly things merit such tender caresses from our Lord, nor a love so demonstrative and so tasted by the soul.

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[11] Rom. viii. 18: *Existimo enim quod non sunt condignae passiones hujus temporis ad futuram gloriam quae revelabitur in nobis.*

8. How trivial are our sorrows compared with this! Unless borne for God, they are worthless, and even then His Majesty proportions them to our strength, because our misery and cowardice make us dread them so keenly. Ah, Christians! ah, my daughters! For the love of God, let us arise from sleep! Remember how He does not wait until the next life to reward our love for Him, but begins to pay us even here! O my Jesus! who can express all that we gain by casting ourselves into the arms of our Lord and plighting with Him this troth: "I to my Beloved, and His turning is towards me," [12] and "He cares for my affairs and I care for His." [13] Do not let us be so self-seeking as to put our own eyes out, as the proverb says.

9. Again do I ask Thee, O God, and beseech Thee, by the blood of Thy Son, to grant me this grace, "Kiss me with the kiss of Thy mouth," for what am I without Thee, Lord? What worth do I possess apart from Thee? If I wander but one step from Thee, where shall I go? O Lord of mercy, my only Good! What more do I seek in this life than a union so close that there can be nothing to divide me from Thee? With such a companion, what can be hard? With Thee by my side, what dare I not attempt for Thy sake? What thanks do I deserve? Have I not rather incurred great blame

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[12] Cant. vii. 10. *Ego dilecto meo, et ad me conversio ejus.*

[13] *Castle*, M. vii. ch iii. 1. *Rel.* iii. 20.

for my remissness in Thy service? Thus, with my whole heart, I beg Thee, like Saint Augustine, to "give what Thou askest and ask what Thou wilt!"[14] and with Thine aid I will recoil from nothing.

10. I see indeed,[15] O my Bridegroom, that Thou art mine, nor can I deny it. For my sake didst Thou come to earth; for my sake didst Thou undergo so many trials; for me wast Thou scourged with many stripes; for me dost Thou remain in the most Blessed Sacrament and now Thou dost show me such signal favours! Yet, O holy Bride, how can I utter these words with thee? What can I do for my Bridegroom? Truly, sisters, I do not know how to escape from this dilemma! What can *I* be for *Thee*, O my God? What can a soul do for Thee which is given to such evil habits as mine, except lose the graces Thou hast given it? What service canst Thou hope for on my part? And even if, by Thine aid, I should accomplish something, what need can an all-powerful God have of the deeds of a wretched worm?

11. O Love! In how many ways do I long to say these words, and it is love alone which dares to cry with the Bride: "I love my Beloved!" and which gives us the right to believe that this our true Lover has need of us,

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[14] *Da quod jubes, et jube quod vis* (St. August., *Confess.*, bk. x. ch. xxix.).

[15] From here to the end of the chapter from the manuscripts of Las Nieves and Consuegra.

and that He is my Spouse and my chief good. Then, since He gives us leave, daughters, let us cry again: "My Beloved to me and I to my Beloved."[16] Thou to me, Lord? Then, if Thou comest to me, why doubt that I can do much to serve Thee? Henceforth, Lord, I desire to forget self, to seek only how to serve Thee, and to have no other will but Thine. But, alas, my strength has no power! Thou art all-powerful, my God! All that I can give Thee is my firm resolve, and henceforth I give it Thee, to serve Thee by my actions.

CHAPTER V.

The strong, trustful and faithful love born in the soul through the consciousness that it is protected beneath the "shadow" of God, which knowledge is usually given by Him to those who have persevered in His love and have suffered for Him. Of the great benefits produced by this love.

1. *I sat down under His shadow.* 2. *The "shadow" of God.* 3. *Such favours rarely shown to the imperfect.* 4. *The prayer of union.* 5. *The tree of the Cross.* 6. *Further favours.* 7. *Our unworthiness.*

"I SAT DOWN UNDER HIS SHADOW WHOM I DESIRED, AND HIS FRUIT WAS SWEET TO MY PALATE."

1. NOW let us question the bride. Let us learn from this blest soul, drawn to the divine mouth and fed at these

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[16] Cant. ii. 16: *Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi.* *Exclam.* xv. 5, 6.

heavenly breasts, what we should do, and how we must speak and behave, if our Lord should ever bestow on us so great a favour. She answers: "I sat down under His shadow Whom I desired, and His fruit was sweet to my palate.[1] . . . He brought me into the cellar of wine, He set in order charity in me."[2]

2. She says: "I sat down under His shadow Whom I desired." O my God! how this soul is drawn into and inflamed by this Sun itself! She declares that she sat under the shadow of Him Whom she desired. And again she calls Him an "apple tree," and says "His fruit is sweet to my palate." O souls who practise prayer, ruminate upon these words! In how many different ways we can picture God! In how many manners we can feed our souls on Him! He is the Manna Who knows how to take whatever flavour we wish to taste.[3] How heavenly is this shadow! Who can explain all that our Lord signifies by it? I remember how the angel said to our most blessed Lady: "The power of the Most High shall overshadow thee."[4] How safely the soul must

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[1] Cant. ii. 3: *Sub umbra illius quem desideraveram sedi, et fructus ejus dulcis gutturi meo.* St. John of the Cross, *Living Flame*, st. xxxiv. 6.

[2] Cant. ii. 4: *Introduxit me in cellam vinariam; ordinavit in me charitatem.*—*Life*, ch. xviii. 17.

[3] Wisdom xvi. 21 says that the manna had "in it all that is delicious and the sweetness of every taste"; that it served every man's will and was turned to what every man liked.

[4] St. Luke i. 35: *Virtus Altissimi obumbrabit tibi.*

feel protected when God shows it this immense grace! Well may it sit down, assured against all danger!

3. Notice that, except in the case of people to whom our Lord gives some special call, like St. Paul, whom He at once raised to the heights of contemplation, manifesting Himself and speaking to the Saint in such a way as to place him at once permanently in an advanced state of holiness, God, as a rule—indeed, nearly always—keeps these very sublime caresses and consolations for those who have laboured greatly in His service. These souls have longed for His love and striven to please Him in every way, have fatigued themselves by many years of meditation and search for their Bridegroom, and are thoroughly weary of the world. They do indeed "sit down" and rest in the truth, seeking neither comfort, quiet nor rest except where they know these are really to be found. "Resting under the protection of the Almighty,"[5] they desire no other. How right they are to trust in Him, for He fulfils all their desires. Happy he who deserves to shelter beneath this shadow, even as regards temporal matters, but happy in an infinitely greater way when such matters relate to the soul itself, as I have often been given to understand.

4. During the joy which I described, the spirit feels itself utterly surrounded and protected by a shadow

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[5] Ps. xc. 1: *Qui habitat in adjutorio Altissimi, in protectione Dei coeli commorabitur.*

and, as it were, a cloud of the Godhead from whence the soul receives such a delicious influence and dew as, at once and with good reason, to lose the weariness caused by earthly things. This peace is so deep as to render even breathing troublesome, the powers being so soothed and quiescent that the will is disinclined to admit of any thought, even though it is a good one, nor does it seek for any, nor try to reflect.[6] Such a person need not endeavour to raise her hand, or stand to reach the fruit —I mean she need not make use of the reason—for our Lord gives her the apple from the tree to which she compares her Beloved,[7] already picked and even assimilated. Therefore she declares: "His fruit is sweet to my palate," for here the soul simply enjoys, without any work of the faculties.

5. This may well be called the "shadow" of the Divinity, for we cannot see it clearly here below, but only veiled beneath this cloud, until the radiant Sun, by means of love, sends out a message making known to the soul that His Majesty is near in nearness ineffable. I know that anyone who has experienced it will recognise how truly this meaning may be ascribed to these words of the Bride. I think the Holy Ghost must here be the Medium between God and the soul, inspiring it with

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[6] *Castle*, M. v. ch. i. 3 *in fine*.

[7] Cant. ii. 3: *Sicut malus inter ligna silvarum, sic dilectus meus inter filios.*

such ardent desires that it becomes ignited by the divine fire to which it is so close. What are these mercies, O Lord, that Thou dost bestow upon the soul? Blessed and praised be Thou for ever, tender Lover as Thou art! Is it possible, my God and my Creator, that there are souls who love Thee not? Unhappy creature that I am! It is *I* who have lived so long without loving Thee! Why did I not deserve to know Thee better? Now this divine apple-tree bows its branches so that, from time to time, the soul may gather its fruit by considering Christ's marvels, and the multitude of mercies He has shown, and may see and taste the fruit that our Lord Jesus Christ produced by His Passion, when with wondrous love He watered the tree with His precious blood.

6. The Bride told us that she joyed in the nourishment from His breasts, and that the Bridegroom thus supported her when she was new to the divine mercies. Now that she grows older, He makes her capable of receiving still greater gifts, maintaining her with "apples," for He wishes her to understand that she must work and suffer. But He is not content even with this. It is a wonderful thing, and we should often meditate upon how, when He sees that a soul is all His own, serving Him solely and free from all self-interest, simply because He is its God and because of the love it bears Him, He never ceases imparting Himself in different ways and manners, befitting Him Who is Wisdom itself. After

the kiss of peace there seemed no more to give, yet the favour I have just related is far more sublime. I have not described it thoroughly, having only touched upon the subject. You will find a much clearer explanation in the book I mentioned,[8] if God is pleased that it should be read.

7. Is there anything left to wish for after all I have enumerated? Alas, how impotent are our desires to obtain Thy wondrous gifts, Lord! How abject should we remain, didst Thou merely give us that for which we asked! Let us now see what else the bride says.

CHAPTER VI.

Treats of the ecstasy of love, and of raptures, during which the soul imagines that it is idle, while God "sets in order charity within it," bestowing upon it heroic virtues.

1. *How God repays the soul's desire for suffering.* 2. *Christ the King.* 3. *The wine.* 4. *He sets in order charity.* 5. *The soul during divine union.* 6. *Love and the will.* 7. *Merits and graces coming from this prayer.* 8. *Our Lady overshadowed.* 9. *Our Lord's delight in the soul.* 10. *The divine Goldsmith and the jewel.* 11. *Secrecy of divine union.* 12. *Its effects upon the soul.* 13. *Zeal and love produced by it.*

"THE KING BROUGHT ME INTO THE CELLAR OF WINE, HE SET IN ORDER CHARITY IN ME."

1. Now that the bride is resting beneath the shadow that she desires—as well she might desire it—what

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[8] *Life*, chs. xvii to xix.

more remains for which a soul so promoted can wish, except that she may never lose what she possesses? There seems to her nothing left for which to long, yet there is still far more for our most holy King to bestow, nor does He ever cease filling the heart that can hold more. As I have already told you, daughters, and as I wish you never to forget, God is not content to measure His gifts by our petty desires.[1] I have sometimes noticed that when a person asks our Lord to give him some means of meriting and suffering for Him, although he does not ask for more than he thinks he can bear,[2] yet His Majesty, Who is able to increase our strength, repays the resolve to serve Him by sending him so many trials, persecutions and illnesses that the poor man does not know what to do.[3] This happened to me when I was very young, so that sometimes I used to say: "O God, I did not ask for all that!" But He gave me such fortitude and patience that I am astonished now at thinking how I bore these crosses, which I would not change for all the treasures of the world.

2. The Bride says: "The King brought me." How the name of the almighty King dilates the heart which recognises His powers and supremacy over all, and the eternity of His kingdom! When the soul is in this con-

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[1] *Supra*, ch. iii. 5 sqq.

[2] *Life*, ch. v. 3, 4.

[3] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xviii. 1.

dition, doubtless it realises something of the greatness of this King, though to understand it completely is impossible during this mortal life.

3. The bride exclaims: " He brought me into the cellar of wine, He set in order charity in me."[4] I believe that the grandeur of this particular favour is immense. A person may be given a larger or a smaller draught, either of a good or a superior kind, so that the soul is more or less intoxicated or inebriated. Thus it is with our Lord's favours. To one He gives a little of the wine of devotion, to another more, to another still He gives so full a cup that the spirit begins to rise above self and sensuality and all earthly things. Again, God bestows on souls either a great zeal for serving Him, impetuous fervour, or ardent charity for others, rendering them too inebriated to feel the severe trials through which they pass. A great deal is implied by the bride's declaring that " she was brought into the cellar of wine," from which she emerged endowed with inestimable riches.

4. The King does not appear to bring her into the cellar of wine and to leave her thirsting, but wishes her to drink and to be inebriated as much as she chooses, and to be intoxicated with all the wines that are in the storehouse of God. Let her enjoy its pleasures, and admire His grandeur, nor fear to lose her life by drinking more than human weakness can bear,—let her die in

[4] *Life*, ch. xviii. 17. *Castle*, M. v. ch. i. 10; ch. ii. 11.

this paradise of delights! Blest is the death that purchases such a life! Indeed, this really is the case,[5] for the soul, without knowing how, learns such marvellous truths that it is beside itself, as the Bride says in the words: "He set in order charity in me!" O words never to be forgotten by the soul which our Lord has thus caressed! O sovereign mercy which we could never buy unless God gave us the purchase-money!

5. True, the soul is not even awake enough to love,—but blessed is the sleep, and happy the inebriation, which make the Bridegroom supply what the soul cannot do. He "sets" it in such wonderful "order" that, though all its powers are dead or asleep, love remains active. Without knowing how, it works, yet by the ordinance of God it works in so wonderful a way that it becomes one with the Lord of love, Who is God Himself. All this takes place with infinite purity, because there is no obstacle in the senses or powers—I mean, either in the understanding or the memory—nor does the will assert itself.[6]

6. I have been wondering whether there is any difference between the will and the love. I do not know whether it is nonsense, but I think there must be, for it appears to me that love is an arrow shot by the will, which, if

[5] *Castle,* M. v. ch. ii. 5; ch. iii. 5.

[6] *Life,* ch. xx. sqq. *Rel.* viii. 8. *Way of Perf.,* ch. xxxii. 11. *Castle,* M. vi. ch. iv. 17.

aimed with all its force, freed from all that is earthly, and directed solely towards God, must wound His Majesty in good earnest. When it has pierced God Himself, Who is Love, it rebounds, having won the precious prize I will describe. This is really the case, as I have heard from those to whom our Lord has shown the great favour of putting them, during prayer, into this state of sacred inebriation and suspension of the faculties. From what can be observed, it is evident that, at the time, such souls are transported out of themselves; yet afterwards, if questioned as to what they felt, they cannot describe it, for they did not know, nor could they understand, this operation of love. The great benefits thus gained by the soul are demonstrated by the after-effects, by the virtues, lively faith, and contempt of the world gained. But nothing is known of how the soul obtains these gifts, nor what it then enjoys, except in the first stage when it feels excessive sweetness.

7. This is clearly what the Bride means, for the wisdom of God here supplements what is lacking in the soul and so ordains matters that it gains extraordinary graces meanwhile; or, how could the soul, being carried out of itself, and so absorbed that the powers are incapable of action, otherwise gain any merit? Yet, is it possible that God, while showing it so immense a favour, should cause it to lose time and obtain nothing by it? Such

a thing is incredible.[7] Oh, these divine secrets! We must submit our reason and own that it is utterly incapable of fathoming the wonders of the Lord.

8. It would be well to remember how our Lady the Virgin acted, wise as she was. She asked the angel: "How shall this be done?" [8] and when he answered: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee," she debated no more about it. Being possessed of strong faith and judgment, she recognised at once that, when these two Powers intervened, there was room neither for inquiry nor doubt. She was not like some learned men who have not been led by God in this way of prayer and cannot understand the first principles of spirituality. They want to reduce everything to reason, measuring all matters by their own intellects, so that it seems as if they, with their knowledge, would be able to comprehend all the mysteries of God. If only they would imitate in some degree the humility of the most blessed Virgin! O my Lady! How perfectly Thou showest us what takes place between God and the Bride, according to the words of the Canticles! You know, my daughters,

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[7] "It is remarkable that a saint so distinguished for humility and circumspection when writing on spiritual matters should speak so decidedly on the question of the soul gaining merit during ecstatic union" (A. Poulain, *Grâces d'oraison*, ch. xviii.; p. 255 French ed. of 1906).

[8] St. Luke, i. 34: *Quomodo fiet istud?*

how many quotations there are from this book in the antiphons and lessons of the Office of our Lady we recite weekly.[9] As for other souls, each one can interpret these words for herself, in the sense in which God wishes her to take them, and can easily ascertain whether she has received any graces corresponding to the words of the bride: "He set in order charity within me." Such souls do not know where they have been nor how, during so sublime a happiness, they pleased God, for they gave Him no thanks for this favour.

9. O soul beloved by God! Trouble yourself no more! While His Majesty raises you to this state and utters such tender words as He often addresses to the Bride in the Canticles—as for instance: "Thou art all fair, O my love!"[10] and many others, in which He shows how He delights in her, we may feel sure that He will not allow you to grieve Him at such a time, but will supply for your incapacity that He may take still keener pleasure in you. He sees that the Bride is quite lost to herself, bereft of her senses for love of Him, and that the vehemence of this affection has deprived her of the power of thought, so that she may love Him better, and could

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[9] From ancient times it was customary among the Carmelites to recite once a week the Office of our Lady, preferably on the Saturday. This commemoration was raised, in 1339, to the rite of a *double*.

[10] Cant. iv. 7: *Tota pulchra es, amica mea.*

He bear to withhold Himself from one who wholly gives herself to Him?

10. I think that His Majesty is here enamelling the gold which He has refined by His gifts and tested in a thousand different ways (which the soul itself could describe), to prove the quality of its love for Him. The soul, symbolised by the "gold," is meanwhile as motionless and as inactive as the precious metal itself. Divine Wisdom, content with this, for few love Him thus vehemently, sets in the ore many jewels and countless enamelled decorations. And what is the soul doing meanwhile? Of this we know nothing, and there is no more to be learnt, save what the Bride tells us: "He set in order charity within me."

11. If the soul actually loves at the time, it does not know how, nor does it understand what it loves. The extreme affection borne for it by the King Who has raised it to this sublime state must unite its love to Himself in a way that the mind is not worthy of comprehending. These two loves have now become but one,[11] the love of the soul having become truly incorporated with that of God. The intellect cannot attain so far as to grasp it: in fact, the mind loses sight of the spirit during this time, which never lasts long but passes quickly. Meanwhile, God "sets the soul in order" that it may know how to please Him, both then and

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[11] *Exclam.* xv. 7.

afterwards, but, as I repeat, without the mind being aware of it. Yet later on the intellect recognises the fact on discovering that the soul is enamelled and set with the jewels and pearls of the virtues. Then in its astonishment it might well exclaim: "Who is she that cometh forth . . . bright as the sun?"[12] O true King! Well may the Bride call Thee by this name, for in a single moment Thou canst so endow and fill the soul with riches that it enjoys them for evermore. What marvellous "order" love sets in such a soul![13]

12. I could mention good examples of this, for I have witnessed several. I remember how God gave in three days such great graces to a certain person[14] that, had I not learnt by personal observation that they lasted year after year, and that she continued to make progress, I could not have believed in them, for they seemed to me beyond credence. Another person received the same graces in three months,—both of them were very young girls. I have seen others who were long before they obtained this favour, but I could mention several cases resembling the two first described, and in which the same thing happened. I spoke of the former to prove to you that there are exceptions, although our Lord

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[12] Cant. vi. 9: *Quae est ista quae progreditur . . . electa ut sol?*

[13] *Life*, ch. xvii. 4. *Way of Perf.*, ch. xix. 6. *Castle*, M. v. ch. ii. 10, 11.

[14] *Life*, ch. xxxvi. 26. *Found.*, ch. i. 1 sqq.

seldom grants such favours unless a soul has passed through long years of suffering. It is not for us to set limits to a Lord so great, Who longs to confer His graces.

13. This is what usually happens when God favours a soul with these graces—that is, when they really are divine graces and not illusions or melancholia, or the result of any natural effort, which is always detected later on by the effects, as are also divine favours which have resulted from God thus drawing near the soul, for in the latter case the virtues are too vigorous and the love too ardent to remain concealed.[15] Such a person always helps other souls even when not intending to do so. The King "set in order charity within me," and He so sets the soul in order that all love for this world quits it, self-love changes into self-hatred and affection is felt for kindred solely for the sake of God. As for the love borne for enemies, it would be incredible unless proved by facts. The soul's love for God has grown so boundless as to constrain it beyond the limits endurable by human nature, and, realising that she is fainting and at the point of death, such a person exclaims: "Stay me up with flowers, compass me about with apples: because I languish with love." [16]

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[15] "The soul cannot bear with itself unless it is suffering something for God" (Letter to Don Lorenzo de Cepeda of January 17, 1577).

[16] Cant. ii. 5: *Fulcite me floribus, stipate me malis, quia amore langueo.*

CHAPTER VII.

Of a zealous love for God, which belongs to a very high grade of love and is of two kinds. In the first, the soul performs great deeds in God's service solely in order to please Him ; in the second, it desires and asks for crosses in imitation of Christ crucified.

1. *The soul languishes with love.* 2. *As does the body.* 3. *How death is warded off.* 4. *The flowers symbolise good works.* 5. *Good works and self-interest.* 6. *Contrasted with pure zeal for God.* 7. *The woman of Samaria felt this pure zeal.* 8. *Sublime favours produce sublime virtues.* 9. *The apple-tree of the cross and its fruit.* 10. *This favour produces love for our neighbour.* 11. *Beginners do not understand this.* 12. *St. Teresa's aim in writing this treatise.* 13. *Gratitude due for such favours.*

"STAY ME UP WITH FLOWERS, COMPASS ME ABOUT WITH APPLES: BECAUSE I LANGUISH WITH LOVE."

1. OH, what divine language in which to express my meaning ! Are you slain, then, by this sweetness, holy Bride ? I have been told that sometimes it is so excessive that it exhausts the soul and seems to deprive it of life. And yet, you ask for flowers ! What flowers are these ? They would bring you no relief, unless you beg for them in order to end your life at once. And indeed, when the soul has reached this state, it has no dearer wish.[1] Yet, this cannot be your meaning, for you say : "Stay me up with flowers," and to ask to be "sustained," does not seem to me to ask for death, but rather to seek

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[1] *Castle,* M. vi. ch. xi. 1–6 ; M. vii. ch. iii. 14. *Exclam.* vi. and xiv. *Poem,* "I die because I do not die."

for life that you may render some service to Him to Whom you are conscious you owe so vast a debt.

2. Do not suppose, daughters, that I exaggerate when I say that such a person is in a dying state, as I repeat that this is really the case. Sometimes love is so strong as to dominate over the powers of nature. I know someone who during this state of prayer heard a beautiful voice singing,[2] and she declares that unless the song had ceased she believes that her soul would have left her body from the extreme delight and sweetness which our Lord made her feel. His Majesty providentially stopped the singer, for the person in this state of trance might have died in consequence, yet she could not say a word to check the songstress, for she was incapable of any bodily action nor could she even stir. Although realising her danger, she was like one in a bad dream who tries to wake from it but cannot cry out, in spite of all her efforts.[3] I was told for certain by a person who I know is incapable of falsehood, that on several occasions she was at the point of death in consequence of her extreme longing to see God, and the excessive sweetness experienced by her at feeling herself caressed by Him and melted by love for Him. While plunged in this delight,

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[2] This is the incident described in the *Castle*, M. vi. ch. xi. 8, 9, and *Rel*. iv. 1. See also *Poems* 2, 3 and 36.

[3] The following passage until the end of this paragraph is from the manuscripts of Baeza and Consuegra.

her soul desired never to emerge from it, and death was no longer painful, but most delicious, for she lived by longing to die. The joys of this state of prayer and degree of love are incompatible with any sort of pain.

3. The soul does not now wish to rouse itself, nor would death be grievous, but would bring it great joy, since it is for this that it longs. How blest the death inflicted by such love! Did not His Majesty at times bestow the light to see that it is well to live, weak nature would succumb if this favour lasted long. Thus, to be delivered from this overwhelming boon, the soul petitions for another grace, crying: "Stay me up with flowers!" These blossoms have a very different perfume from those of the world.

4. I understand by this that the Bride is begging that she may perform great works in the service of God and her neighbour,[4] for the sake of which she gladly forfeits

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[4] Yepes, in a long letter to Fray Luis de Leon (Fuente, *Obras*, vi. 139), says that though St. Teresa vehemently longed for the sight of God, yet she wished to live in order to suffer for Him. She cried, like the Bride in the Canticles: "Stay me up with flowers," which she thus explained: Why, Bride of God, do you ask to be strengthened so that you may live? What better end could you desire than to die of love? Do you love and see that love is killing you, and yet want to live? "Yes, for I desire to preserve my life in order to serve God and to suffer for Him." Burning with this flame of love, St. Teresa asked our Lord: "How can I live while I am dying?" His Majesty replied: "Daughter, thou canst do so by reflecting that, once this life is ended, thou canst no longer serve Me nor suffer for

her own joys and consolations. This appears proper rather to the active than to the contemplative life, and apparently she would lose rather than gain by her prayer being granted ; yet when the soul has reached this state, Martha and Mary always act together, as we may say.[5] For the soul takes its part in the outward actions which seem merely exterior, and which, when they spring from this root, are lovely, odoriferous flowers growing on the tree of a love for God solely for His own sake, unmixed with self-interest. The perfume of these blossoms is wafted to a distance, blessing many souls, and it is lasting, for it does not pass away without working great good.

5. I will explain myself more fully for your benefit. A preacher delivers his sermon for the profit of souls, yet is not so free from desire of worldly advantages as not to try to please his audience, either to win honour and credit for himself, or to obtain preferment by his eloquence. It is the same in other ways ; certain people are anxious to help their neighbour notably and with a good intention, still they are very wary about losing by it or giving offence. They dread persecution, wish to keep on good terms with royalty, the higher classes,

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Me" (*Rel.* ix. 19). By means of these "flowers" and "apples" God strengthened her weakness and rendered life pleasant to her, although she was sick of love. See also *Exclam.* ii. 3, 4.

[5] *Life*, ch. xvii. 6 ; ch. xxii. 13. *Rel.* viii. 6. *Way of Perf.*, ch. xvii. 4 ; ch. xxxi. 4. *Castle*, M. vii. ch. i. 14 ; ch. iv. 17.

and the general public, and act with the moderation highly rated by the world, but which screens many imperfections under the name of prudence. God grant that it *is* prudence!

6. Such people serve God and do great good, yet I do not think that these are the flowers for which the Bride begs, but that she is petitioning for an intention of seeking solely for the honour and glory of God in all things. For truly, as I have seen in several cases, souls raised by Him to this state are as oblivious as if they no longer existed, of their own loss or gain.[6] Their one thought is to serve and please God, for, knowing his love for His creatures, they delight in leaving their own comfort and advantages to gratify Him by helping and teaching their neighbour in order that they may profit his soul. They never calculate as to whether they will lose by it themselves, but think about the welfare of others and of nothing else, forgetting themselves for the sake of God in order to please Him better,—and they will even lose their lives if need be, as did many of the martyrs. Their words are interpenetrated with this supreme love for God, so that they never think, or if they think, they do not care, whether they offend men by what they say. Such people do immense good.

7. Often have I thought of the woman of Samaria,

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[6] *Castle,* M. v. ch. iii. 8; M. vii. ch. iv. 10, 11.

who must have been intoxicated with this draught.[7] How well her heart must have mastered our Lord's teaching, since she actually left Him that she might profit her fellow-citizens by winning them to Him! How this striking instance enforces the reality of what I have described! In return for her fervent charity, her neighbours believed her words, and she witnessed the great good that Christ worked in her town. I think that to see souls helped by our means must be one of the greatest joys in this world; then it is, as it appears to me, that we eat the most delicious fruit of these flowers. Blessed are the souls on whom our Lord bestows these graces! How strictly are they bound to serve Him!

8. The holy Samaritan, divinely inebriated as she was, cried aloud as she passed through the streets. I am surprised at men believing her, for she was only a woman and must have belonged to the lower classes, as she went to fetch water herself. She was indeed most humble, for when our Lord told her of her sins, she showed no such resentment as the world does nowadays, when people can hardly endure to hear the truth, but she told Him that He must be a prophet. In fact, her neighbours believed her word, and, with no other evidence, large numbers flocked out of the town to see our Lord. I maintain that, in the same way, those persons do great good who,

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[7] St. John iv. 5–42. *Life*, ch. xxx. 24. *Way of Perf.*, ch. xix. 4. *Castle*, M. vi. ch. xi. 5. *Found.*, ch. xxxi. 42.

after having been in intimate converse wish His Majesty for several years, now that they receive caresses and consolations from Him, do not hesitate to undergo fatiguing labours for Him even at the cost of these delights and joys. In my opinion these flowers[8] are good works, springing from and produced as they are by the tree of fervent love; therefore they have a far more lasting perfume, and one such soul profits others in a wider manner by its words and actions than do the deeds and words of a number of people whose intentions are soiled by the dust of human sensuality and are not unmixed with self-interest.

9. These are the flowers that produce fruit! these are the apples of which the Bride cries: "Compass me about with apples!—Send me crosses, Lord! Send me persecutions!" Indeed, she sincerely desires them and comes forth from them with profit; for as she no longer cares for her own pleasure, but solely for pleasing God, she delights in imitating, in some degree, that most painful life led by Christ. I believe that the apple tree signifies the tree of the cross,[9] for in another part of the

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[8] *Exclam.* ii. 3, 4.

[9] "As it was by the forbidden tree of paradise that our nature was corrupted by Adam and lost, so it was by the tree of the cross that it was redeemed and restored. The apple tree is the wood of the cross where the Son of God was conqueror, and where He betrothed our human nature to Himself, and, by consequence, every soul of man. There, on the cross, He gave us grace and

Canticles the words occur: "Under the apple tree I raised thee up,"[10] and a soul that is compassed about with crosses of sufferings expects to benefit greatly by them. As a rule it does not enjoy the delight of contemplation, but finds keen joy in its trials by which the bodily strength is not enervated and wasted as it usually is by frequent suspension of the faculties during contemplation.[11]

10. The Bride is right in making this request, for we ought not to spend all our time in joy without any work or suffering. I have often noticed in certain persons,—there are very few of them on account of our sins,—that as they advance farther in this prayer and receive more consolations from our Lord, they become more anxious about the happiness and salvation of their neighbour, especially as regards his soul, for, as I said above, they would sacrifice their lives again and again to rescue one soul from mortal sin.

11. Who could teach this to people to whom our Lord is only just beginning to give consolations? Perhaps they fancy the others have made but little progress and that to stay in a corner enjoying these favours is the essential thing. I believe that it is by divine Providence

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pledges of love" (St. John of the Cross, *Spiritual Canticle*, Stanza xxiii. 1, 2).

[10] Cant. viii. 5: *Sub arbore malo suscitavi te.*

[11] *Castle*, M. vii. ch. iv. 14–16.

that such persons do not realise how high these other souls have risen, for in their first fervour they would rush after them. This would not be well for beginners, because they are still children and need to be fed with the milk of which I spoke. Let these souls keep close to those divine "breasts": our Lord will take care, when they are strong enough, to advance them farther, but at present they would not do good to others as they imagine, but would injure themselves.[12]

12. From the book I spoke of you will have learnt when the soul ought to wish to help others, and the danger of doing so before the proper time; I will say no more about it now.[13] My intention, when I began to write the present book, was to show you how to enjoy the words of the Canticle of Canticles when you hear them, and the way to meditate on the great mysteries which they contain, obscure as they may seem to you. It would be audacious of me to attempt to say more. God grant that I have not committed this audacity already, although this has been written only in obedience to authority.

13. May it all tend to serve His Majesty! If there is anything good in these writings you may be sure it is not my own, as the sisters here can bear witness, for

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[12] *Life*, ch. xiii. 11. *Castle*, M. i. ch. ii. 19, 21; M. iii. ch. ii. 19.

[13] *Life*, ch. xiii.

they know how hurriedly I have written it, because of my many duties. Beg His Majesty to teach me to understand it by experience. Let any one among you who thinks that she has received some of these favours thank our Lord for them and ask Him to grant them to me, so that she may not be the only one who profits. May our Master uphold us with His hand, and teach us ever to fulfil His will! Amen.

MAXIMS OF ST. TERESA.

1. MAN'S mind is like good ground which, left untilled, grows thorns and thistles.

2. Always speak well of spiritual persons, such as religious, priests and hermits.

3. Talk little when with many people.

4. Be modest in all your words and actions.

5. Never contend much, especially about trifles.

6. Speak with quiet cheerfulness to everyone.[1]

7. Never ridicule anything.

8. Correct others prudently, humbly and with self-abasement.[2]

9. Accommodate yourself to everyone's humour: be cheerful with the happy, grave with the sad,—in short, be all to all, that you may win all.[3]

10. Think before you speak, recommending your words earnestly to our Lord that you may say nothing displeasing to Him.[4]

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[1] *Constitutions*, 28.

[2] Ribera relates that St. Teresa corrected her nuns very gravely so that the offender was ashamed of her fault and anxious to amend, yet was neither sad nor angry, but on the contrary felt love and gratitude for her. But when the culprit showed resentment for several days, the Saint would kneel before her and beg her pardon for having spoken too hastily. Ribera, bk. iv. ch. xvi. and xxiv.

[3] 1 Cor. ix. 22: *Omnibus omnia factus sum ut omnes facerem salvos.*

[4] *Rule*, 12.

11. Never excuse yourself except in grave matters.[5]

12. On no account mention anything to your own credit, such as learning, good points or lineage, except with the hope of doing some good by it: then, speak humbly, remembering that such things are God's gift.

13. Do not exaggerate, but state your opinion humbly.

14. Introduce religious topics into all your talk and interviews, which will prevent idle gossip and detraction.[6]

15. Never affirm anything of the truth of which you are uncertain.

16. Unless charity requires, do not obtrude your opinion unasked.

17. Listen humbly as a learner to religious conversation, and take care to profit by it.

18. Obtain advice and help respecting your temptations, faults and aversions by revealing them candidly to your superior and confessor.[7]

19. Remain in your cell: do not leave it without good cause, and then beg God for grace not to offend Him.[8]

20. Do not eat or drink except at meal times and then give God fervent thanks.[9]

21. It is a great help to the soul to perform all your actions as if you saw God present.

22. Listen to or speak ill of no one but yourself:

[5] *Way of Perf.*, ch. xv. 1; *Constit.*, 30.

[6] *Constit.*, 14–16.

[7] *Way of Perf.*, ch. iv. and v. and *passim*. *Constit.*, 42.

[8] *Rule*, 5; *Constit.*, 7.

[9] *Constit.*, 26.

when the latter becomes a pleasure, you are making good progress.

23. Perform all your actions for God; offer them to Him, begging Him that they may promote His honour and glory.

24. Do not laugh immoderately when you feel cheerful: let your gaiety be humble, modest, genial and edifying.

25. Look upon yourself as the servant of all: see Christ in others and you will show them respect and reverence.

26. Obey as promptly as if Jesus Christ Himself spoke through your prioress or superior.[10]

27. Examine your conscience in all your actions and at all times, endeavouring by the grace of God to amend the failings you discover: thus you will attain perfection.

28. Do not reflect on other people's faults, but on their virtues and your own defects.[11]

29. Desire with all your heart to suffer for Christ on every occasion and in every way.

30. Offer yourself fifty times a day to God with great fervour and longing for Him.

31. Be most careful to keep your morning meditation

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[10] *Rule*, 16.

[11] *Constit.*, 30. "Try to gain whatever virtue you see in each sister, that you may love her and benefit yourself, while overlooking any fault you see. This practice helped me so much that living with a large number of nuns did me good instead of harm" (From a letter of *ca.* 1581 to an unknown nun of another Order).

before your mind throughout the day, for it is most helpful.[12]

32. Be mindful of the sentiments with which our Lord inspires you during prayer, and act upon the desires He then gives you.

33. As far as possible avoid singularity, which is a great evil in communities.

34. Read your Constitutions and Rule frequently, and observe them strictly.

35. Recognise the providence and wisdom of God in all created things, and praise Him for them.

36. Detach your heart from all things; seek God, and you will find Him.

37. Never show outwardly devotion which you do not feel, but you need tell no one which devotions do not appeal to you.

38. If possible avoid revealing your interior devotion. "My secret is for myself," said St. Francis[13] and St. Bernard.[14]

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[12] *Constit.*, 2.

[13] Isaias xxiv. 16: *Secretum meum mihi*. St. Francis of Assisi was in the habit of keeping silence about any divine favours he enjoyed, saying: "*Secretum meum mihi*." However, on receiving the impression of the stigmata, he consulted his brethren on the subject in general terms, and following the advice of Brother Illuminatus, he related to them the vision. (St. Bonaventure in the *Life of St. Francis*.)

[14] "Do not let your graces be talked about by men: remain secluded in your cell and reserve the knowledge of them for your-

39. Do not discuss your food and whether it is well or badly cooked. Remember the gall and vinegar of Jesus Christ.[15]

40. Never speak at meals nor raise your eyes to look at anyone.[16]

41. Think of the heavenly banquet and its food, which is God Himself, and of the guests, who are the angels; raise your mind to that feast and long to be there.

42. Never speak in the presence of your superior,—in whom you must see Jesus Christ,—without need, or without deep reverence.

43. Do nothing that the whole world might not see.

44. Never compare people with one another: it is odious.

45. Receive reprimands with interior and outward humility and pray for your admonisher.[17]

46. If one superior gives you some order, do not object that you have received a contrary command from another authority, but obey, believing that they both acted from a good motive.

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self, ever bearing inscribed upon your thoughts and upon the portal of your cell the motto: *Secretum meum mihi*" (From the *Epistola ad Fratres de Monte Dei*, formerly attributed to St. Bernard, but in reality by Blessed Guigues, fifth prior of the Grande Chartreuse. Migne, *P.L.*, t. clxxxiv. c. 354).

[15] *Constit.*, 20.

[16] *Rule*, 3.

[17] *Constit.*, 47.

47. Do not evince curiosity by talking and asking questions about matters which do not concern you.

48. Keep in mind your past life and present tepidity, to obtain repentance; discover why you are unfit for heaven: you will thus live in fear, the source of great blessings.

49. Always accede to your sisters' requests, unless contrary to obedience; answer them humbly and gently.

50. Ask for no special food nor clothing without absolute necessity.[18]

51. Never cease to humble and mortify yourself in every way as long as you live.

52. Accustom yourself to make frequent acts of love, which inflame and melt the soul.

53. Make acts of all the other virtues.

54. Offer all things to the Eternal Father in union with the merits of His Son Jesus Christ.

55. Be indulgent to others, rigorous to yourself.

56. On the feasts of any Saint, think of his virtues and ask God to give them to you.[19]

57. Be very careful about your nightly examination of conscience.

58. Consider during your morning prayer before Holy Communion that, miserable as you are, you are to receive God, and at night reflect that you have received Him.

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[18] *Constit.*, 21, 22.

[19] *Ibidem*, 1.

59. No superior should give a correction while angry, but should wait until she feels calm, when her reproof may be beneficial.[20]

60. Strive earnestly for perfection and devotion, performing all your actions by their aid.

61. Cultivate the fear of God, which makes the soul contrite and humble.

62. Remember how soon men change and how little one can trust them, and cling closely to God Who never changes.[21]

63. Treat of your soul with a spiritual and learned confessor and follow his advice in everything.[22]

64. Whenever you receive Holy Communion beg some gift from God for the sake of His great mercy in visiting your poor soul.

65. However numerous may be your Patron Saints, always rank St. Joseph first, for he has great power with God.[23]

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[20] Towards the end of her life (*ca.* 1581 ?) St. Teresa wrote to Mother Mary Baptist, prioress at Valladolid: "I no longer govern as I used to do. I now rule entirely by love. I do not know whether it is because no one gives me any reason to treat her otherwise, or if it is because I have heard that it is the best method."

[21] Fuente, *Obras*, iii. 159. From the convent of Guadalajara.

[22] Father Baltasar Alvarez, S.J., said to a lady: "Look at Teresa of Jesus,—what she has received from God and what she is! Well, in spite of all that she obeys me like a child." Ribera, *Life*, bk. iv. ch. xx.

[23] *Life*, ch. vi. 9, 12; ch. xxx. 8.

66. When sad or troubled do not omit your accustomed prayers or penances, which the devil is then striving to make you leave off. Pray and mortify yourself more than usual and you will find that God will soon come to your aid.

67. Do not discuss your temptations and faults with the least advanced in the house, which would harm you both, but confide them to the holiest among your sisters.

68. Remember you have but one soul; you will die but once; you have only one life, which is short, and which you must live on your own account; there is only one heaven, which lasts for ever,—this will make you indifferent to many things.

69. Desire to see God; fear to lose Him; grieve to be so far from Him; rejoice to be brought near Him,—thus you will live in profound peace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PAPERS FOUND IN ST. TERESA'S BREVIARY.

1. On Wednesday, the feast of St. Berthold of the Order of Carmel, on March 29, 1515, at five o'clock in the morning, was born Teresa of Jesus, the sinner.[1]

2. On the seventeenth of November, the octave of St. Martin [2] in the year 1569, I have lived, for the object known to me, twelve years for the thirty-three years lived by our Lord; twenty-one are lacking. Written at Toledo in the Carmel of the glorious St. Joseph.[3]

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[1] These papers, like the famous "Bookmark," were found in the breviary (edition of Venice, 1568) used by St. Teresa till the end of her life. The first notice presents some difficulties. The feast of St. Berthold was, and still is, kept on March 29, which in 1515 fell on a Thursday; but as we know from an attestation by her father that the Saint was born on Wednesday, March 28, at half-past five in the morning, it is probable that in the above paper she meant to say "eve of St. Berthold" instead of "feast."

[2] St. Martin, Pope and Martyr, whose feast, now kept on November 12, was formerly celebrated on the tenth. It had an octave in the Carmelite order, because one of the principal churches in Rome, belonging to the Carmelites, is dedicated to him, viz. San Martino ai Monti.

[3] The paper containing this notice is now in the possession of the nuns of Medina del Campo, but after St. Teresa's death it remained for some time in the hands of Father Jerome Gratian,

3. I for Thee, and Thou for me thirty-three years.

4. Twelve have I lived for me [Thee ?], and not for my own will.

5. St. Chrysostom says that veritable martyrdom consists not only in the shedding of blood, but that a complete withdrawal from sin, and the practice and following of the Divine commandments, constitute martyrdom. True patience in adversities also makes us martyrs.

6. Our will gains its value from union with that of God when we only will what His Majesty wills.

7. To possess charity in perfection constitutes glory.

8. *Advice as to how to profit by persecution.*

To ensure that persecutions and insults should bear good fruit and profit the soul, it is well to consider that they are done to God before they are done to me, for the blow aimed at me has already been aimed at His Majesty by sin. Besides, the true lover ought to have made the compact with the Bridegroom that she will be wholly His, and care nothing for self. If, then, our Spouse bears with this injury, why should we not bear with it ? Our sorrow ought to be for the offence against His Majesty, as the wrong does not affect our soul but only our body of clay, which so richly deserves to suffer.

who, it appears, had been told by the Saint herself what it meant ; but as his explanation has not come down to us, all attempts at interpreting these enigmatical words have failed.

9. To die and suffer should be the goal of our desires.[4]

10. No one is tempted above what he is able to suffer.[5]

11. Nothing happens without the Will of God. "My father, the chariot of Israel and the driver thereof."[6]

THE LAST DAYS OF SAINT TERESA.

When Saint Teresa had finished her last and, perhaps, her most difficult foundation, that of Burgos, she asked our Lord whether it was safe for her to leave the place yet. He answered: "What dost thou fear now that the foundation is made? It is safe for thee to go at once," and He told her that she would soon have far greater sufferings to bear than any she had gone through there. She immediately made her preparations for starting, taking with her the little novice, Teresita,—the daughter of her brother Lorenzo, who was then sixteen years old and had already been a novice for six years,—and Sister Anne of St. Bartholomew, lay-sister, whom she had chosen for her companion and nurse.[1] The parting with the nuns was more touching than usual, for she made it a rule to suppress all emotion, but now she allowed the prioress and sisters to kiss her hand and spoke a tender word to each.

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[4] See *Life*, ch. xl. 27, *Way of Perf.*, ch. xii. 2. *Castle*, M. vii. ch. iv. 15. Also a letter to an unnamed Carmelite nun, dated *ca.* 1578.

[5] 1 Cor. x. 13: *Fidelis autem Deus, qui non patietur vos tentari supra id quod potestis.*

[6] 4 Kings ii. 12: *Pater mi, currus Israel et auriga ejus,* said Eliseus to Elias.

[1] *Book of the Foundations,* ch. xxix. 9 and note.

The Saint left Burgos about the end of July, 1582, and wished to return at once to Avila for Teresita's profession, but the Provincial, Father Gratian, bade her stay for a month at the convent of Palencia, founded two years earlier. She was cordially received by the young prioress, Isabel of Jesus, and the nuns, found the discipline of the community all that she could desire, and tells in her letters how her health was improved by the cool cell they gave her, and the rest and peace. She had suffered for months with a violent fever and an open wound in her throat which almost prevented her from swallowing; but now that was better and she gathered a little strength for the *Via dolorosa* which was to end in the Fatherland. It was probably from Palencia that she wrote to Mother Mary of St. Joseph, prioress of Seville: "Now, my daughter, I can make the same petition as St. Simeon, for 'I have seen what I desired' in the Order of our Lady the Virgin, so I beg you and the sisters not to pray that I may live longer, but that I may go to my rest, for I am of no more use to you." [2]

When her stay was over she set out, by direction of the provincial, for Valladolid, notwithstanding the sultry heat of August. "God willed that the whole journey should be a succession of sufferings," says Anne of St. Bartholomew. Her brother Lorenzo had left four hundred ducats to St. Joseph's convent at Avila to build a side chapel in which he was to be buried. After his death the family tried to set aside the will on the ground of its having been found already opened. The prioress of Valladolid, Mary Baptist (de Ocampo), who was the daughter of a cousin of the Saint and who had herself largely contributed towards the foundation of that convent, sided with her relations and treated St. Teresa unkindly. The family lawyer called upon the Saint during her stay at Valladolid and grossly insulted her, telling her that she was not what she appeared to be, but that many persons in the world would have behaved far better. She meekly replied: "May God reward you for the favour you are doing me."

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[2] Account of the foundation of the convent of Seville, by Mary of St. Joseph, in Fuente, *Obras*, vi. p. 48 (No. 53).

Her visit ended on the fifteenth of September. Keenly as she must have suffered, she showed nothing but affection and content as she blessed the community and bade farewell. "My daughters," she said, "it consoles me greatly on leaving this house to witness the perfection practised in it, and the poverty and mutual charity in which you live. If you persevere in this, God will grant you great graces. Let each of you strive to lack nothing which tends to the perfection of the religious life. Do not perform its duties out of routine, but with heroic fervour, daily striving to attain to higher virtue. Desire to do great things: this is very beneficial, even when we cannot carry our wishes into action."[3]

Fresh trials awaited Saint Teresa at Medina del Campo, her next halt on the homeward journey. In the refectory, on the evening of her arrival, she called the attention of the prioress, Mother Alberta-Bautista, to some slight matter which required correction. The prioress, who was in poor health, resented the observation and showed marked coolness. The Mother, deeply grieved, was too disturbed to be able to eat, and passed a sleepless night. She set off, fasting, the next morning, not, as she had hoped, to Avila, but to Alba de Tormes, under the conduct of Father Antonio of Jesus, who had been the first Carmelite friar to embrace the Reform. She had found him waiting for her at Medina, at the urgent request of the Duchess of Alba, who had sent her carriage to take the Saint to her own residence at Alba, to make the visit promised her a year before, and also to bring a blessing by her presence on the duchess's daughter-in-law, who was about to become a mother. Teresita tells us that her aunt resigned herself in perfect peace to this change in her plans. Considering the barbarous state of the inns at which she would have to stay, it was unfortunate that her hostess forgot to send provisions with the carriage. "Ill as she was," says Anne of St. Bartholomew, "with a mortal sickness which ended her life a few days later, I could get her no food all that day to sustain her strength. When night came, we reached a miserable little village, and the Mother became faint. She exclaimed: 'Daughter, let me have something to eat, I am fainting!' but I had nothing but some dried figs, and she had the fever. I gave someone four *reales* to purchase some eggs, cost what they might, but no money could buy them and the coins were brought back to me. I looked at the Saint, who seemed half dead, and finding that I could get nothing, I burst into tears. Words could not express my grief; I was heart-broken, and could do nothing but weep at seeing her in such distress, dying before my very eyes without my being able to help her. But with the patience of an angel she comforted me, saying: 'Don't cry, daughter; the figs are very good; how many poor people are worse off! God wills that it should be so.'"[4]

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[3] Fuente, *Obras*, iii. 172.

Next day the travellers met with no better fortune, as nothing could be got in the village they reached except some cabbage cooked with onions, of which the holy Mother made her only meal. They arrived at Alba about six o'clock in the evening of the twentieth of September.

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[4] The name of the village was Peñaranda, and to this day the Castilians reproach the inhabitants with having caused the Saint's death.

Hardly had they entered the town when a messenger came to announce that the young duchess had just given birth to a son. "Thank God! the 'Saint' won't be wanted now!" exclaimed Teresa.[5] Notwithstanding her promise of going straight to the castle, she was so utterly exhausted that Father Antonio bade her enter the convent at once.

Her daughters received her with the greatest love and reverence. She gave them her blessing, presented her hand to be kissed, and spoke a tender, affectionate word to each. They persuaded her to retire to rest, for she was in a burning fever and owned that she felt utterly prostrate, as if all her bones were broken. As they undressed her and laid her worn-out body on the hard straw mattress,—for the rule was that no nun, however ill, might lie on any other,—she exclaimed: "God help me, daughters, how tired I feel! I have not gone to bed so early for twenty years! How I thank Him for letting me be with you now that I am taken ill!"

Next morning she rose at the usual hour, heard Mass and received Holy Communion, and examined the whole convent. She attended the community duties, gave private interviews to the nuns, and continued to do so for the next eight days. Her health was sometimes better, sometimes worse, but the doctors whom the prioress called in declared that recovery was impossible. "It was a hard sacrifice for me," relates the faithful lay-sister, who had tended her through all her sufferings for years, "all the harder because we were at Alba, and because I knew I should have to return to Avila without her. But, not to speak of our love for one another, I had another great consolation: I constantly saw Jesus Christ in her soul, united to it as though they were already united in heaven. The sight filled me with the deep reverence that we ought to feel in the presence of God. Indeed, it was heaven to serve her, and the keenest pain to witness her sufferings. The fourteen years I had been with her might have been but a single day. The Saint, on her part, seemed so well pleased with my poor services that she would not be without me. Truly, during the last five days before her death I was more dead than alive."

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[5] The baby, to whom the name Fernando, Duke of Huescar, was given, died eighteen months later (Note by Father Antonio of St. Joseph).

Though the holy Mother did her best to conceal the desperate state of her health, it soon became apparent to all the nuns. On September 29, during Mass, she became suddenly worse, and had to take to her bed, from which she never rose again. She asked to be put in a small cell in the infirmary upstairs, with a little window overlooking the high altar from which she could hear Mass. During the few days she remained there she spoke but little, passing the time in silent prayer and adoration. Teresita relates how acutely she suffered meanwhile both from exterior and interior trials, for God permitted her to feel her malady and other troubles most severely. She was then prioress of St. Joseph's convent at Avila, and the dire state of poverty in that house disturbed her greatly as she lay helpless. She used to exclaim: "How shall we get the nuns bread to eat?" Four or five days before her death she said to her infirmarian: "Mind, my daughter, as soon as you see that I am a little better, you are to get a carriage, put me in it, and take me back to Avila."

The nuns took it in turns to watch beside their Mother, and spent the rest of the time in prayer and works of penance, with outstretched hands imploring God not to take her away from them. They moved about the convent as under a heavy weight, vainly endeavouring to drive away their mournful forebodings. During the last year strange things had occurred which seemed to foreshadow some far-reaching event. Mysterious lights had appeared in choir during Matins and the time for private prayer; in the summer a very gentle, sweet sigh had often been heard there: later on they recognised it as being like that their Mother breathed shortly before she gave forth her spirit. One night, not long before, Sister Catherine-Baptist, while praying at the foot of a cross in the court of the convent, had seen a star in the sky, much brighter than the rest, which descended until it rested over the high altar.[6] One sister perceived something bright, like crystal, pass before the window of St. Teresa's cell, and another beheld two lights burning in it.

On the feast of St. Michael the Saint lay absorbed in ecstasy and prayer the whole day and night, during which our Lord revealed to her that the hour of her reward was near. She had long foreknown the year, but not the exact date. God already began to testify to her sanctity by various miracles. Her body often gave forth a fragrance perceived by all but herself. The dowager Duchess of Alba, who, as a benefactress, had the right to enter the enclosure, came to visit her and to exercise her privilege of personally nursing the invalid. The Duchess was announced just as the Saint had been rubbed with an oil prescribed by the physician of so disagreeable an odour that the whole room was poisoned directly the bottle was opened. "Our holy Mother was greatly disturbed at so inopportune a visit," relates Sister Mary of St. Francis, "but I said to her: 'Never mind, Mother, anyone would suppose that you had been sprinkled with *agua de los ángeles*.'[7] 'Thank God, daughter!' she answered, 'wrap me up, wrap me up, so that the bad smell may not annoy the Duchess. How I wish she had not come just at this moment!' The visitor sat down beside her, embracing her warmly. When our Mother begged her to move away on account of the remedy, she exclaimed: 'There is no scent except a most delicious one. I thought *agua de los ángeles* had been sprinkled about the room, which might have done you harm.'"[8] Shortly afterwards a nun suffering from a bad headache knelt to pray beside the Saint, and taking the holy Mother's hand, laid it on her forehead, whereupon the pain immediately disappeared.

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[6] Fuente, *Obras*, vi. 302.

[7] An old-fashioned perfume used in Spain.

Saint Teresa lay silent and peaceful, thanking her daughters for their care, and the doctors for their remedies, however painful or nauseous, with the same sweet smile. She slept but little on the night of October 1, and sent for Father Antonio at daybreak to hear her confession. After giving her absolution, the poor old priest, who must have begun to regret having made her take this fatal journey, fell on his knees before her in the presence of all the nuns, imploring her to beg our Lord not to take her so soon. "Hush, Father," she replied, "why do you ask me such a thing? There is no more need of me in this world."

Henceforth, she began to prepare for death and to speak of it to others. When left alone with her devoted infirmarian, she said: "Daughter, the hour is come!" "The word pierced my heart like a dagger," writes the poor sister. "From that moment I never left the cell. I asked the nuns for whatever she wanted and gave it to her; it comforted her to have me with her."

[8] Fuente, *Obras*, l.c., 231.

Although St. Teresa had always given spiritual advice to her daughters, she did so with more love and earnestness than ever now that she was leaving them.

During the afternoon she was seized with an agonising pain in the chest ; the doctors, who were hurriedly called in, ordered that she should be carried to a warmer cell. She only smiled at their efforts, knowing their uselessness. Cupping was prescribed, to her great joy, for it was painful, and she, who had yearned for sufferings all her life, died as she had lived, says Yepes.

At five o'clock on the eve of St. Francis of Assisi she asked for the Holy Viaticum. The nuns dressed her in her veil and white mantle, decorated the cell with lights, and all knelt around her holding lighted tapers. There was some delay in bringing the Blessed Sacrament, and while they were waiting, the Saint, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, said to them : "My daughters and señoras, forgive me for the bad example I have set you, and do not imitate me who have been the greatest sinner in the world and the most lax member of the Order in keeping the Constitutions. I beg you, for the love of God, to observe them perfectly and to obey your Superiors. If you do this, as you are bound to do, no other miracles will be required for your canonisation." The sisters wept and prayed in silence until they heard the tinkling of the bell which announced that the priest was bringing the Blessed Sacrament. Although for the last two days the help of two nuns had been required to lift the holy Mother in bed, she now rose quickly of her own accord and knelt upon the mattress. So strong was the impulse of her love, says Yepes, that, had she not been prevented, she would have cast herself upon the ground to receive her Master. Her face was majestic and beautiful, and looked far younger than her real age. With clasped hands and soul aflame with love, her face illumined with joy, she began, like a swan of matchless whiteness, as her life was ebbing away, a song far sweeter than any she had sung before. "O my Bridegroom, my Master!" she exclaimed, "at last the longed-for hour has come! now it is time for us to see one another! My Master, it is time to set forth! Blessed be this hour, and may Thy will be done! Now is the hour for me to leave this desert that my soul may rejoice in Thee Whom it has so ardently desired."[9] She would have continued her colloquy much longer, had not her superior bidden her under obedience to be silent, lest she should harm herself. After she had received the Viaticum, she, as a true daughter of Spain, thanked God with the greatest fervour for having made her a child of the Church and permitted her to die within its fold, repeating again and again: "After all, Lord, I am a child of the Church!" And this was one of her greatest consolations as she lay on her deathbed.

[9] Fuente, *Obras*, l.c., 223.

Then she pleaded with deep contrition for forgiveness of her sins, saying that she hoped to be saved by the merits of the Blood of Christ, and begging the nuns to intercede with God that it might be so, and that she might be delivered from purgatory.[10] She frequently repeated the words: *Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus, cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies. Ne projicias me a facie tua, et spiritum sanctum tuum ne auferas a me. Cor mundum crea in me, Deus.* But more often than all the rest, and with deeper feeling, she reiterated: *Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies.* Her daughters asked her to say some parting words, but she only charged them once more to keep their Constitutions and obey their superiors.[11]

As night drew on she asked for Extreme Unction, which was administered at half-past nine. She received it with the greatest reverence and devotion, joining in the responses and prayers, and thanking our Lord again for having made her a child of the Church. When Father Antonio inquired whether she wished her body to be taken to Avila, she seemed annoyed at the question and answered: "What, my Father, is that for me to decide? Have I anything of my own? Will they not give me a little earth here?" One of the nuns said to her: "You are right, Mother, for our Lord had no home of His own."—"You may well say that," replied the Saint, "your words comfort me greatly."[12]

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[10] She had always been much distressed at being praised, and used to say: "I believe that when I die they will let me stay in purgatory until the day of judgment, because they think I am a saint, and will not pray for me."

[11] Ribera, *Life*, bk. iii. ch. xv.

She passed the night in acute pain, but uttered no complaint, and from time to time was heard to murmur: *Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies*, or softly whisper the name of Jesus. These were her last words, for when Sister Anne of St. Bartholomew changed her linen at daybreak she could no longer speak, but only thanked her by a smile. "Shortly afterwards," that sister writes, "Father Antonio told me to go and take some food. While I was away, the holy Mother kept anxiously looking from side to side, and made a sign of acquiescence when the Father asked if she wanted me. They called me and I hastened to return. When she saw me come back, she smiled sweetly, and with a loving gesture grasped my hand and placed her head within my arms, where I held it until she died. Meanwhile, I seemed more like the dying person than she did, for the Bridegroom so inflamed her love for Him that she only sighed for the moment when the bonds of her body being loosed she could enjoy Him for ever."[13]

At seven o'clock in the morning her agony began, although she gave no signs of distress or pain. Turning on to her left side, facing the nuns, she lay like the dying Magdalene, gazing at the crucifix which she held, and still clasped after death until it was taken from her for her burial. Perhaps the exquisite poem, the "Address of a dying nun to her crucifix,"[14] which she had written some little time before, gives a clue to her thoughts as she lay dying. She remained thus during fourteen hours, moving neither hand nor foot, nor showing any signs of suffering.

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[12] Deposition of Sister Catherine Baptist, Fuente, *Obras*, l.c., 302.

[13] *Autobiography of Ven. Anne of S. Bartholomew*, bk. ii. ch. x.

"I do not think I ever saw her look so lovely in my life," testified Sister Mary of St. Francis ;[15] "her face was very beautiful, glowing and shining like the sun, and the many wrinkles time, old age and suffering had stamped on it disappeared completely." As the hours went on, it brightened with a growing splendour that at length illuminated the whole cell, and was reflected in the face of Anne of St. Bartholomew. She was absorbed in prayer, in deepest peace and quiet, sometimes appearing enraptured, sometimes surprised as if something wonderful was shown her, and again she seemed to answer one who spoke to her, but she was always calm and her face shone like the moon in the fullness of its beauty. At intervals a delicious perfume came from her. Thus she remained, recollected in God, astonished at the new mysteries she was discovering, and overjoyed at the possession already beginning to be realised of Him for Whom she had so fervently longed. Just before she died, Sister Catherine of the Conception, who was seated in the cloister leading to the infirmary, heard a loud noise as of a crowd of people rejoicing and exclaiming, and saw a large number of shining figures clothed in white enter the room. The Ten Thousand Martyrs, to whom the Saint had special devotion,[16] were redeeming their promise made to her years ago in a vision, of coming to fetch her to heaven.[17]

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[14] *Poem* 11.

[15] Fuente, *Obras*, l.c., 225.

At the same moment the face of the infirmarian shone so brightly as she gazed at something she saw that the startled nuns forgot to watch their Mother as they looked at her. The lay-sister told afterwards how, while she held the Saint in her arms, in anguish about her life, a great glory and light descended over the dying foundress, and our Lord appeared standing at the foot of the bed, surrounded by angels and the Blessed. It was revealed to her that the soul of Teresa was now to be fetched away unless she wished her to stay. Anne's pain and sorrow were changed into deep resignation, so that she begged pardon of God, saying: "Lord, if Thou wouldst consent to leave her for my consolation I would not wish it, now that I have seen Thy glory; therefore I beseech Thee not to leave her for a moment longer, deeply as I feel her loss!" The light died out of Anne's face; the nuns heard three very gentle sighs escape from their Mother's lips, so gentle that they could hardly be detected,—so sweet that they seemed like the breath of one lost in prayer,—and her soul had returned to its Creator.

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[16] The Ten Thousand Martyrs, or the Ten Thousand Crucified, not to be confounded with the Eleven Thousand Virgins. Their feast was kept on June 22, and in 1580 the convent of the Incarnation obtained leave to celebrate it with an octave.

[17] Fuente, *Obras*, l.c., 308.

From the moment she died our Lord began to glorify His bride by miraculous manifestations of her holiness. One of the nuns saw her soul fly from her lips to heaven in the form of a dove of dazzling whiteness; another beheld it rise in the shape of a crystal globe. Then, as the Bridegroom bade her "arise, for the winter is past and the flowers have appeared," an almond tree, long since dead and partly buried beneath bricks and mortar, burst into its lovely pink blossoms, the harbingers of spring.[18]

Thus died the great Saint of Spain, on October 4, the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, 1582, aged sixty-seven years and six months, having been professed nearly forty-six years, the first twenty-six of which she had spent as a nun of the convent of the Incarnation at Avila, and the remaining twenty as the foundress of the Discalced Carmelites.

The doctors attributed her death to hemorrhage of the chest, brought on by the hardships of the journey, but her contemporary historian, Yepes, says that it was caused by a violent impulse of divine love. The Bull of the canonisation declares this to have been the fact. The Saint herself revealed the true cause to Catherine of Jesus, prioress of Veas, who was so ill that the nuns durst not inform her of St. Teresa's death; but the Saint appeared to her in a vision, saying she had gone to enjoy the presence of God, having experienced so vehement a longing for Him that her soul left the body. A prior of her Order was favoured with a similar revelation. She herself, when speaking of these impetuosities, declares that there is great danger of death in such a state.[19]

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[18] Fuente, *Obras*, l.c., 308.

The nuns, in the deepest sorrow, knelt beside their Mother's couch all night, kissing her hands and even her habit, and imprinting on their memory the features that were so soon to be hidden from them. One sister was cured of an infirmity by touching her, another recovered her lost eyesight by placing the Saint's hand upon her eyes. The face of the holy foundress grew in peace and beauty, and the fragrance arising from her became so overpowering that the sisters were obliged to open the casement. Sister Catherine Baptist, who had lost her sense of smell, grieved at not perceiving it, reverently kissed the dead body, and it was instantly restored to her.[20]

Before daybreak of the following day,—which was counted October 15, owing to the reform of the Calendar,—the bells of Alba announced the death of Teresa of Jesus, and all the citizens exclaimed: "The Saint has gone to heaven."

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[19] *Life*, ch. xx. 15; *Castle*, M. vi. ch. xi. 4.

[20] Fuente, *Obras*, l.c., 302.

At a later hour Father Antonio, with the Franciscan fathers and the clergy of the town, entered the enclosure. The sacred remains were laid upon a bier covered with gold brocade, as the Saint had seen in a vision when she was thought to be dead, more than forty years before.[21] She was carried to the convent door, where the nuns, holding lighted candles, knelt and took farewell of their Mother. Outside were assembled the Duchess of Alba with her chaplain Don Sancho Davila, afterwards bishop of Jaén, the Marquis of Cerralvo, Juana de Ahumada (one of St. Teresa's sisters) with her husband and children, and many of the nobility, besides a large crowd of citizens. Those who were fortunate enough to get near the bier perceived the mysterious fragrance which the dead body continued to give forth. "God bless me," exclaimed the simple convent gardener, "this Saint smells like quinces, lemons and jasmine."

The burial was to take place beneath the grating separating the nuns' choir from the body of the chapel, but as there is no direct communication between the interior of the convent and the chapel it was necessary to take the body out of the convent and carry it across the

[21] *Life*, ch. v. 18.

square into the chapel. As in many conventual chapels in Spain, there were two choirs in that of Alba, one above the other, both facing what was then the high altar, but is now, since the rebuilding of the church, a side chapel. The visitor will easily discover the portion which in St. Teresa's time was the entire church; it is now simply one of the bays, the present church standing at right angles with the old one. The former choirs are on the Gospel side of the new church, and the old high altar is now a side chapel on the Epistle side. When the original church was being erected, the foundress, Teresa de Laiz,[22] had caused a deep vault to be constructed beneath the choir grating; St. Teresa directed this to be reserved for "the deposit," which led the nuns to think that she referred to some great gift of the founders.[23] The event proved that she foreknew that she herself was to find there her resting-place. After her death the body was not opened nor embalmed, but was simply laid in a wooden shell into which the nuns, fearing that Avila would claim the relics of the holy Mother, caused lime to be thrown and water to be poured over it, so that the body might be quickly consumed.

The Requiem mass was celebrated with great solemnity, the coffin closed and lowered into the grave, and so enormous a quantity of earth, bricks and stones thrown on it that the lid was broken. Some masons spent two entire days in cementing the vault. This done, there seemed to be no ground for fear that the precious "deposit" could ever be removed.

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[22] *Book of the Foundations*, ch. xx. 2 sqq.

[23] Ribera, *Life*, bk. iv. ch. v.

Anne of St. Bartholomew, who dressed and made ready the sacred body, relates how her faithful heart found consolation in this great loss. "I was by nature very affectionate, and loved her more than I can say. I was also fond of other nuns whom I knew to be advanced in perfection, and to whom the Saint was attached. Sometimes she warned me that such devotedness was not good for my soul and that I ought to free myself from it, yet I had not succeeded in doing so before the hour when God took her from me. Then she obtained this grace for me, and I have been detached ever since. Indeed I seem to possess no liberty in the choice of those for whom I care. Sometimes it seems to me that I am all alone in the world, and that, if I love any, I love them in God and for God alone. I felt as calm while attending to her holy body as if her death had been nothing to me. I should have wished to remain at Alba, but neither the prioress nor the nuns of Avila, to whose community I belonged, would hear of it. When they summoned me there I felt rather disturbed, but the Saint appeared to me, saying: 'Obey, my daughter, and leave this place.'"[24]

[24] *Autobiography*, l.c.

Teresita, too, returned to Avila, where she made her profession on November 5, 1582. Many other convents wished to have her as the representative of her holy aunt, but the Saint appeared to Anne of St. Bartholomew and said Teresita was to remain in the convent of St. Joseph—where, in fact, she spent the remainder of her life, dying in the odour of sanctity on September 10, 1610. She had led a most holy life and suffered greatly from interior trials, in which she never failed to be consoled by Saint Teresa. Anne of St. Bartholomew says she saw in spirit the soul of Teresita entering paradise, led by her aunt.

Ribera thus describes Saint Teresa's appearance:

"The holy Mother was tall; beautiful when young, she was still handsome in old age. She had a fine figure and a very white skin; her face was round and full, well shaped and proportioned, pink and white in colour. It became flushed while she was at prayer, which rendered her extremely beautiful; at other times it was very calm and serene. Her hair was black and curly, her forehead smooth and broad; her auburn eyebrows were wide and very slightly arched. Her eyes, black, lively and charming under their heavy lids, were not very large, but exceedingly well set; full of gaiety when she laughed, and very grave when she wished to look serious. Her nose was small with very little bridge, the point rounded and inclined to be aquiline, the nostrils were small and distended. Her mouth was neither large nor small, the upper lip thin and straight, the under one full and rather drooping, very pretty and rosy. She had a fine set of teeth, a well-made chin, ears of a moderate size, a full throat, rather short than long, and small, delicately shaped hands. Three little moles on the left side of her face greatly enhanced her beauty; one was just below the bridge of her nose, another between the nose and the mouth, the third a little beneath it. On the whole she was very handsome and walked most gracefully; she looked so sweet and amiable that everyone who saw her loved her." [25]

To this sketch Yepes adds: "At times rays of light and splendour seemed to come from her eyes and forehead, filling those who watched her with awe. . . . When receiving Holy Communion, and even before she had swallowed the sacred Host, her face became extraordinarily beautiful and transparent. She looked so majestic and grave that I felt the deepest reverence for her; it was easy to see Who was her Guest, and how she had received Him." [26]

Father Jerome Gratian tells the tale in his *Peregrinación* [27] of the only portrait painted of the Saint from life. "In the convent of Seville I twice mortified the Mother

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[25] Ribera, *Life*, bk. iv. ch. i.

[26] Yepes, *Life*, bk. ii. ch. xxxviii., and memorandum to Luis de Leon (Fuente, *Obras*, l.c., 143, No. 67).

[27] *Peregrinación de Anastasio*, dial. xiii.

Teresa in a way she felt acutely. She had asked me to do so, and I wondered how to impose any real mortification on her, for the ordinary kind, such as going to the refectory carrying a cross on her shoulders, pleased and delighted her. . . . It happened at the time that Fray Juan de la Miseria, a lay-brother,[28] was painting the cloister; I ordered him to take her portrait and bade her sit to him. She felt this keenly, for she was extremely humble and did not want people to remember her or see her likeness. As for her discomfort, and the want of consideration and courtesy with which she met from Brother Juan, who very often would not let her turn or move her head for a long while at a stretch, she was much more indifferent on that score. The picture was a bad one when it was done, for the friar was not a first-class artist. When Mother Teresa saw it, she said to him, in her graceful way: 'God forgive you, Brother John! after all the trouble you have given me, you have made me blear-eyed and ugly.'" Father Gratian adds that this was the only means of getting a portrait of the Saint, for neither she nor he himself would have consented to its being painted in any other manner. The picture remains at Seville, but has been retouched; the arms, omitted by the painter, have been supplied, and a scroll has been added, but the face has been left unaltered. Although the artist was not very skilled, he succeeded fairly well, for Ribera declares the portrait to be true. According to Hye-Hoys, the original painting, formerly at Pastrana, is now at the town hall of Avila; others believe the one preserved at Valladolid to be the original, and the portrait at Seville a copy. The general opinion is that the one of Seville is the original.

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[28] *Book of the Foundations*, ch. xvii. 5, note.

SAINT TERESA'S MANIFESTATIONS AFTER DEATH.

SAINT TERESA appeared to many people after her death, and a record has been kept of her sayings on such occasions. At the moment of her decease several nuns were favoured with extraordinary experiences which they took as an intimation of an event which, however sad for themselves, could not but fill them with joy for the sake of the holy Mother. Besides some instances already quoted in the account of the death scene, nuns in distant parts of Spain were made acquainted with the death and the glory of St. Teresa. Sister Frances of Jesus, at Valladolid, saw a halo of light in the sky, by which she understood that some very holy soul had just entered paradise. Sister Casilda of St. Angelo, of the same convent, beheld St. Teresa seated beside St. Francis of Assisi and crowned with equal glory. Mother Anne of Jesus, lying dangerously ill at Granada, saw beside her bed a nun surrounded with a glory so dazzling that her features were indistinguishable. The invalid, while gazing at her, conceived a great esteem for her vocation and realised the importance of every detail of the rule, and how it would be worth while to risk even one's life for the least ceremony of the Church, considering the glory reserved for those who faithfully observe these points. Thinking the apparition to be a warning of her own death, she summoned some of the nuns, to whom she explained what had happened to her; she requested that the prior of the house of friars should write to a certain convent to suppress some practices of devotion which she understood now to be unsuited to the Order. But instead of dying she recovered her health, much to the physician's surprise. When, a few days later, she learned the news of St. Teresa's death she understood the meaning of the vision. Great as her grief was, she was comforted by these words spoken to her by the holy Mother: "As the Church did not cease to exist because on one and the same day St. Peter and St. Paul were taken away, neither will our Order fail now. On the contrary it will flourish all the more, for now that I am in heaven I am better able to assist it."

Saint Teresa appeared frequently to Father Jerome Gratian, warning him of impending danger, instructing him in his perplexities and cheering him in his great trials. Among others he relates the following instance:

"While I was saying Matins late one night, tired out with having preached twice that day at the cathedral of Seville, on raising my eyes I saw a bright light, whiter, more transparent and more piercing than that of the sun itself. Indeed there was this difference, that while the light of the sun only lights up the surface of material objects, this seemed to penetrate the very depths of my heart. Yet it neither glared, nor scorched, nor dazzled me, but entered sweetly and deliciously, illuminating and comforting me. I recognised the face of St. Teresa by it, resplendent and beautiful, and looking younger than when she died, as if she were only about forty years old. I heard interiorly these words: 'We in heaven and you on earth ought to be one in faith, and purity, and love; we in enjoying, and you in suffering,—and the same praise we render to the Divine Essence should be paid by you to the most Holy Sacrament. Tell this to all my daughters.'"[1]

Besides other messages delivered to him by St. Teresa, he quotes this:

"Once while saying Mass it seemed to me that Christ, our Lady, and the Mother Teresa were present in my heart and that I heard in my soul the following words: first, that I should be as attentive as possible at Mass. Secondly, that I should seek the honour and glory of God in all my actions. Thirdly, that as long as I lived I should watch carefully over the interests of the Order.

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[1] *Peregrinación de Anastasio,* dial. xv.

Fourthly, that extraordinary spiritual manifestations, such as visions, raptures and the like, do not always proceed wholly either from God or from Satan, whether those who experience them be saints or sinners, and that great harm arises from following any general rule in these matters. On another occasion, while I was holding a chapter in a convent of nuns, the holy Mother seemed to stand by my side in the manner already explained, invisible to the eyes, though one of the sisters said afterwards she had seen her bodily present. A nun acknowledged having committed a fault which I considered very trivial, but St. Teresa said to me: 'Some faults seem very slight in this world, but are found in the next to be serious, inasmuch as they hinder the growth of charity, and we shall be severely judged for having held them lightly.' Another sister owned that she had acted without consideration and had not borne very patiently with the sick when they were troublesome. Mother Teresa seemed to me to insist that the nuns should ever act with due deliberation, and that it would be an imperfection to blame the sick for complaining and fretting, for they should always be tended and borne with affectionately in religious communities." [2]

The following document was given to Father Gratian by Mother Catherine of Jesus, foundress and prioress of the convent of Veas:

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[2] *Peregrinación de Anastasio*, dial. xv.

"To the Father Provincial.

"This day, being Low-Sunday, I was bidden by our holy Mother in a vision to tell you several things. It is now a month since she first made them known to me, but as they relate personally to your Reverence, I did not write them down, but waited for an opportunity of seeing you. I cannot recollect all the details, but shall only say what I remember lest I should forget everything.

"While I was hearing Mass and praying for your Reverence and the new foundations, I thought the holy Mother bade me charge you not to part with the relic of her finger nor give it to anybody while you live, for by its means you will be helped in your undertakings and your private affairs. She wishes you to keep it, for it will impart strength to you. This was so clearly delivered to me that I longed to possess some relic of our Mother myself.

"Your Reverence feels troubled at thinking that you are remiss in punishing those who do not perform their duties, as you are of a very gentle disposition and wanting in the firmness needed in a superior. The holy Mother told me to say that you were not to be distressed about it nor to alter the way in which you act, let people say what they will, but to keep the fear of God before you as you have always done, and to aim at forwarding His greater honour and glory. Thus you will render great service to our Lord, and will succeed in your affairs. Then let others say whatever they choose. As regards punishments, lean to charity and forgiveness as does God Himself, and let there be less publicity and more secrecy as regards other people's affairs.

"Let preachers insist upon confessions being well made, which is of great importance, for the devil is always striving to mingle poison with our medicine.

"It is very wrong for confessors to relate anything that passes in the confessional, for nothing either good or bad connected with it should be discussed.

"Let the bad custom of speaking ill of *Beatas*[3] be stopped, for many of them are very pleasing to God.

"Let no one censure the way in which others act; each may be right in his own way, and great harm is done by such criticism.

"Let no superior give easy credit to all that is written or told him of the misdemeanours of his subjects, but let him withhold his judgment until he is well-informed about the matter.

"Do not allow temporal prosperity to be sought for in any convent in the same way as in the world; let the religious trust in God and live in recollection. Otherwise it often happens that, under the pretext of maintaining the convent or benefiting souls, there is an excessive intercourse with seculars, which does great harm to the spiritual life.

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[3] *Beatos* and *Beatas* were people who, while living in the world, kept a strict rule of life; they generally wore some distinctive dress.

"Let the superior pray before deciding any grave matter, which generally effects excellent results, and let him teach his subjects to do the same.

"As far as possible, let the superior himself settle affairs regarding foundations. There are many good reasons for this,—among others that of preventing his subjects from claiming a right over foundations made by themselves, which would lead to disputes and divisions, also cause the loss of much time, and foster party-spirit.

"In a newly founded convent of nuns the prioress should be one experienced in government, even if she has to be taken from another house, for an inexperienced superior would do less harm in an old-established community than in a new one.

"Let the prioress set over a convent be the most obedient of all to the Provincial, as this will teach the community to obey.

"Let her teach her subjects to be detached from everything, both exterior and interior, as she herself should be, since they are all the brides of so great a King as Christ. Let not the superior allow convents to be founded without some means of subsistence, for the nuns cannot begin by requiring help from seculars without forfeiting their respect for the religious life.

"Let the Provincial visit the convents personally; if, however, he has to send a substitute, let it be some one with great respect for him, and who is humble, experienced and spiritual; otherwise the deputy will endeavour to introduce new modes of government, which is a source of great damage to religion. Let him, wherever he may be sent, speak in praise of penance, and blame excess in eating, for, as long as the health is not injured, penance, austerities and self-contempt are of great benefit to the soul.

"It is not good to change the superiors frequently in convents of friars, or it will sometimes be necessary to elect those who are inexperienced. However, as a rule, it is well for those who have been priors to return to the ranks in order to learn to obey and to humble themselves. They will thus do great good to the brethren by their example, and be able greatly to assist the new priors with advice, besides fulfilling their duties all the better when they are re-elected.

"Let the custom be maintained of having spiritual exercises and special days for recollection for the advancement of souls. Superiors will be called to render a very strict account on the day of judgment; many will have a severe purgatory, and some will even suffer in hell on account of the sins of others, although not condemned for their own.

"Do not make much account of visions and revelations, for though some are true, many are false and deceitful, and it is very laborious and dangerous to separate the uncertain truths from manifest falsehood. Besides this, souls who follow private revelations are liable to deviate from faith, which is *the* certain and safe virtue. Therefore Saint Teresa said she would not like her daughters to read her books very much, particularly her *Life*, lest they should think her perfection consisted in visions and revelations, and should desire and try to obtain them, thinking that they were imitating her. She drew many conclusions from this, saying that she enjoyed the happiness of heaven not for her revelations, but for her virtues. She said that your Reverence was to uproot such an idea in nuns who have a tendency in this direction. Although some may receive revelations which are indubitably true, such matters should be made little of, and the nuns should be taught to pay no attention to them, as they are of slight value and often do more harm than good. Our holy Mother explained this so clearly that I no longer desired to read her *Life*. She further remarked that imaginary visions, when combined with intellectual ones, may deceive in a still more subtle manner. For what is seen with the eyes of the soul makes a deeper impression than what is seen with the eyes of the body. And although our Lord sometimes favours a soul in this way, greatly to its benefit, the thing itself is extremely dangerous on account of the incessant warfare the devil wages against spiritual persons by this means, especially if any one has a propensity for such things. Safety lies in trusting rather to the opinion of one's superior than to one's own. The highest spirituality is to be detached from all that is proper to the senses. Many persons are very partial to revelations which are supposed to sanctify the soul receiving them. This is a contradiction of the order established by God for our sanctification, which is to be gained by the practice of virtue and obedience to His holy law. Women are credulous and therefore prone to error, and when guided by men of little learning and discretion, great harm may ensue.

"Perfect impartiality should be observed in convents of nuns regarding the confessor, as excessive familiarity between him and the prioress sometimes does harm to the whole community.

"Let the superior of the Discalced Carmelites watch carefully over the purity of the religious spirit, for God seeks to do much good by our Order, and carries out His designs by means of pure souls.

"One day, when a sub-prioress, fearing the Order might lose its first fervour, was praying for the superior, the Mother Teresa appeared to her and bade her not be afraid, for God Himself would watch over it as it had cost her (St. Teresa's) life-blood. But let the Provincial be advised to insist upon the observance of the Rule and Constitutions to the utmost of his power.

“ On another occasion, when the same nun asked our Lord to give her Mother Teresa’s virtues, the Saint appeared to her saying God would give them to her who disposed herself for them, and that the Provincial was to assign the different virtues to various sisters so that all might acquire some.

“ At another time a nun who had been a favourite of the Saint owing to her saintly life from childhood, and her practice of heroic virtue, begged our Lord for a share in His Passion. She saw Him in spirit place a crown of thorns on her head, which caused an excessive pain to the end of her life so that it was surprising how she was able to fulfil her duties without hindrance. Not content with this, she was favoured with a keen pain in her hands and feet and side. This nun was Mary of Jesus (de Rivas), some years prioress of Toledo. St. Teresa often appeared to her, giving her the following counsels among others:

“ The poverty in which the Order was founded was to be maintained, for God would bestow the ‘ double spirit,’ as upon the prophet Eliseus, upon those convents that were poor, and, as long as they trusted in Christ the Bridegroom, they would never come to want. The nuns were always to be cheerful, for perfection and joy went hand in hand, and the one would last as long as the other.

"The Provincial should not fail to found as many convents as possible, for they were pleasing to God; let him take his own share in the foundations. Professed nuns should not be moved from their own house to a convent where the community is too small, but let fresh subjects be received into such a house, or let novices or postulants be transferred from a large convent to a small one. But to send those who were discontented in one place to another would open the door to restlessness and a want of religious spirit.

"Let the Provincial make sure that all convents command a pleasant view of the surrounding country, and let no austerities be introduced beyond what are prescribed in the Rule and Constitutions; for if there is no recreation inside the convent the sisters will seek it from people outside, and although it might not be so now, yet in the future it might lead to relaxation.

"On another occasion she saw our Lord in great glory and beauty; He gave her to understand that the time would come when St. Teresa's sanctity would become known; she was to thank the Provincial for having treated her body with such respect, and tell him that he would be rewarded for it. The holy Mother also announced that there were to be many martyrs in the Order.

"To another nun who was lamenting over her death, St. Teresa appeared, promising that she would help the Order more now that she was in heaven than she had done on earth; the Provincial was to watch most carefully over it, keeping ever in spirit close to the Blessed Virgin and the glorious Saint Joseph, who would enlighten him.

"One day when the same nun was grieving at having no one to whom she could open her soul as she had done to the Saint, the holy Mother appeared to her and bade her communicate with the prior and treat him with the same candour and confidence as she would have used with herself. She also insisted on the cultivation of concord among the nuns, and on their being open and frank with the prioress. On another occasion, seeing St. Teresa near a hermitage in the convent grounds, this nun was bidden to encourage the Provincial with reference to a vow of greater perfection he felt prompted to take, and to advise him to act in conformity with the Saint."[4]

. . . .

"On the feast of the Epiphany our holy Mother told me to say to the Father Provincial: 'The religious complain that your Reverence does not do penance, and that you wear linen for which you have no good reason. Many of your subjects, being averse to self-indulgence, do not consider your needs and labours, and what you suffer in travelling about, when on some occasions while you are away from home you eat meat or take some slight dispensation on account of your infirmities. These religious are plotting against you; their aim is to step into your place. Therefore let them see you do penance and do not keep it too secret, for the sake of setting a good example. You must root up with severity, if mildness does not suffice, relaxation of any point of the Rule or Constitutions, for such things usually begin with little and end with much.'

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[4] All these notices are from the *Peregrinación*, dial. xvi., supplemented by Fuente, *Obras*, iii. 206 *sqq*.

"On the feast of the Kings (Epiphany) when I asked our Mother, as I saw her in a vision, what book we were to read, she took up a manual of Christian doctrine and said: 'I wish my nuns to read this, night and day, for it is the law of God.' She then began reading the article on the Last Judgment in a voice that terrified and made me shudder, so that it sounded in my ears for days afterwards. She drew much teaching of the most sublime doctrine from this subject, and described to what perfection it leads the soul. Since then I do not care to teach high doctrine to the souls in my charge, but I prefer instructing them in Christian doctrine and impressing it upon them. I love to study its teaching on my own account, as there seems much to be learnt in it, and I cannot say what a treasure I find it. Strive to make the religious love humility, mortification and manual labour. Our Lord will give them the rest at the proper time.

"One day when Mother Catherine of Jesus, already mentioned, lay ill, Saint Teresa appeared to her, but, thinking it might be an illusion, the nun took little notice of the vision. The Saint said: 'I am glad you do not give credence to it too easily, for I wish my daughters to make more account of virtues than of supernatural manifestations; however, this vision is a true one.' With these words the Saint placed her hand on the seat of the disease and the nun was instantly cured from what had been thought to be a fatal affliction.[5]

"Another nun was feeling very sorrowful because she could not give herself so entirely to our Lord as she desired. One day she saw a bright light, and the holy Mother standing beneath an arch of flowers, holding in her hand a book written with beautiful golden letters. She said: 'Read, daughter!' The nun was unable to lift her eyes owing to the glare of the light, but the Saint smilingly touched her eyes and she could distinctly see the words: 'My Spouse holds your will that He may use it in conformity with His own, by continually contradicting it.' 'Mother,' answered the nun, 'how can I expect to have the strength for so great a thing when I am so weak in little things?' 'Strength will be given you,' was the answer, 'when you least expect it; by patiently overcoming ourselves in small matters we gain the power of overcoming in great ones.'[6] The sister replied: 'My Mother, am I pleasing to God? am

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[5] Ribera, *Life*, bk. v. ch. iv.

[6] *Ibidem.*

I in the right road ?' The Saint responded: 'Not by the road by which you seek to go. Avoid singularity and allow yourself to be guided by him who directs you, and all will be well.'

"Another nun saw the holy Mother in glory, wearing a girdle of precious stones including many rubies. St. Teresa explained that it was her reward for her constant zeal for souls.[7]

"Appearing one day to Sister Antonia of the Holy Ghost (de Henao), the Saint told her that she enjoyed a great degree of glory and many privileges because of her ardent zeal for the honour of God and her deep sorrow for the eternal loss of heretics and infidels, which had led her to found convents to intercede for their conversion. For this reason God had bestowed upon her the privilege of being their advocate in heaven."

Additional Maxims.[8]

1. Love more and act more uprightly, for "narrow is the way."

2. The doctrine we should study most is the point of the Rule bidding us meditate day and night on the law of the Lord.[9]

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[7] Ribera, *Life*, bk. v. ch. iv.

[8] Extracts from Fuente, l.c., 212, sqq.

[9] *Rule*, 5.

3. Purify your souls, for God loves to dwell in pure souls.

4. Strive to practise and acquire the virtues I loved best in my lifetime—namely, the practice of the presence of God, an intention of performing all my actions in union with Christ, a perseverance in prayer which produces humility and obedience, self-abasement accompanied with shame at having offended God, purity of conscience with a determination never to consent to any sin, however small, zeal for souls and a desire to draw as many as possible to God, a devotion to the most Holy Sacrament of the altar, preparation for receiving Holy Communion with the greatest possible perfection, special devotion to the Holy Ghost and the Blessed Virgin, patience and endurance in suffering and crosses, candour and uprightness of soul combined with prudence and calmness, a truthfulness which neither utters nor consents to any falsehood, genuine love for God and our neighbour, which is the summit of all perfection.

5. Strive to be as attentive as possible during Mass and the Divine Office.

6. A feeling of love for God, sweetness, or tenderness of soul which produces any rising of sensuality, springs from Satan, not from God, for the Divine Spirit is chaste. It is not well for men and women to be very intimate, since all are not like the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph, whose intimacy increased their purity because they kept with Christ.

7. It is important for perfection that the constitution should be kept which bids the nuns give a monthly account of their conscience to the prioress, hiding nothing from her. If this custom should be discontinued the true spirit for which we strive would gradually be lost.[10]

8. For the impulses I felt during life in my desire for death, you should strive to substitute impulses to perform the Will of God, to omit no tittle of your Rule and Constitutions, and to endeavour to obtain the virtues most pleasing to Him, which are Purity, Humility, Obedience and Love.

CANONISATION OF SAINT TERESA.

As time went on, the nuns of Alba de Tormes reproached themselves for not having treated their holy Mother's body with greater respect. They felt instinctively that, notwithstanding all that had been done to hasten destruction, it remained incorrupt. Besides the many great miracles which seemed to prove her sanctity, there were not a few occurrences which must have almost led them to think that their Mother was still bodily present in the convent. Mysterious knocks were heard within the tomb; lights were often seen near it, particularly when any religious was dying; and a delicious fragrance came from it. Sometimes, when any sister failed in some point of the rule, for instance, talking in silence time, three knocks at the door would warn her of Teresa's displeasure.

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[10] St. Teresa very frequently insists in her writings on this practice, expecting the nuns to make known to the prioress their consolations and fervent desires as well as their trials and temptations, and to make her acquainted with their manner of prayer, the difficulties they experienced, the light they obtained and the progress they made. No one was better able than she to help them in all these matters. But as not every prioress nor even every priest has a talent for such intimate spiritual intercourse, Pope Leo XIII. has forbidden the practice unless it be entirely voluntary on the part of the subject.

When, therefore, in 1584, the Provincial, Father Jerome Gratian, came to Alba for an official visitation, they begged him to open the grave. After several days' hard work the masonry was at last removed and the coffin discovered; the lid was broken, the wood rotten, the Saint's habit decayed with damp and mildew and the effect of the lime, but the body itself was perfectly intact, and, more than that, it was as supple, fresh-coloured, sound and fragrant as it had been at the time of her death. A kind of oil flowed from her limbs, soaking the clothes and the very earth. Even the leather belt exuded it, and once, on the day of Father Gratian's expulsion from the Order, was noticed to be sprinkled with drops like blood. At the sight of the incorrupt body the nuns fell on their knees and thanked God for His wonders. The body was washed, redressed, and laid in a fresh shell, and once more deposited in the same tomb, which was closed with more reverence than on the former occasion. All this had to be done with great secrecy, for although the foundress of the convent, Teresa de Laiz, was now dead, the Duchess of Alba looked upon the relics as her greatest treasure.

Before replacing the body, Father Gratian detached the little finger of the right hand, which he always kept in his possession to the end of his life ; even on his death-bed he held it in his hand, softly singing some of the Saint's verses. He also severed the left hand, wrapped it in silk, putting it, with the key of the sepulchre, in a casket which he took to Avila without telling the nuns what it contained. But they found it out, for the Saint appeared one evening to Mother Anne of St. Peter in great glory, and pointing to the casket said : "What that case contains is very dear to me, for it is my own hand." Henceforth, when the prioress asked her blessing, she saw the Saint's hand before her, upraised in benediction. Later on Father Gratian, under pretence of taking the key, secretly removed the hand and gave it to the nuns of Lisbon. He detached a finger for Father Nicholas Doria, which he showed to the nuns at Malagon, who were amazed at its sweet perfume. A lay-sister whom St. Teresa had often been obliged to correct made light of the phenomenon, but was punished by such an increase of the fragrance that she fell to the ground fainting and overpowered.

As had been foreseen, the nuns of Avila asserted their claim to the remains of St. Teresa as being prioress of their convent at the time of her death, and Don Alvaro de Mendoza, formerly bishop of Avila, appealed to the chapter, held at Pastrana in October 1585, for the fulfilment of a promise made him by Father Gratian during St. Teresa's lifetime, that her body should be buried at Avila, where he had built a tomb for himself. He had a right to choose a burial-place near hers, as without his co-operation this foundation could never have taken place, and there would have been no Reform of the Carmelite order. The fathers, too, were in favour of a translation, and the permission was willingly granted.

The nuns at Alba had a supernatural warning of the impending translation. As they were at recreation in the room where the Saint died, they heard three knocks, thrice repeated at regular intervals. Fearing that someone was in the church, they went to look, but found no one. They learned afterwards that the time corresponded with the moment when the decree for the removal of the body was signed by the chapter at Pastrana.

In due time two religious, deputed by the superiors, arrived at Alba, and communicated the decision of the chapter to the prioress and some of the senior nuns, the rest of the community, engaged in choir, being left in ignorance. The grave was opened in great haste; the sacred remains were found in the same condition as before, the clothes saturated with fragrant oil, and a handkerchief, which had been placed on the mouth, full of fresh blood that stained whatever it touched. By direction of the chapter the left arm was severed, as it was to be kept at Alba; when the father who presided over the disinterment began this operation—he owned afterwards it was the hardest task that had been imposed on him all his life—the arm parted from the shoulder without any effort on his part,—another wonderful circumstance which could only be explained on supernatural grounds. The bone was as white, the flesh as soft, as though the Saint had just died. The fathers hastily wrapped up their precious burden and departed with all speed.

Meanwhile the nuns were in choir reciting Matins; to their surprise the well-known fragrance became stronger and stronger, and at last so powerful that they left the Divine Office unfinished and hurried to the holy Mother's tomb. They found it open, the arm covered with blood, carefully deposited on a sheet, but the rest of the body was gone, the church door closed and the friars were already far off. There remained no course for the nuns but to submit to their loss, especially as they were bound by their superiors to silence under severe penalties. But not long after one of the lay-sisters found means of communicating the fact to the Duchess. She obtained leave to make a pie for that lady, in which she secreted a statement of the events. The Duchess, forgetful of all etiquette, rushed into the street crying: "They have taken Santa Teresa away, they have robbed me of the Saint!" The duke, her husband, was away, but his uncle, Don Fernando de Toledo, who was in charge of the estate, dispatched a messenger to Rome praying for the restitution of the body.

No less great than the grief of the nuns of Alba was the joy of those of Avila at the arrival of the sacred remains. "The number of lighted candles made the place look like heaven," writes Anne of St. Bartholomew; "the Saint caressed her daughters in a thousand ways in whatever part of the house they might be, appearing to them and consoling them." The former infirmarian cleansed and redressed the body, which was enclosed in a case covered with black velvet, embroidered with the words: "*La Madre Teresa de Jesús*," and placed in the chapter room. Saint Teresa continually showed her gratitude to Anne, who adds: "I was worn out with work; all the nuns were ill, and there was only one sister beside myself who was capable of doing anything. I went to the Saint's tomb and said to her: 'Mother, help me! I am so exhausted that I cannot stand; give me strength, I only want to be able to help my sisters!' I felt in my heart that she was aiding me, and that she said to me: 'Go, daughter, I will do what you ask.' I went to the kitchen, and had hardly begun to lift the saucepans when I noticed the fragrance of the Saint just as though she had been there. A perfume came from the cinders like that of her sacred relics, and gave me such strength that all my weariness disappeared, and I felt the weight of my body no more than if it had been all spirit. I never was in the least tired again, and this supernatural force remained with me until all the nuns were well again.''

Although the community were bound to strict silence regarding the translation, the fact became known even at Avila. Yepes says that it reached his ears privately. Provided with a licence from Father Nicholas Doria, who was then Provincial, he set forth for Avila with the bishop of Cordova and the licentiate Don Francisco de Contreras, to view the sacred body and report its condition to King Philip II. With the bishop of Avila and some doctors and citizens, they arrived at the convent on New Year's Day, 1586; the sacred remains were brought to the enclosure door, and, kneeling with heads uncovered, the deputation examined the body; it was still in perfect preservation, the flesh supple and the sinews so well knit that the body stood upright with but little support, though it weighed no more than a child of two years old, which the doctors declared to be incomprehensible. On receiving the report the king was so impressed that he forthwith granted leave for the foundation of a convent of nuns at Madrid, thus fulfilling a petition made by the Saint years ago. It was useless for the bishop of Avila to enjoin secrecy under pain of excommunication concerning the whereabouts of the relics, for he was the first to betray the secret by exclaiming: "Oh, what wonders we have seen!"

In the meantime Pope Sixtus V., who had been made acquainted with the fact of the translation, decided in favour of Alba de Tormes and gave orders to the Nuncio for the restoration of the remains. The priors of Pastrana, Mancera and Alcalá proceeded to Avila and removed the body in the dead of night, but the fragrance exhaled by it betrayed the nature of their burden; some labourers thrashing corn left their work and ran after them, shouting: "What are you carrying there?" At Mancera, where a halt was made, a friar watching by the relics was cured of the ague.

When the news reached Alba that the body of Saint Teresa was being brought back, the clergy wished to meet it in solemn procession and with music, but Yepes says that the Carmelite friars desired to avoid any such publicity. The church was crowded, the Duke of Alba, with his mother, the gentry and clergy and the whole population having assembled there. The identity of the body having been attested in the presence of a notary by those who had known the holy Mother during her lifetime, the sacred remains were delivered to the safe custody of the nuns, and remained exposed for some time at the choir grating so that the people were able to satisfy their devotion; in fact, had it not been for the iron rails, they would probably have endangered the body in their eagerness to secure some particles.

The joy of Alba was equalled by the grief of Avila. A memoir signed by the Carmelite nuns and the citizens was sent to Rome in which the claim of Teresa's birthplace to her body was set forth. The Pope commissioned the Nuncio to investigate the conflicting claims, and the sentence in favour of Alba was finally confirmed by Sixtus V. on July 10, 1589.

In 1594 the Venerable Anne of Jesus,[1] on her way from Madrid to Salamanca, was directed to pass through Alba de Tormes and to transfer Saint Teresa's body into a magnificent shrine presented by the duke. "I noticed," she writes in her account, "that the shoulder was highly coloured, and called the attention of those present to it, as it looked as if some fresh blood were there. A piece of linen, applied to the spot, became blood-stained; this I gave to the fathers, and asked for a second piece, which was coloured in the same way. Wondering at the marvel, —for the holy Mother had now been dead for twelve years, and, moreover, her skin at that place was unbroken,—I pressed my face against her body; she spoke to me so tenderly, with such affectionate expressions, that I could not repeat them. Among other things, she told me that she loved me so dearly that she gave me her very blood, and thanked me for all I had done."

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[1] *Book of the Foundations*, p. 369.

It is well known how much the Venerable Anne of Jesus had suffered in her endeavours to maintain the Constitutions of St. Teresa. The two pieces of linen were taken to the king, who ordered the canonical informations begun some years previously to be resumed.

It would be painful to describe all the mutilations of the body made to satisfy the demands for relics. "The hand of man did not spare the flesh which the fangs of death had respected," says Father Frederic of St. Anthony. Even before the remains were taken to Avila a lay-sister,—there is some uncertainty as to the name or names of those concerned,—had had the audacity to cut open the body with an ordinary knife and to withdraw the heart, which shows the marks left by the lance when it was pierced by an angel.[2] She took it to her cell, but was betrayed by its fragrance and the blood which flowed from it. She was punished by being sent to another convent. In 1726 the Holy See granted leave to the Carmelites to keep the feast of the Transverberation on August 27, with a proper office and Mass, and in 1733 the privilege was extended to the whole kingdom of Spain and its foreign possessions.

The body of St. Teresa, or what remains of it, rests in a sarcophagus of jasper and marble with rich gilding, the gift of Ferdinand VI. and his consort, over the high altar in the church of the Carmelite nuns at Alba de

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[2] *Life*, written by herself, ch. xxix. note 17 (edit. of 1911).

Tormes; the heart and an arm are in the same church in a reliquary on the Epistle side of the altar, and are readily shown to visitors. Other relics are to be found in the Carmelite churches in Rome, Lisbon, Brussels, Antwerp and other places. Eventually the Order had to obtain a brief inflicting severe penalties on whoever should detach any portion of the relics kept at Alba or elsewhere without authorisation from the superiors. During the revolution of 1836, sacrilegious hands broke open the sarcophagus, stealing the jewels and treasures, but God preserved the remains of His servant from profanation. A witness who was forced to be present testified that the body was still flexible and incorrupt.

The fame of her miracles and her books, which—with the exception of the *Foundations*—were published in Spain in 1588, caused steps to be taken towards the Saint's canonisation in Salamanca, as early as 1591. On July 26, 1593, by request of Philip II., the Nuncio, Mgr. Camillo Cajetan, ordered the formation of the Compulsorial process. The informations collected in not less than sixteen dioceses were completed in four years and forwarded to Clement VIII., accompanied with pressing letters from the King of Spain, his sister, Doña Maria, the Cortes, Universities, princes, nobles and clergy. The Holy Father received the request favourably and the matter was again brought forward at the instance of Philip III. and Queen Margarita. The informations *in genere* were taken between 1604 and 1607, whereupon Pope Paul V. commissioned the bishops of Avila and Salamanca to collect the informations *in specie* upon the Saint's virtues and miracles. In all, more than five hundred witnesses of all classes, clergy and lay people, gave evidence. On April 24, 1614, the same Pope published the decree of beatification and authorised the Carmelites to celebrate their holy Mother's feast each year on October 5; this privilege was extended to the whole of Spain in 1617. When the joyful news reached Barcelona through the general of the Genoese fleet, Don Carlos Doria, the excitement of the people knew no bounds: the Cortes declared her Patroness of the kingdom—though the title was ultimately not adopted owing to the opposition of the chapter of Compostella; the universities declared her Doctor of Divinity; the army chose her as their *Generalissima*, and statues were erected at Madrid, Avila, and many other towns, representing her in the doctor's gown with a white tasselled hood, and a biretta at her feet.

The petition for the canonisation came from the King of Spain, the National Council of Tarragona, the Emperor, the King of France and the Queen-Mother, and many other royal and princely personages. Pope Paul V. was no longer in the chair of St. Peter, but his successor, Gregory XV., having completed all the formalities required, held the solemn ceremony of canonisation on March 12, 1622, in the basilica of the Prince of the Apostles. It was the first time these solemn rites were performed according to the new ritual, the occasion being remarkable for the names of the Saints who thus received the highest honours the Catholic Church can bestow; for besides St. Teresa there were canonised St. Ignatius de Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Philip Neri and St. Isidor of Madrid.

Contemporary authors give a full and glowing description of the splendour of the proceedings.

The Bull of Canonisation of St. Teresa is as follows:

BULL OF GREGORY XV. FOR THE CANONISATION OF ST. TERESA.

Gregory, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God.

The Almighty Word of God, having descended to earth from the bosom of the Father to deliver us from the powers of darkness, and being about to leave this world and to return to the Father, established the Church of His elect, purchased by His blood, to be the teacher of the word of life, that the wisdom of the wise might be confounded, and all who exalted themselves against God might be overthrown. He did not choose many noble nor many wise, but the things that are contemptible, and these were to fulfil the ministry to which they had been predestined since the days of eternity, not by the sublimity of their speech, nor in word of human wisdom, but in simplicity and truth.

In the early centuries, when from time to time He vouchsafed to visit His people by means of trusty servants, He generally selected the lowly and the humble by whom to bestow immense benefits upon the Catholic Church. To whom also He revealed the secrets of the kingdom of heaven which are hidden from the wise and prudent, and adorned them with the highest gifts of grace to such an extent that they edified the Church by the example of their good works, and glorified her by the splendour of their wonders.

But in our own days He hath wrought salvation by the hand of a woman, for He has raised up in His Church the Virgin Teresa, like a second Debora, who after a most wonderful victory over the flesh by perpetual virginity, over the world by admirable humility, and over the snares of the devil by her many and great virtues, aspiring still higher and surpassing her sex by her greatness of soul, girded her loins with strength and fortified her arm, and trained an army of the strong to fight, with the armour of the spirit, for the house of the God of hosts and for His law and commandments. In view of the great work she had to do, God filled her with the spirit of wisdom and of understanding and so enriched her with the treasures of His grace, that her splendour, like a star in the firmament, shines in the house of the Lord for all eternity.

Since God and His only Son our Lord Jesus Christ have deigned to manifest this soul to His people by the glory of miracles, as a bride decked with her crown and adorned with her jewels, We have deemed it meet and just that We, in Our pastoral solicitude for the universal Church over which We preside, unworthy as We are, should present her to the faithful, by Our Apostolic authority, to be honoured and venerated as a saint and as one of the elect of God, in order that all nations may confess the Lord in all His wondrous works, and all flesh may know that His mercies have not ceased in our days. Although our sins have forced Him to visit us with the rod of His indignation, yet His wrath has not made Him withhold His favours; in our afflictions He provides us with fresh aid, and multiplies His friends, who, by their merits and intercession protect and defend His Church. That all the faithful of Christ may understand how abundantly God has poured forth His spirit upon His handmaid, and that their devotion to her may daily increase, We have thought it well to insert in this document some of her greatest virtues, and some of the most wonderful miracles wrought by God by her means.

Teresa was born at Avila, in the kingdom of Castile, in the year 1515, of parents as distinguished by the nobility of their race as by their blameless lives. Trained by them in the fear of the Lord, while yet in her early childhood she gave a surprising presage of her future sanctity. Through reading the lives of the holy martyrs, the fire of the Holy Spirit so inflamed her heart that, with one of her brothers who was still a boy, she left her home in order to go to Africa and to give her blood and her life for the faith of Jesus Christ. She was met and led back by her uncle, but she never ceased to weep because the better part had been taken from her. She satisfied her ardent desires for martyrdom by almsgiving and other good works.

At twenty years of age she consecrated herself entirely to Christ. Following the divine call, she joined the nuns of Our Lady of Mount Carmel of the Mitigated Observance, where, planted in the house of the Lord, she "flourished in the courts of the house of our God." After her profession in this convent she was, for eighteen years, afflicted with grave maladies and various temptations, without receiving any divine consolations. By the help of God she bore this cross so bravely that the trial of her faith, much more precious than gold which is tried by the fire, was found unto praise and glory and honour at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

As the foundation of faith must be laid before erecting the sublime edifice of the Christian virtues, Teresa set up hers so firmly and immutably that she might be compared, according to our Lord's words, to a wise man, who founded his house upon a rock. So steadfastly did she believe in, and venerate, the most holy Sacraments of the Church and the dogmas of the Catholic Religion, that she often said there was nothing about which she could feel greater certainty. Illuminated by this light of faith, she beheld the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ so clearly in the most Blessed Eucharist with her mental sight as to declare that she had no reason to envy those who had had the joy of looking on Him with their bodily eyes. Yet so lively was her trust in God that she continually mourned over her detention in this mortal life which prevented her being ever with the Lord. While meditating on the joys of her heavenly country she was often rapt in ecstasy and raised to their enjoyment while still in the flesh.

First among Teresa's virtues ranked the love of God, which so inflamed her heart that her confessors admired and praised her charity as more like that of a cherub than of a human being. Our Lord wonderfully increased it by a number of visions and revelations. One day, giving her His right hand and showing her the nail which had transpierced it, He took her for His spouse and deigned to say to her: "Henceforth as a true bride thou shalt regard My honour as thine; I am now all thine and thou art Mine." On another occasion she saw an angel pierce her heart with a flaming dart. These divine gifts so ignited her heart with divine love that she made the arduous vow of always doing what she believed to be most perfect and most for the honour of God. So much so that she appeared after her death in a vision to a certain nun and revealed that she had died, not of disease, but of the unbearable fervour of divine love.

She showed her constant charity for her neighbour in many ways, chiefly by her ardent desire for the salvation of souls. She often wept over the darkness of infidels and heretics, not only continually praying God to enlighten them, but offering for them fasts, disciplines and other bodily mortifications: This holy virgin made a secret resolution of allowing no day to pass without performing some act of charity: God helped her to fulfil it, and, thanks to Him, she never lacked some opportunity of practising charity.

She also imitated the love of our Lord Jesus Christ for His enemies in a marvellous manner. Although violently persecuted and tried, she loved those who harmed her, and prayed for those who hated her. Indeed, the slanders and injuries she endured nourished her love and charity, so that men of authority used to say that to win Teresa's love, one must defraud or injure her.

She kept her vows made to God at her religious profession with extreme perfection and zeal. Not only did she most diligently carry out all her superiors' orders in her outward actions, but she firmly resolved to subject even her thoughts to their will. She offered some remarkable proofs of this. By the command of some of her confessors who suspected that she was deluded by the devil, she humbly made signs of derision and contempt to our Lord Jesus Christ, Who often appeared to her, but He rewarded her amply for her absolute obedience. She also, at the bidding of another confessor, threw into the fire a most devout treatise she had written on the Canticle of Canticles. She used to say that she might be mistaken in believing in visions and revelations, but she could not be mistaken in obeying her superiors.

Her love of poverty led her not only to gain her own living by her handiwork, but to exchange garments promptly with any nun she saw wearing a shabbier habit than her own. She was greatly delighted at lacking any necessities, and thanked God as for a signal benefit.

Her inviolable chastity shone forth among the many virtues with which God had decorated His bride. She cherished it so dearly that, besides keeping until death her resolution of virginity made in childhood, she preserved her angelic purity of heart and body stainless.

Her humility, which cast a lustre on her eminent virtues, was so wonderful, that, although the gifts of divine grace daily increased in her soul, she often besought God to limit His favours, and not to forget her flagrant sins so quickly. She eagerly yearned after contempt and ridicule, dreading not only earthly honours, but even that men should know anything of her.

Her invincible patience is testified by her frequent aspiration to God: "Lord, either to suffer or to die!"

Besides all these gifts of His divine munificence, the jewels with which the Almighty decorated His beloved as with precious stones, He bestowed on her numerous graces and favours. He filled her with the spirit of understanding, so that, not only did she leave to the Church of God the fame of her good works, but she also watered it with the dew of her heavenly wisdom by writing most devout books on mystic theology and other subjects. These produce abundant fruits of piety in the minds of the faithful, exciting in them an ardent longing for their heavenly home.

Endowed and enlightened by these celestial gifts, she undertook a great and most difficult work for any one to perform, yet one extremely beneficial and opportune for the Church of Christ, by initiating the reform of the Carmelite Order, which she successfully accomplished, both for the nuns and friars. She founded convents of both sexes, not only throughout the Spanish dominions, but also in other parts of Christendom, though, for want of money and resources, she depended solely on the help of God. Not only was she destitute of human aid, but she met with enmity and contradiction from princes and the civil power. Yet her work, divinely established, took root and flourished, bringing forth abundant fruit in the house of God.

Even during her lifetime God glorified Teresa's virtues by many miracles, some of which We insert in this document.

During a great corn famine in the diocese of Cuenca, there was hardly enough flour in the convent of Villanueva de la Jara to nourish its eighteen nuns for a month. Yet by the merits and intercession of this holy virgin, the Almighty, Who feeds those who trust in Him, so multiplied the wheat that, although supplying for six months all the bread required by these servants of God, its quantity never diminished until the next harvest.

Sister Ann of the Trinity, a nun of the convent of Medina del Campo, was suffering severely from erysipelas in the face, and fever. Teresa caressed her, and gently touching the affected part, said: "Courage, my daughter, I hope that God will soon cure you." The fever and erysipelas disappeared at once.

Mother Alberta, prioress of the same house, was attacked with pleurisy and fever which threatened her life. The holy virgin Teresa, touching the side which was affected, declared that she was well and bade her get up. The invalid rose from her bed in perfect health, praising God.

The time came for Teresa to receive the crown of glory from the hand of God, in reward for her labours in His honour and her many good works in the service of the Church. She fell very ill at Alba. Throughout her malady she frequently spoke to her sisters most admirably about the love of God, continually thanking Him for making her a member of the Catholic Church, and commending poverty and religious obedience as the greatest of blessings. She received the holy Viaticum of her journey and the Sacrament of Extreme Unction with deepest humility and celestial charity, and, holding the crucifix in her hands, took her flight to her heavenly home.

By various signs the Almighty manifested to what a supreme degree of glory He had raised Teresa in heaven. Many devout and God-fearing nuns saw her in the splendour of her glory. One beheld a multitude of heavenly lights above the roof of the church, in the choir, and over the room in which she lay ; a second witnessed Christ our Lord in a halo of light, accompanied by a large number of angels, standing near her bed. A religious perceived a number of persons robed in white enter Teresa's cell and surround her couch ; another saw a white dove fly from Teresa's mouth to heaven at the moment she died, while yet another nun noticed something bright like crystal pass through the window at the same instant. A tree planted near her cell, which had been covered with lime and built over by the wall so that it had died long before, burst into bloom at the hour of her death, against all the laws of the seasons and of nature.

Her dead body was most beautiful; its wrinkles disappeared, it became dazzlingly white and, together with all the clothes and linen she had used during her illness, it gave forth a delicious fragrance which struck the bystanders with admiration. Her entrance into paradise became a veritable triumph on account of the many miracles God wrought through the merits of His handmaid. A nun who had long suffered with her head and eyes took the dead virgin's hand, and on applying it to her head and eyes, was immediately cured. Another who kissed her feet recovered her lost sense of smell and perceived the delightful odour with which the Lord had perfumed Teresa's sacred body.

Without having undergone any sort of embalming, her remains were enclosed in a wooden coffin and buried in a deep vault which was filled up with large stones and lime. Yet such a strong and wonderful perfume came from her sepulchre that it was resolved to exhume the sacred body. It was found entire, incorruptible and flexible as though it had only just been laid in the tomb, and impregnated with a sweet scented liquid such as God causes to flow from it until this day, thus attesting the sanctity of His servant by a perpetual miracle. After having been reclothed in fresh garments and enclosed in a new coffin, both the former having fallen to decay, she was reburied in the same spot. When, three years later, the tomb was reopened in order to transfer the sacred remains to Avila, and frequently afterwards when the body was examined by order of the Apostolic Commissioners, it was always found incorruptible, flexible and saturated with the same liquid, giving forth a delicious fragrance.

In the course of time, God manifested His glory by numerous benefits accorded by His handmaid's intercession to those who confidently recommended themselves to her prayers. The limbs of a boy of four years old were so contracted and contorted that he could neither stand nor move. This infirmity, with which he was born, caused him no pain and was, for that very reason, considered incurable. However, after he had been carried for nine consecutive days to the cell in which the holy virgin had lived, he felt strength come to him, and, to everyone's surprise, he suddenly rose in perfect health and vigour and began to walk, crying out that Mother Teresa of Jesus had quite cured him.

A nun named Ann of St. Michael, with three cancers in her breast, had for two years suffered excruciating pain and sleeplessness, being unable to bend her head or lift her arms. On applying to her chest a small relic of St. Teresa, to whose protection she earnestly commended herself, not only did the wounds at once disappear from her body, but she was at the same time delivered from an interior trouble which had long molested her.

Francis Perez, a parish priest, had an abscess on the breast-bone, besides being prevented for five months from celebrating the holy sacrifice of the Mass by the contraction of one of his arms. All human remedies having failed, he had recourse to heavenly aid and looked to the Mount of God, whence he obtained salvation. A letter written by the virgin Teresa's hand being placed upon his chest at once removed the abscess; some time after, while on a pilgrimage to her tomb at Alba, he touched, with his contracted arm, the arm of Teresa which is kept there: he felt within himself a divine power by which the limb was perfectly healed.

John de Leyva suffered from a malady of the throat which almost completely closed the respiratory organs; when in a dying state, full of trust in Saint Teresa, he placed a handkerchief which had belonged to her upon the seat of the disease. He fell asleep at once, and waking shortly afterwards, exclaimed that he had been restored to health instantly by the merits of Blessed Teresa.

The sanctity of Teresa thus became famous in every land and nation, and her name was honoured among the faithful in consequence of the many miracles worked by God through her intercession. By Apostolic authority information was collected in different parts of Spain and forwarded to the Holy See. At the request of Philip III, the Catholic king of Spain of illustrious memory, after the cause had been seriously discussed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites and the Tribunal of the Rota, Our predecessor, Paul V of happy memory, permitted the Divine Office to be celebrated in honour of Teresa, as of a blessed virgin, throughout the whole Carmelite Order.

On the same king, Philip III, for the second time begging Our predecessor that the Blessed Virgin Teresa should be canonised, Paul again confided the process to the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. By Apostolic authority they decreed that the new process should be proceeded with and deputed Bernard de Rojas, late Cardinal archbishop of Toledo, of happy memory, and Our venerable brethren, the Bishops of Avila and Salamanca, to see to the matter. After diligently accomplishing their mission, they sent the acts to Our said predecessor. Three auditors of the causes of the Apostolic Palace, Francis, titular archbishop of Damascus, now Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, John Baptist Coccino, dean, and Alphonsus Manzanedo, were ordered by the Pope to examine the evidence with the greatest care and to give him their opinion about it. After a minute examination befitting the importance of the case, they declared to Paul V., Our predecessor, that the sanctity and miracles of the Blessed Virgin Teresa were plainly proved; that all that the sacred canons required for her canonisation was abundantly supplied, and that the cause might proceed.

In order to conduct the matter with all due deliberation, Paul commissioned Our beloved sons, the Cardinals of the Congregation of Rites of the Holy Roman Church, once more to inspect the process diligently and thoroughly master its details.

However, Paul V finished his earthly pilgrimage, and We, not on account of any merit of Our own, but solely by divine grace, were called upon by God to govern the Church. We believed it to be for the greater increase of the divine honour and for the good of the Church that the cause should be forwarded, considering that the best remedy for the calamities of the present time is to increase the devotion of Christ's faithful people for the Saints and elect of God, that they may intercede for us in our dire need. We, therefore, bade the aforesaid Cardinals to terminate, as soon as possible, the duty laid upon them by Our predecessor. Having done this with all due diligence, they have unanimously voted for the canonisation of that blessed virgin. Our venerable brother, Francis Maria, Bishop of Porto, Cardinal del Monte, laid before Us, in Our consistory, the digest of the whole process together with the advice of himself and his colleagues, whereupon the other Cardinals present decided, by common suffrage, that the matter should be completed.

Then Our beloved son, John Baptist Millini, consistorial advocate at our Court, humbly petitioned in Our presence in a public consistory, in the name of Our well-beloved son in Jesus Christ, Philip, the Catholic King of Spain, that the canonisation might be proceeded with. We replied that on an affair of such importance We must consult Our venerable brethren the Cardinals of the Roman Church and the bishops present at Our court. Meanwhile, for the love of Jesus Christ, We earnestly begged the Cardinals and bishops present in the Curia to persevere with Us in prayer and in humbling their souls before God in fasting and almsgiving, that the Lord of all enlightenment might send down upon Us His light and truth, that We might know and carry out His will and good pleasure. We summoned to a semi-public consistory, held immediately after, not only the Cardinals, but also the patriarchs, archbishops and bishops then present in Our court. There, in presence of the notaries of the Apostolic See, and the auditors of the causes of the Holy Apostolic Palace, We spoke of the eminent sanctity of the handmaid of God, of the number and fame of her miracles, and of the devotion shown her by all Christian nations; We mentioned the petitions made Us on her account not only by the greatest kings, but also in the name of Our well loved son in Christ, Ferdinand, King of the Romans and Emperor-elect, and also of several other Christian princes. All there present with one voice praised God, Who honours His friends, and declared that Blessed Teresa ought to be canonised and her name numbered among those of holy virgins. At this unanimous consent, Our heart exulted in the Lord and rejoiced in His salvation, giving thanks to God and to His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, Who had looked in mercy upon His Church and had decreed for it such great glory. We then decided upon the date of the canonisation and admonished Our brethren and sons to persevere in prayer and almsgiving, that, in so important a work, the light of the Lord our God might shine upon Us and direct the work of Our hands according to His will.

Finally, having performed all that is prescribed by the constitutions and customs of the Roman Church, We have met to-day in the most holy Basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, together with Our venerable brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, the patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, prelates of the Roman Curia, Our officials and household, the clergy secular and regular, and a large number of people. There, through the medium of Nicholas Zanbeccari, advocate of Our court of Consistory, Our well-beloved son Aloysius Cardinal Ludovisi, titular of Santa Maria Traspontina, Our nephew, repeated his petition for the canonisation in the name of Our dearest son in Jesus Christ, the Catholic King Philip (IV). Then, after chanting the prayers and litany, and humbly invoking the grace of the Holy Spirit,—in honour of the Holy and undivided Trinity, and for the exaltation of the catholic faith, by the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, also by the authority of the holy Apostles and by Our own, with the unanimous advice and consent of Our venerable brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, also the patriarchs, archbishops and bishops present at Our court, *We defined and declared that Teresa of Avila, of pious memory,* whose holy life, loyal faith and wonderful miracles are plainly proved, *is a saint and is to be inscribed on the list of holy virgins,* as We now by this document define, decree and declare. We order and decree that she is to be honoured and venerated as truly a saint by all Christ's faithful people; We declare that throughout the Church, churches and altars may be dedicated in her honour for the offering to God of the Holy Sacrifice. We desire that every year, on October 5, the anniversary of her passing to the glory of heaven, her Office may be celebrated according to the rite of holy Virgins as prescribed by the Roman breviary.

In virtue of the same authority, We have granted and grant to all the faithful who are truly contrite and have confessed their sins and who each year visit, on her festival, the tomb where Teresa's body rests, an indulgence of one year and one quarantaine of the penances they have incurred and for which they are answerable to Divine Justice; also forty days to those who resort to her grave during the octave.

Then, after having rendered God thanks for having deigned to illuminate His Church with this new and brilliant luminary, and solemnly chanted the prayer of Holy Virgins in honour of Saint Teresa, We celebrated Mass at the altar of the Prince of the Apostles, with a commemoration of this sacred Virgin, granting to all the faithful there present a plenary indulgence of the penance due for their sins.

It is right that in return for so great a benefit We should now most humbly bless and glorify Him to Whom is due all blessing, glory and power for ever and ever. Let us persevere in beseeching Him, by the intercession of this His elect, to turn away His eyes from our offences, to look upon us in pity, to show us the light of His mercy, to inspire with fear those nations which know Him not, that they may learn that there is no God but our God.

As it would be difficult to carry Our present letters to every place in which they are needed, We desire that all copies of them, not excepting those printed which are signed by a public notary and stamped with the seal of some dignitary of the Church, should receive the same credit as would these present were they exhibited everywhere.

Let no man, therefore, have the audacity to contradict the text of Our definition, decree, inscription, command, statute, indulgence or wishes. If anyone should dare to attempt such a thing, let him know that he would incur the wrath of God Almighty and of His Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, in the year of the Incarnation of our Lord, 1622, on the fourth of the Ides of March, the second year of Our Pontificate.

I, GREGORY, Bishop of the Catholic Church.

(*Here follow the signatures of thirty-six Cardinals.*)

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